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Harper's Bazaar

NOVEMBER 1929

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new york fashions

THE NEW "77" AND "70"

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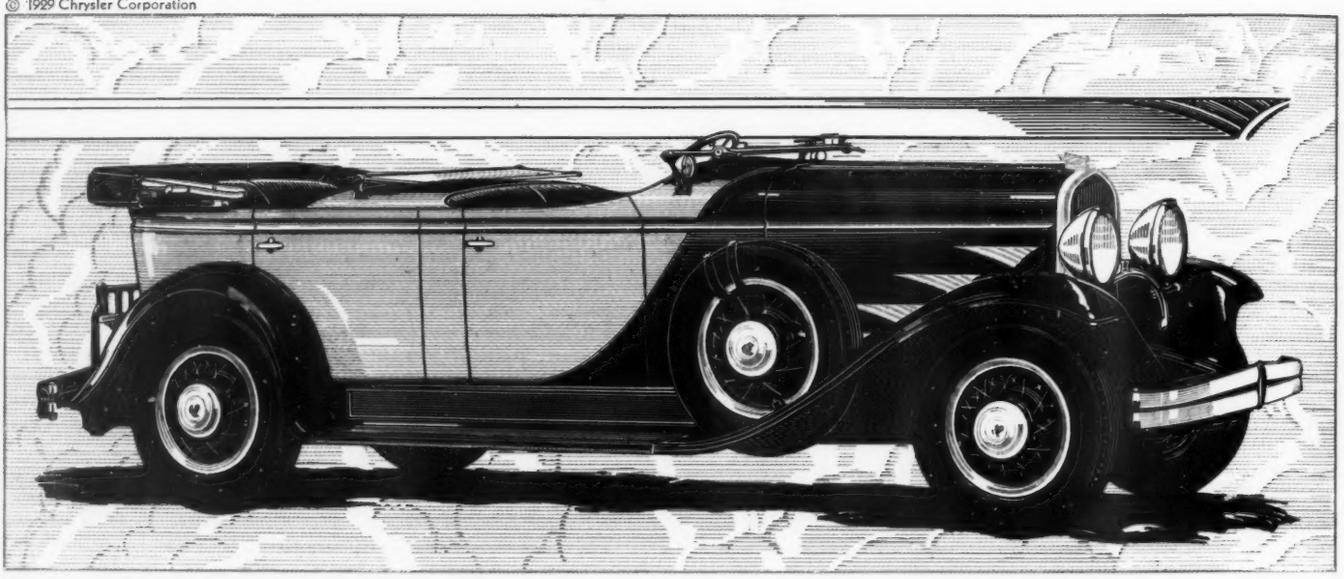

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A NEW "FIRST" FOR THRILL COLLECTORS

Each one of us has his own private collection of "firsts"; a collection that is not arrayed in the library but stands on the shelves of memory.

Moonlight on the Bay of Naples; an aperitif on the terrace at Shepheard's; the breathless flight of a St. Moritz toboggan; the hush beneath St. Peter's vast and awful dome; the polyglot gabble in the bazaars of Rangoon.

All these were emotional crises—thrills incomparable. Unfortunately, unlike Browning's wise thrush, we cannot recapture that first fine, careless rapture.

But there is a new experience awaiting the motor-tired. That drive from office to home—the same old hills, the same old curves and the same old never-ending stream of traffic—THAT drive is transformed from a dull duty into a stirring pleasure by the new Chrysler "77", "70" and Imperial. The hills bow before you. The curves straighten out to "attention," in salute to their master. Your sluggard roadmates that once were obstacles barring the highway, now become stationary blobs by the roadside.

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✣ ✣ ✣

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CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

HARPER'S BAZAAR

64th Year
No. 2605

NOVEMBER 1929

New York Fashions Number

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

Left, Mrs. Guernsey Curran, jr. Centre Mrs. Clive Alvord and Mrs. Venelia Daly, both of Greenwich, Conn. At right, Mrs. George F. Robinson of New York.

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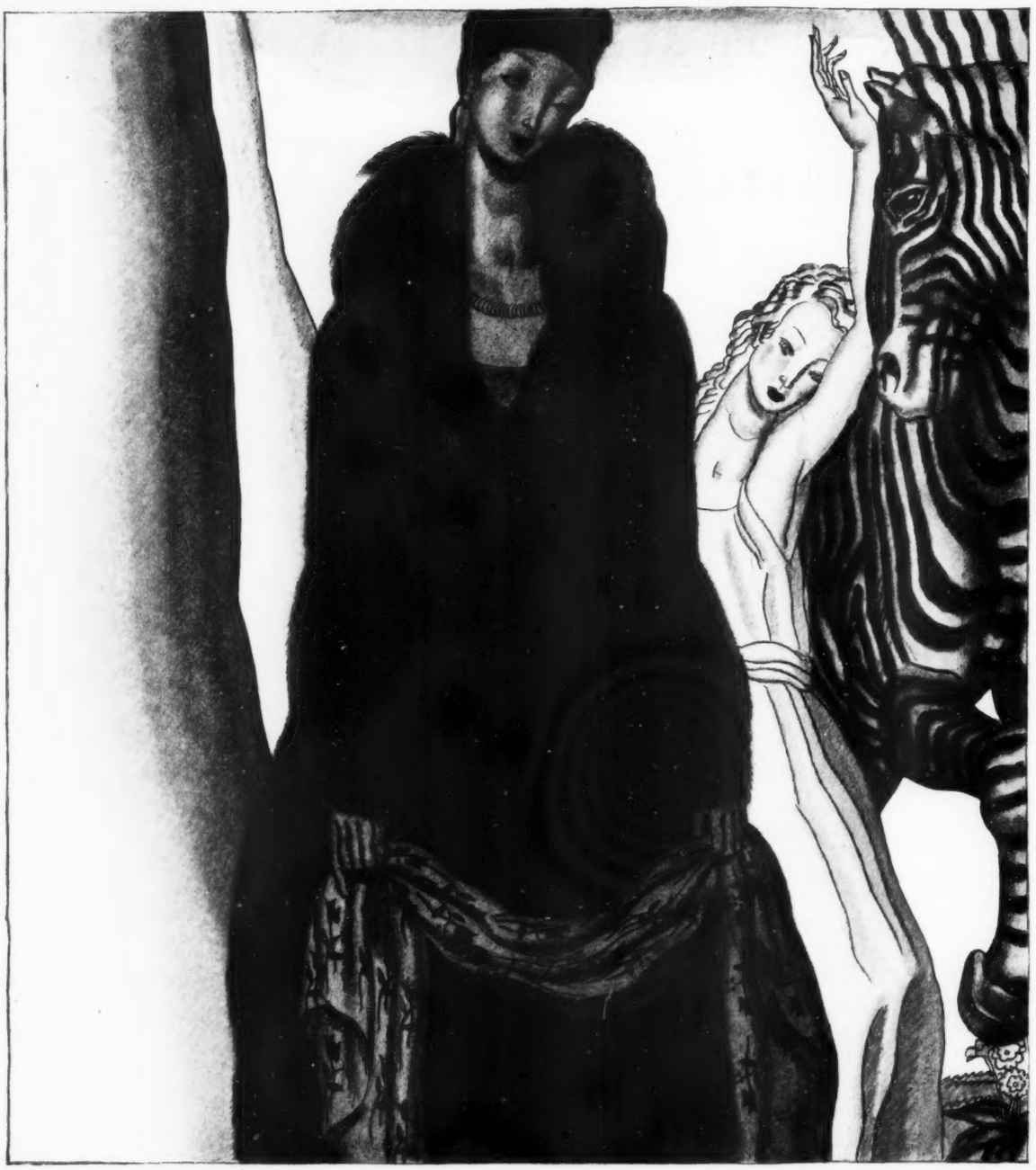

We moderns and our . . .

FORMAL AFTERNOON FASHIONS

. . . the interesting new phase of fashion sponsored by Patou, Vionnet and other leading couturiers . . . to which we devote especial attention on our new, modern fifth floor . . . with a distinguished collection of gowns, wraps, coats, suits and furs.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

The New, Modern Fifth Floor

PURPLE AND FINE WOMEN

LAMÉ for afternoon, says Patou, and sumptuous it is, especially when combined with his rich, deep purples, fur-trimmed. His new and exciting high waistline demands care in corsetting, but our clever American dressmakers are fully aware of the fact and are adapting his dignity and charm of silhouette to the needs of their individual customers. Young American girls will wear this mode to perfection.

Patou gives us warm hands this winter, in his sponsoring of muffs. He makes them in all fabrics, to go with different costumes, with and without fur. One is a muff-bag of tweed and antelope with huge initials. Some are in velvet to match coats and gowns.

For those figures which have interpreted "middle age" too literally, thus making the high waistline a problem, the corsetière and the princess line combine in offering valuable hints. With longer skirts in vogue, a welcome and becoming length of limb is added to this type of figure—and that way salvation lies.

Madame Louiseboulanger is enamoured of trouser effects. She shows them in hostess gowns for formal receptions at home, veiled in trailing chiffon or lamé dignity. She considers these hostess gowns especially adapted to the retired life of the woman of chic of today. Pyjamas are *sportif* and have their place, she says, but tea gowns, as they used to be called, are coming into their own. She makes special lingerie for wear with these, showing a drooping filmy cowl of flesh pink and lace at the neck opening. Madame told me that in her opinion short daytime skirts will be classic for years to come.

Madame Vionnet has used dark blue printed taffeta for tuck-in blouses to be worn with suits. Undeniably smart. I saw a large calfskin bag, *chez elle*, with the tan and white fur left on its surface. The mounting was of brown wood and the fittings unusually clever. Black dyed ermine for huge collars on evening coats was shown to me, at this house, and extremely rich and lustrous it was.

Flower jewelry in rubies, emeralds and diamonds shows to perfection when worn with black or the new deep purple evening gowns. Many a tall, long-limbed mannequin pinned a brooch of this design at the centre front of her high waistline at Patou's recent opening. It should be a glorious jewelry year, for the message of splendid importance it conveys is well matched by the dignity of the evening mode—a great lady's season and no mistake.

Plain slippers of deep or glowing purple are distinguished and fascinating when worn with black evening gowns. The note of purple is insistent.

A Paris cable says: From Biarritz comes the news of thirty-five per cent. of black evening dresses, mostly chiffon and tulle; some coloured laces, some of the new metal lamés, some velvet, and the new chiffons with raised velvet designs. Combinations of velvet and another material are mentioned; for example, a gown of sheer black velvet with tulle flounces, both bodice and flounces embroidered with delicate flowers in écru tulle.

Shoes at Biarritz were pumps of lizard or kid in light tones for the daytime. Pumps were smartest for everything but sports wear. Evening slippers matched the gowns—few contrasting ones. Slipper shape smarter than sandals. Some two-coloured shoes were seen, both for day and evening, repeating the colours of the costume. Mrs. John Gray jr. wore black satin slippers with rhinestone heels with a black tulle gown from Lanvin embroidered in jet, rhinestones, and tiny mirrors.

A charming hair ornament at Chanel's is worn with a white lace and tulle frock. The mannequin is blonde, and her hair is growing, and worn in a turned-up curl across the back. This curl is held in place close to the head by a row of seven crystal roses, the largest in the centre. A necklace of crystal roses completes the effect.

KATHLEEN HOWARD.

Ten times more attractive

THE SMALL chocolates in the Prestige assortment are attractive, with their glossy coatings of chocolate in three shades. There is the creamy brown of the milk chocolate coating, the rich chocolate brown of the vanilla coating, the deeper tones of the semi-sweet chocolate. The graceful shapes and decorations make them little works of art.

But ten times more attractive, and candy-hunger compelling are the *centers*—that all-important part of a chocolate which is seldom seen.

When serving the Prestige Chocolates for dessert (on a silver dish) try the experiment of cutting the pieces in halves exposing the fruits, nuts, creams, caramels, nougats. All the coloring and richness one associates with the finest confections. Everyone recognizes the goodness of Whitman's but a feast for the eye is entirely overlooked unless one occasionally peeps inside, where we lavish so much care. On going beneath the surface Whitman's are *ten times more attractive.*

Whitman's

PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES

In art metal chests (which will find constant use) holding one pound, two or three pounds. At $2.00 a pound.

On sale only at selected stores, each one of which is supplied with fresh and perfect candies, direct from Whitman's.

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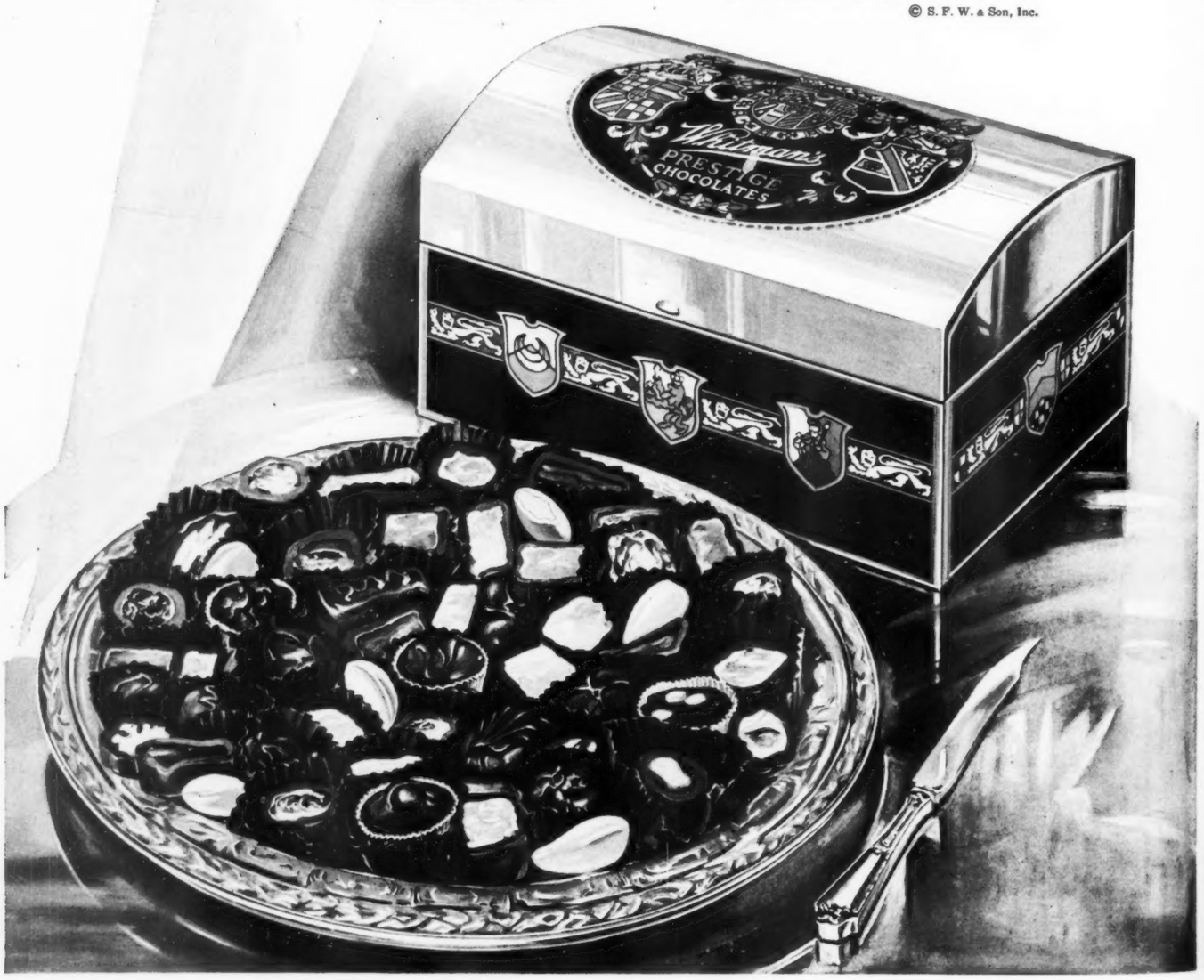


Crowds....

NOT long ago I was on a train with Zona Gale, escorting her to a charming New Jersey town where she was to give a reading from her incomparable stories. It was just after five o'clock of a Spring afternoon, and the train was crowded with commuters going home from the daily grind.

Miss Gale's face lighted up as she scanned the countenances of our companions en route. "I love them all," she exclaimed. "This good, clean American crowd!"

Now, I could not go so far as to say that I loved them all; but I knew that Zona Gale spoke the truth. Both of us feel comfortable and happy with people around us; but I am inclined to think of grown people as Charles Lamb thought of children: not all of them are to be admired. Children, he held, have identities and personalities, even as their elders have, and each is not a thing to love.

All in all, however, crowds interest me. I never go to a theatre but I wonder what my neighbours' names may be; where they live, how they manage, what they do when they are not thus on parade. The average man in the street; the woman one meets in flaming shops; the clerk in the subway; the girl with her book; the waitress; the face glimpsed in a taxi—all these are doing what you and I are doing, striving for just three things: shelter, clothing and food. And most of us get what we seek. That is the incredible truth. And having achieved the three essentials, enters the desire for what Stevenson calls the little superfluities of life: the glamour, the garnishing of the dish, the glint which makes possible the bearing of the common burden.

I knew a lady once who feared nothing so much as a lonely and impoverished old age. She saved and saved; she economized to the point of being ridiculous; she denied herself those tiny pleasures which make life sweeter and saner. One day she caught cold and died of pneumonia at the age of forty-two. Of what avail, then, her penurious spirit? And perhaps, if she had not denied herself so much, she would have been better able to withstand the disease which finally vanquished her so swiftly.

In every crowd there are many such people: those with fear complexes and constant feelings of alarm about life. Yet most of us come through. It is strikingly true of crowds that most of them are composed of gay people. Watch the faces of those listening to music, or seeing a fine play. Study those who are watching a parade. In Paris, note the girls going laughingly home from their work. In London, see the happy faces in the trams at six o'clock of even a rainy evening. In Rome, observe the smiles before every café. It is said that Americans take their pleasures sadly. I do not think that this is so. True, we are not given to throwing confetti. But then, we are not Latins—we are Anglo-Saxons bent on adjusting ourselves to pleasure in a different way. I do wish that we smiled more; but where in the world will you find more generosity and congeniality than right here in America? And when we swarm to Europe no one can say that we do not get the maximum of joy out of our travelling. Our poor are happier than the poor in any other land—not excepting the Teutonic countries, where Hans Sachs was so joyful at his simple craft.

Thrift and shrewdness are all right in their way. But it is good to see Americans taking things more easily than they did of old. A sensible gift for leisure is now manifest in our national life. We have discovered that the rush and turmoil which were about to kill us are giving way to a sane and vigorous discovery of the fact that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

THE EDITOR

HATTIE CARNEGIE

BRIDAL BEAUTY

THE ROMANCE OF WEDDING-GOWNS

AS the bridegroom may be chosen because of his suitability to the bride, so may her choice of the fashion of her gown for the important day be guided by its suitability to her personality, rather than for its adherence to the mode of the moment.

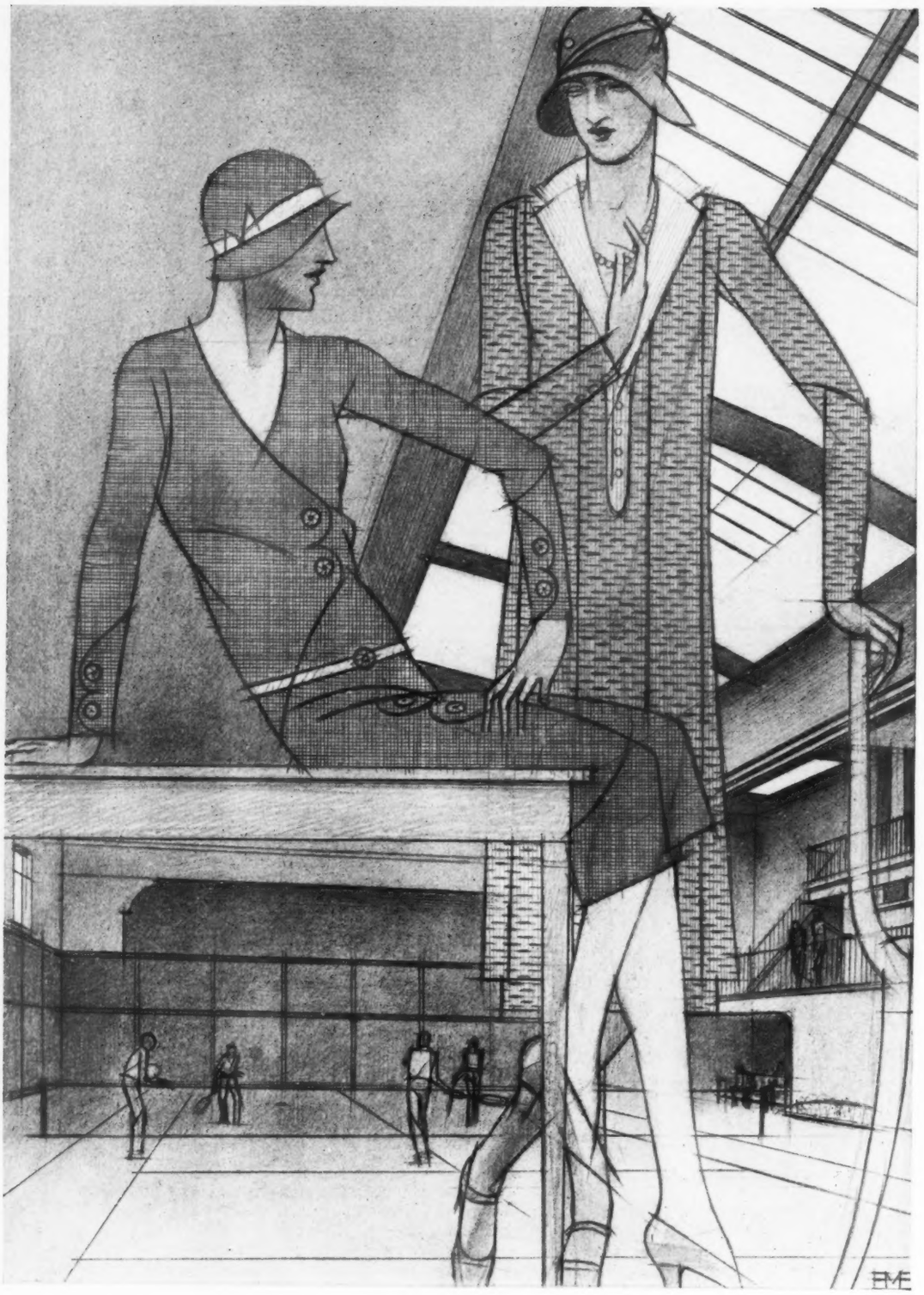
There's a marked trend towards getting away from the stereotyped satin rigidity of the bridal array of other days. Wedding-ring velvet may cling and wrap around you now, if you will; supplest satin, silver threaded net, or chiffon dripping with white fox may be your choice.

White is no longer inevitable; flesh pearl, palest green, deep egg-shell, all are acceptable.

In the enchanting gown drawn above, which is imported by Kurzman, Norman Hartnell has made a long, palest-blue velvet sur-coat which ends in a sweeping train and which clasps the girl's waist in medieval fashion with a rhinestone buckle of two large cabochon crystals. The dress is of satin, princess in line, in a greyish tone. The long sleeves are pearl embroidered to the elbow, with a high standing collar of pearl embroidery. The over-dress is also embroidered in pearls in a star design, which grows larger towards the end of the long oval train. A coronet of the same pearl embroidery holds the tulle veil.

This gown is built for romance, charm, and individuality.

Pale cream transparent velvet is Hattie Carnegie's choice for the gown on the opposite page. The bodice is long and moulded, with the skirt set on at a rather low line, rising in a point at the centre front. The skirt is edged all around with huge velvet roses laid flat and forming a deep border. Petals hold the veil over the ears and trim the long tight sleeves, falling over the hands.



NEW WOOL FROCKS FROM PARIS MAKERS

The frock of a Goupy ensemble called "Chevrette," from Jay Thorpe, is shown here. Made of brown and beige tweed it has a belt of white kid and kid buttons. The coat, from which the suit takes its name, is lined with white kid.

Bonwit Teller imports from London Trades a tweed frock in black and white mixture. It is cut along tailored princess lines with deep inset gilet collar of white piqué. Up-and-down stitching gives very slim and flattering lines.

Altman imports a hand-knitted sports ensemble from Mrs. Pearson. Over the godet skirt of hunter's-green is a short jacket of the same colour. The jumper, belt, and coat revers are of beige with a woven design of green and brown.

A charming tweed ensemble from Louiseboulanger in tones of brown and yellow. The knitted jumper and coat lining repeat the same colours and furnish an interesting contrast by the use of horizontal stripes. From Lord and Taylor.

SMART WOOLLENS FOR THE TRAVELLER

Florence Blecker

Suzanne Talbot is Inspired

The Glove Story

DISCRETION is the better part of leather where gloves are concerned this winter, for, though gloves have never been so amusingly varied as they are at present, they still must accept a background rather than a foreground place in the really well-dressed woman's wardrobe. Maggy Rouff presented her daytime models finished off with irregularly gauntletted gloves of glacé, buttoned daringly on the flare with one big leather button. Chanel stripes her flared glove cuffs with brown, red, grey, and beige. With these she supplies a perky glacé scarf, striped on its pointed ends in the same fashion. Worth cords his cuffs and makes a wrist-strap in the same manner, fastening them with a brass button. These are drawn, as number one, and are to be had from B. Altman.

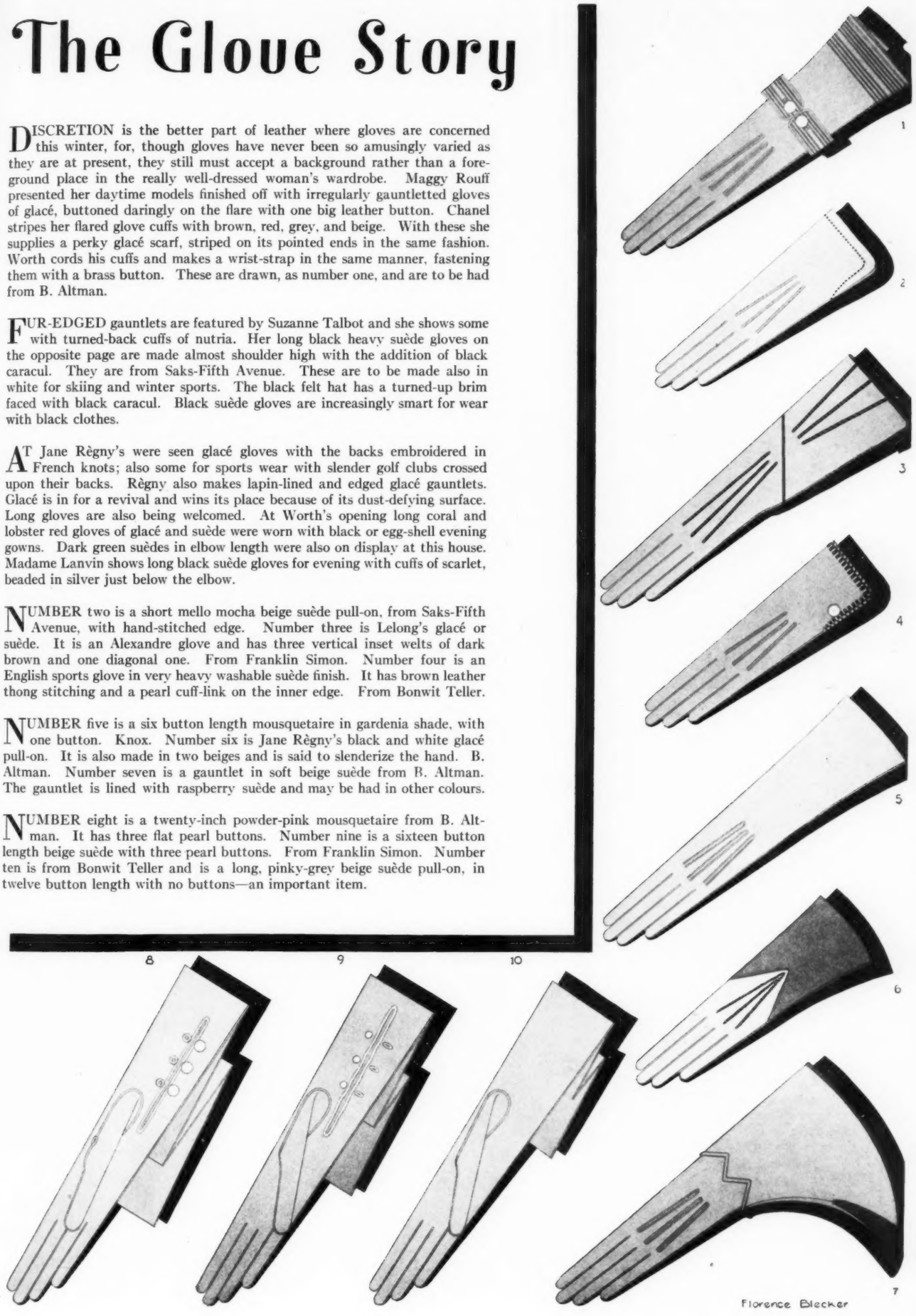
FUR-EDGED gauntlets are featured by Suzanne Talbot and she shows some with turned-back cuffs of nutria. Her long black heavy suède gloves on the opposite page are made almost shoulder high with the addition of black caracul. They are from Saks-Fifth Avenue. These are to be made also in white for skiing and winter sports. The black felt hat has a turned-up brim faced with black caracul. Black suède gloves are increasingly smart for wear with black clothes.

AT Jane Règny's were seen glacé gloves with the backs embroidered in French knots; also some for sports wear with slender golf clubs crossed upon their backs. Règny also makes lapin-lined and edged glacé gauntlets. Glacé is in for a revival and wins its place because of its dust-defying surface. Long gloves are also being welcomed. At Worth's opening long coral and lobster red gloves of glacé and suède were worn with black or egg-shell evening gowns. Dark green suèdes in elbow length were also on display at this house. Madame Lanvin shows long black suède gloves for evening with cuffs of scarlet, beaded in silver just below the elbow.

NUMBER two is a short mello mocha beige suède pull-on, from Saks-Fifth Avenue, with hand-stitched edge. Number three is Lelong's glacé or suède. It is an Alexandre glove and has three vertical inset welts of dark brown and one diagonal one. From Franklin Simon. Number four is an English sports glove in very heavy washable suède finish. It has brown leather thong stitching and a pearl cuff-link on the inner edge. From Bonwit Teller.

NUMBER five is a six button length mousquetaire in gardenia shade, with one button. Knox. Number six is Jane Règny's black and white glacé pull-on. It is also made in two beiges and is said to slenderize the hand. B. Altman. Number seven is a gauntlet in soft beige suède from B. Altman. The gauntlet is lined with raspberry suède and may be had in other colours.

NUMBER eight is a twenty-inch powder-pink mousquetaire from B. Altman. It has three flat pearl buttons. Number nine is a sixteen button length beige suède with three pearl buttons. From Franklin Simon. Number ten is from Bonwit Teller and is a long, pinky-grey beige suède pull-on, in twelve button length with no buttons—an important item.



Patou's "I Love You," a divine evening frock in heavy black fish net. The back of the bodice is cut low, with a drape at the side front. One of the charms of this fabric is its heavy texture which effects a weighted skirt line. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A Patou peach and gold lamé evening gown from Frances Clyne, very distinguished both in fabric and line. It has a loose cape back, long pointed panels and a quite definite train. The bodice is tight fitting, the skirt closely moulded.

An important Ardanse evening gown from the Salon de la Couture of Altman in black souffle de soie. Interest centres in the long sleeves which are ornamented with rhinestones and sapphires. The skirt is long with trailing panels.

SKIRTS TRAIL UNIFORMLY FOR EVENING

THE PRINCESS LINE TAKES POSSESSION

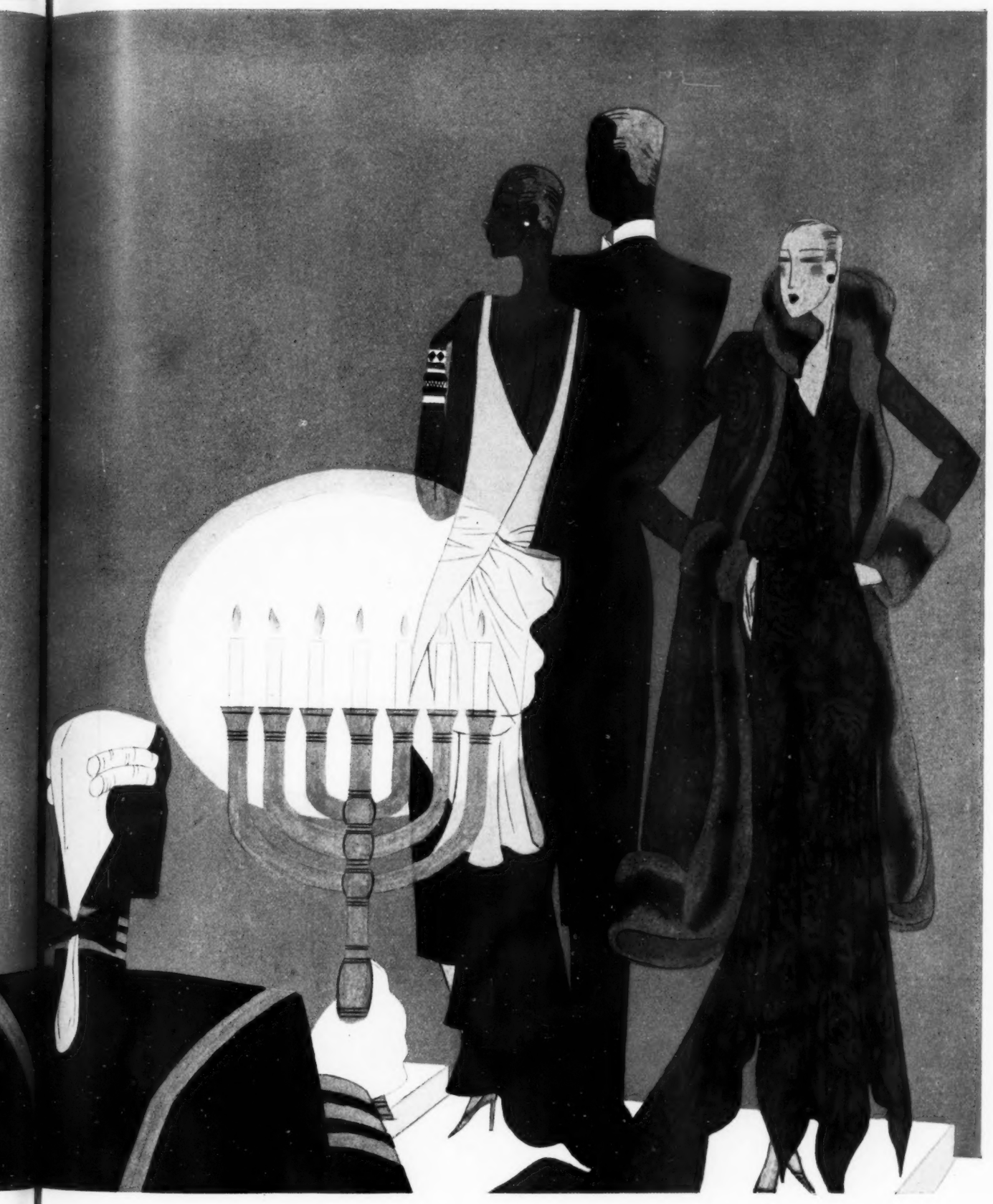
This black or red silk net frock from Chanel is distinctly Grecian in line. The crossed shaped bands of the net firmly mould both the bust and hips. The long straight two-tiered skirt is very new and extremely graceful in line. Imported by Lord and Taylor.

The charming line of Patou's "New Style" is shown here; from Bonwit Teller. Of black georgette, it has a loose cape which gives straight lines to the back. The shaped panels on the skirt trail in points about the feet in all directions.

Very gorgeous in its colour scheme is this black velvet evening coat from Drecoll-Beer which Franklin Simon imports. The huge ermine collar has an extra loose band. Both the collar and cuff designs are distinctly new and effective.

Bergdorf Goodman imports this luxurious evening gown of aquamarine velvet from Maggy Rouff. Gray fox swirling about the feet forms deep, heavy bands, insuring grace in action.

Magnificent in line and fabric is an evening coat of lamé from Lucien Lelong, imported by Jay Thorpe. The colours are maroon and silver, with deep cuffs of rich dark sable.



Drawn in colour by Léon Bénigni

Flesh and marron satin are used with Vionnet's inimitable skill to fashion this evening frock, whose every line is a flattering diagonal one. The back is most important. Kurzman.

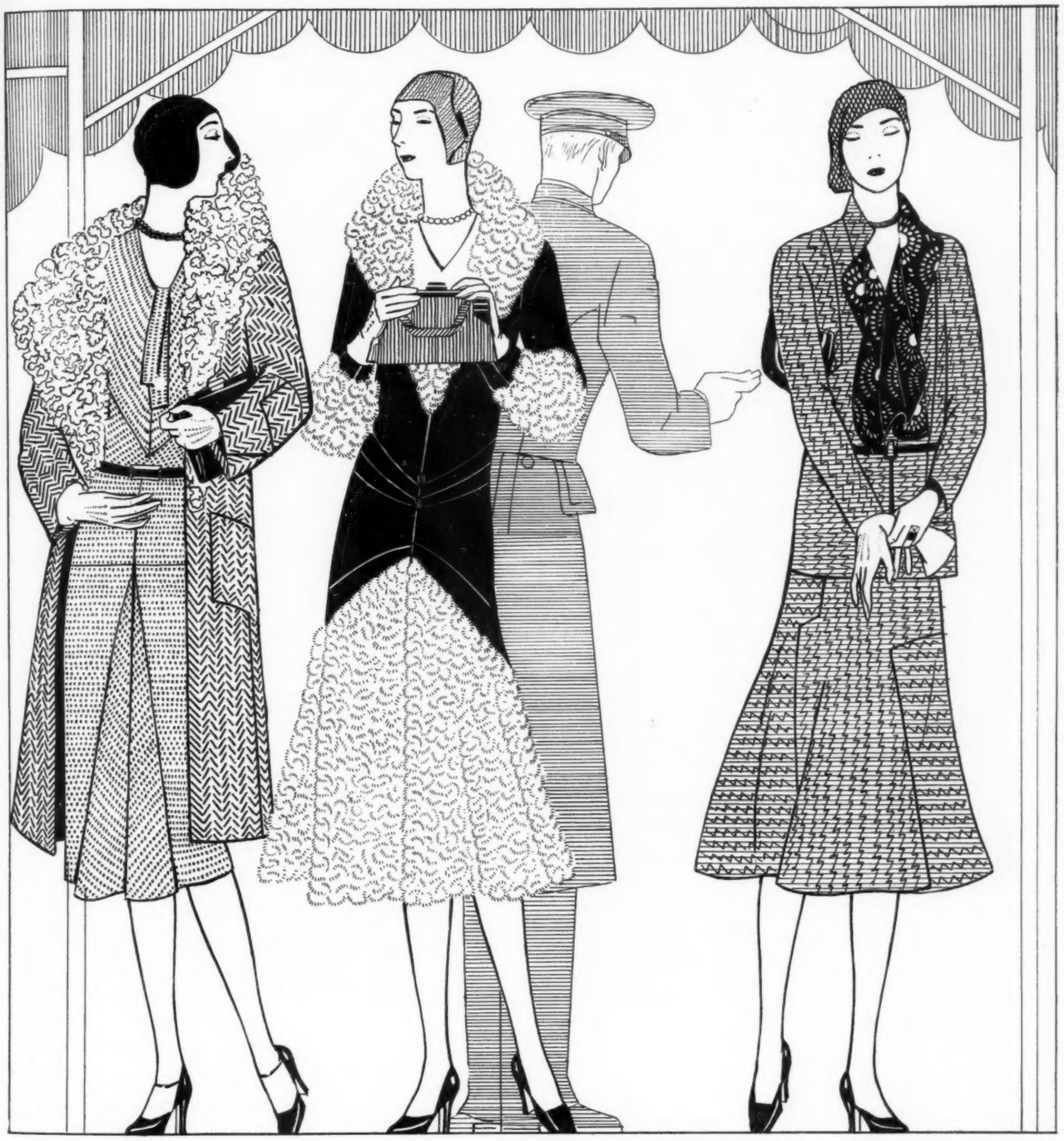
Lamé in rich red and gold tones is used for this Patou evening ensemble from Bergdorf Goodman. The coat is three-quarter length; the skirt drips in long points and red fox trims it.

Unusual treatment of tweed characterizes this sports ensemble from Wanamaker's. The skirt of greenish mixture buttons with a tab onto the tuck-in jumper of plain green jersey. The long, full tweed coat has grey astrakhan fur cuffs and a high collar, shaping to a point down the back.

A multicoloured tweed in soft lacy mixture is used for a sports suit from Jane Régny. The underblouse of flesh handkerchief jersey is smartly embroidered at the neck. The pipings on the jumper, which follow a V line, are of the same fabric as the underblouse. Imported by Franklin Simon.

Chéruit's lace bouclé frock of greyed yellow wool smartly defines the higher waistline. There are interesting buttoned-down tabs accentuating a new princess belt. Six buttons effect the closing of the skirt at the front, and the coloured scarf gives a new neck treatment. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

TWEEDS ADAPT THEMSELVES TO THE NEW LINES

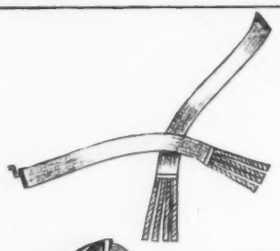


From Lelong comes this sports ensemble, the frock of red and white jersey in diagonal weave with red leather belt. The deep yoke, cravat tie and skirt godets are all good details. Rough herring-bone tweed, in red, fashions the coat with shawl collar of krimmer. Bonwit Teller.

Very characteristic of Chanel is this youthful coat imported by Best. The centre section is of heavy brown cashmere, with shawl collar, elbow cuffs and flaring skirt of lapin. The princess silhouette and the accentuated skirt flare give a new line which is distinctly 1929 in feeling.

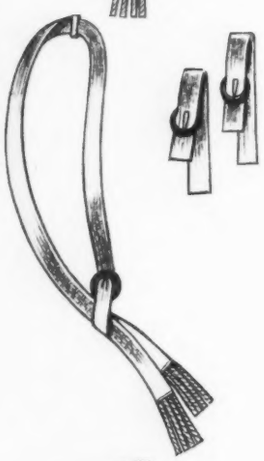
Chez Ninon imports a Maggy Rouff suit of loosely woven tweed in brown and white mixture. The high-waisted wrap-around skirt is flared. A very short jacket is lined with Rodier's tuslikasha in deep mulberry and white. A collar and jabot add charm to the blouse.

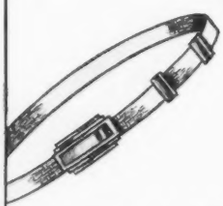
THE DAYTIME SKIRT SHOWS MORE LENGTH



An umbrella with a quaint little animal's head of wood, and leather ears. Cheering companion for a rainy day. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

An imported umbrella from Milgrim of heavy brown taffeta with a curved handle of a clear transparent composition called "prystal."



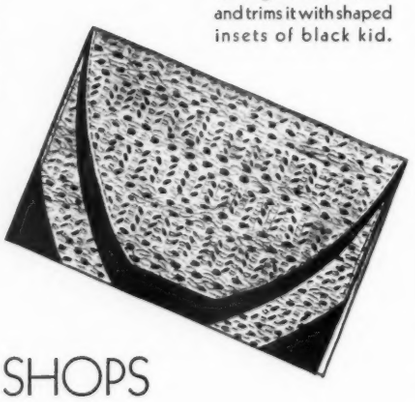


Maggy Rouff's new gold jewelry ensemble includes a necklace, bracelets, belt and shoe buckles. From Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Vionnet envelope purse of brown and beige calf with a gold clasp which crosses the corner. Macy.

Saks-Fifth Avenue imports a hat and muff-purse from Patou. The hat of taupé felt has an ear flap of brownish taupe caracul; the same fur is used for the muff.

Nat Lewis makes a smart envelope purse of rough woven tweed and trims it with shaped insets of black kid.



FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS

A Maria Guy turban, from Kurzman, of brown velvet made to simulate hair. May be had in chiffon for evening.

One of the newest of Vionnet's pyjama ensembles, in which flesh and black satin are blended with her consummate skill. Imported by Bergdorf Goodman.

A very new necklace from Bonwit Teller. Links of seed pearls and "prystal" rings.

An exquisite fitted suitcase of green crocodile. There is a huge dressing mirror and fittings all of gold in delightful modernistic design. From Bergdorf Goodman.

This Worth bag, a smart and practical type, is from Milgrim. Of brown antelope with a gold frame, clasp, and chain.

Of black French baby-kid in satiny texture is this afternoon bag from Nat Lewis. The corner clasp is of marcasite.

Veronica E. Kelly

A black velvet Patou frock from Milgrim which illustrates the new long, slim line. Belted at the natural waistline, the slightly gored skirt hangs almost to the ankles. The blackness is relieved by a creamy touch of real lace in the collar and tie.

Chéruit uses supple black satin for the medium of a frock for afternoon. The front is cut along diagonal lines, while at the back two flat panels cross and are held by a buckle set with bars of red and black. Bergdorf Goodman.

One of the most delightful of Patou's afternoon dresses is this black crêpe, very long at one side with bows at the hip and sleeve and a scarf which ties at the back. Straps mould the bust and achieve a princess line. Henri Bendel.

THE VOGUE FOR BLACK IS SUPREME

Goupy shows the interesting use of net for daytime wear in a most distinguished dress from Hattie Carnegie. The very heavy fish-net has almost a lacy weave and hangs gracefully in an uneven hemline and in ruffles on the sleeves.

Stein and Blaine make a charming black velvet ensemble for afternoon with unusual ermine cuffs banded with velvet and a turnover collar. Narrow belts across the hips accent the natural waistline. Both coat and frock have a decided flare.

Lustrous black panne velvet is used for this Maggy Rouff dress from Thurn. The bodice has a drape gathered on the left. Shaped pieces swirl about the hips and fall into circular fulness. A slight drape at the back marks a higher waist

DAYTIME HEMLINES ARE UNEVEN

A Novel by Richard Le Gallienne:

THERE WAS A SHIP

Drawings by Erté

". . . Her own beauty I have only ventured to hint at, thinking that maybe the reader familiar with heroines would not merely be able, but might prefer, from those hints to paint her picture for himself. Only a rare occasional master can express in words the living miracle of a beautiful woman. . ."

. . . . of Love
. . . . of Strife
. . . . of Treasure
. . . . of Disaster

Part III.

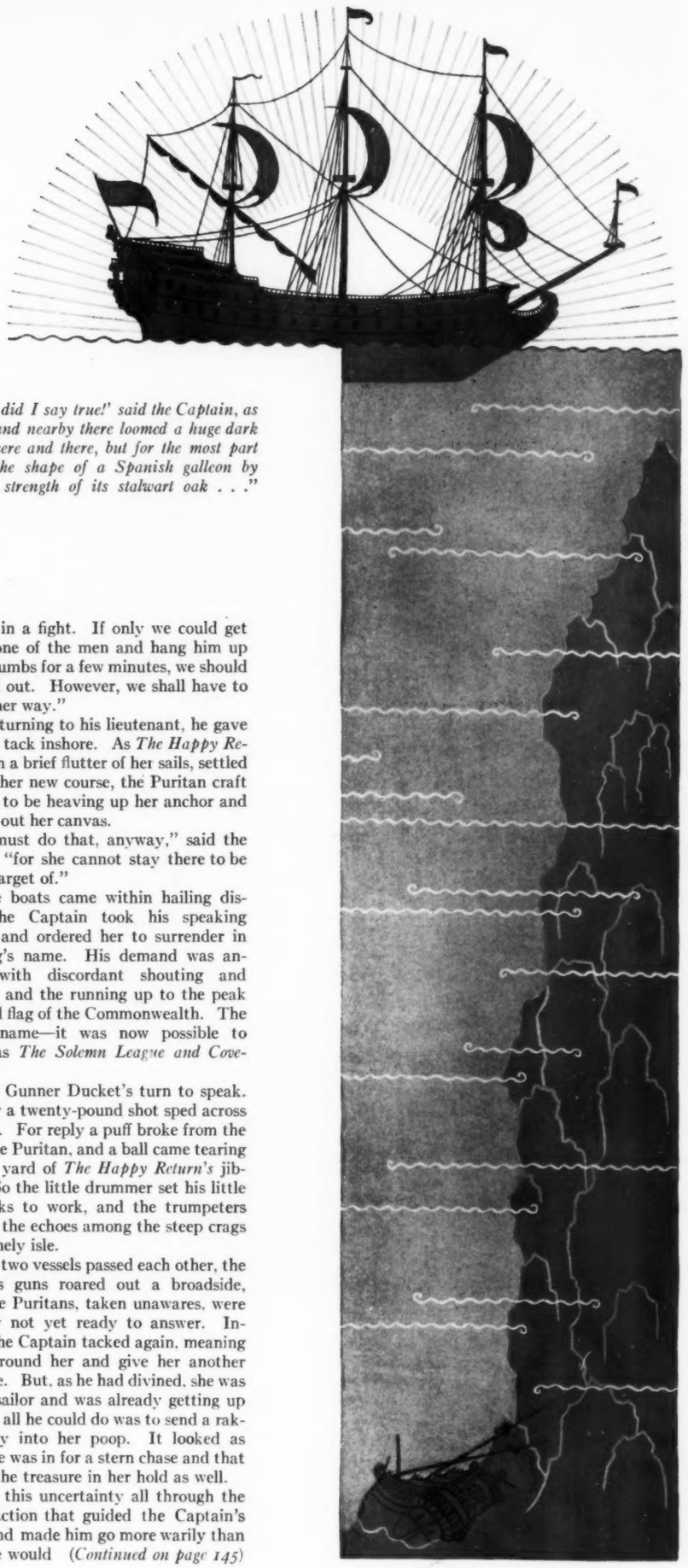
Chapter X: Cavaliers and Roundheads on the High Seas

THE dawn was still so dim that the men were shadowy to each other, but everyone aboard *The Happy Return* was up and about and eager for the day's work. As the light increased, all that remained to be done to put the ship in battle array was speedily completed. The waist-cloth, a canvas fence man-high, painted gaily with designs in the Stuart colours, was rigged up against the bulwarks all round the ship, as a protection against boardings. Chain-work nets were drawn over the waist and the forecastle to catch the missiles of the enemy or falling spars, while the fighting tops were filled with stones and iron balls.

The ports were open and the guns ready to be run out, while behind each gun-station swabbing mops stood ready to clean up the decks, and buckets full of sand to keep the men's feet from slipping in the blood that would soon be flowing. The walls of the decks were painted red to prevent the blood from showing too much. Most of the hatches were closed down, and woollen screens were nailed up to protect the powder-magazines; in the cockpit on the lower deck stretchers, knives, saws, tourniquets, and other apparatus were all laid out in readiness for the surgeons.

As officers and men busied themselves with the final preparations, the deep-voiced singing of a morning hymn from the adjoining cove announced that the ship of the Saints was also beginning the day. The two sentinels, having rowed over from their night's vigil, brought the news that she still lay unsuspectingly at anchor. At the sound of the hymn, "the music," as the musicians were collectively called on boardship in those days, took their places with their instruments in a sheltered gallery behind the poop. Two trumpeters stood ready by the Captain on the quarter-deck, while a little drummer with his drum round his waist and drumsticks in hand waited the command to beat to quarters.

The land breeze was already blowing briskly as the First Lieutenant whispered to the Captain that the frigate was ready for action. The Captain nodded. In a trice the anchor was weighed, and the gibs, top-sails, and mizzen-



". . . 'Look, did I say true!' said the Captain, as in the coral sand nearby there loomed a huge dark hulk, broken here and there, but for the most part still keeping the shape of a Spanish galleon by reason of the strength of its stalwart oak . . ."

sails were hoisted. With the Saint George's Cross pennant flying from the spritsail yard and the royal arms at the foremast peak, and the music filling the morning air with the blithe strains of "Lillibullero," *The Happy Return* began to step to the lively tune. In a few moments she was sweeping past the end of the point and out into the open sea, a beautiful haughty vision of nonchalant pride and power, in full view of the surprised Saints, who could be seen clustering to their bulwarks in all the attitudes of sorely astonished men.

Their craft, indeed, so far as mere braveries were concerned, made a sorry showing against the King's ship with its bright painted cloths, its shining brass guns, its white sails, its emblazoned flags, and its gilded poop. But in ships, as in human beings, good looks are not everything, as the Captain remarked with a twinkle to the tall handsome young friend standing at his side on the poop. The dingy looking vessel yonder was far from inspiring him with either contempt or overconfidence. Slightly smaller than *The Happy Return*, she was more heavily built; her poop and forecastle were higher, inclined to be top-heavy, and, with her seaworn, neglected look, one might have taken her at first sight for some ghostly survivor of the Spanish Armada. But the Captain, who was calm as though he were looking her over in a dockyard, took time to explain how and where she was an improvement on the old Elizabethan models; and that in fact she was something like a galliasse without oars and with more sailing speed.

"She could put up a good fight," he continued, "and she could show us a cleaner pair of heels than you would imagine. And what is puzzling me," he added, "is just which of the two she means to do. The question is, has she already salvaged most of the treasure, or is she only just beginning? If she has got it, she will probably try to run away, and not risk losing it in a fight. If only we could get hold of one of the men and hang him up by his thumbs for a few minutes, we should soon find out. However, we shall have to try another way."

Then, turning to his lieutenant, he gave orders to tack inshore. As *The Happy Return*, with a brief flutter of her sails, settled down to her new course, the Puritan craft was seen to be heaving up her anchor and breaking out her canvas.

"She must do that, anyway," said the Captain, "for she cannot stay there to be made a target of."

As the boats came within hailing distance, the Captain took his speaking trumpet and ordered her to surrender in the King's name. His demand was answered with discordant shouting and laughter, and the running up to the peak of the old flag of the Commonwealth. The vessel's name—it was now possible to read—was *The Solemn League and Covenant*.

It was Gunner Ducket's turn to speak. Instantly a twenty-pound shot sped across her bows. For reply a puff broke from the side of the Puritan, and a ball came tearing within a yard of *The Happy Return's* jibboom. So the little drummer set his little drumsticks to work, and the trumpeters wakened the echoes among the steep crags of the lonely isle.

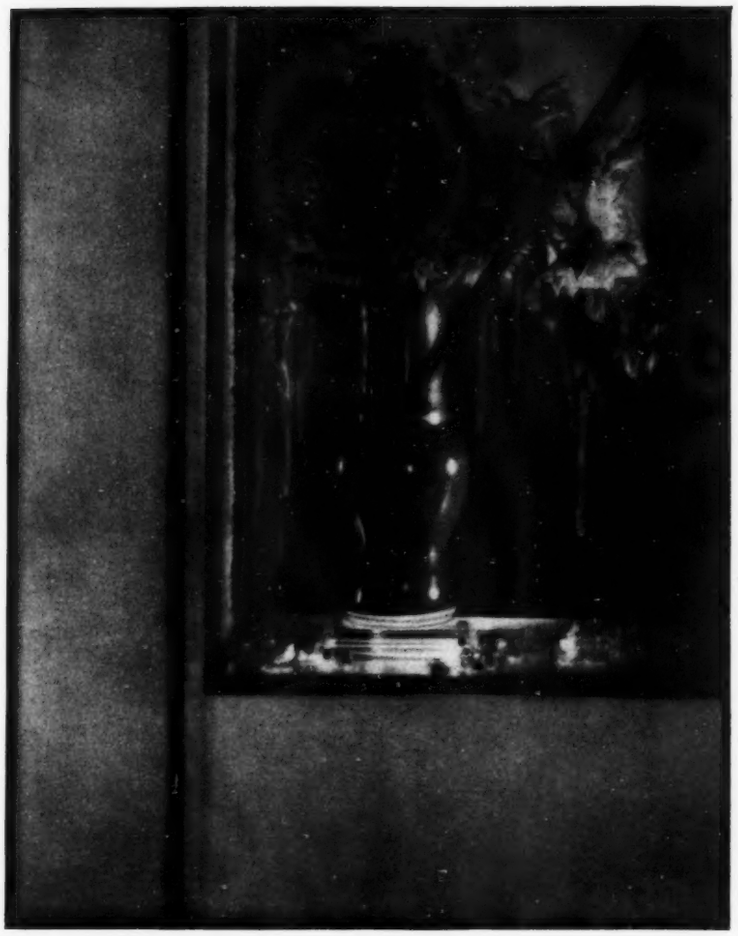
As the two vessels passed each other, the Captain's guns roared out a broadside, which the Puritans, taken unawares, were evidently not yet ready to answer. Instantly the Captain tacked again, meaning to sail around her and give her another broadside. But, as he had divined, she was a quick sailor and was already getting up speed; so all he could do was to send a raking volley into her poop. It looked as though he was in for a stern chase and that she had the treasure in her hold as well.

It was this uncertainty all through the ensuing action that guided the Captain's tactics and made him go more warily than otherwise would (*Continued on page 145*)

MOLYNEUX

DEMEYER

GOWN OF WHITE AND BLACK TULLE. SHORT BLACK VELVET COAT AND WHITE FOX COLLAR.



DEMEYER

BARON DE MEYER GIVES ITEMS FROM HIS FASHION DIARY

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

FASHIONS which have developed since 1920 will, later on, be remembered as belonging to the 1930 period. They are revolutionary fashions, struggling against tradition.

Their inspiration is modern rhythms; their ideal, the line of the human form. They do away with all rigidity and constraint.

Among their most important features are: intricate sartorial technique concealed with utmost care, slenderness of a kind only recently invented, as well as fierce rebellion against superficial fashion decrees. Novelties are acceptable only when made to serve a sensible purpose.

All women not conforming to fashion decrees were, some twenty-five years ago, considered badly dressed. (Limitations quite preposterous in 1929.) The sole means of being thought smart, in those days, was to be seen wearing the "latest styles."

In 1929 the majority of really elegant and well-dressed women do as they please. They are, in spite of it, smart—*à la mode* always. Their waistlines follow their build. Their skirts are as long, or as short, as proportions and good taste demand.

The particular kind of smartness, dependent on new models alone, may become the source of much trouble. Acquisition of but one of this season's new gowns (short waist and long skirt) might be followed by complete discord in one's wardrobe, by the forced discarding of every one of last season's gowns.

Notes especially dedicated to women not ethereally slim:

Two distinct styles of gowns are fashionable this season—even three. The first has a belt placed in its normal position, the uncompromising belt with a buckle. The second merely indicates the raised demarcation. A maze of fine tucks and intelligent seams, which requires closest attention for anyone to discover that there is a waistline at all. The third style is the princess-shaped gown. Long lines not necessarily interrupted. Certainly the most advantageous style of the three, and best adapted to more amply proportioned figures.

It requires no new mentality to accept the new note in fashions, only a set of new glasses. For new fashions seen through time-honoured but dulled spectacles easily spell disillusion and premature age. Only women devoid of means imagine that to be interested in fashions is unfashionable.

How is it women's figures adapt themselves to new styles only after a time? Why is it so few women are built to fit them from the start?

Most traditions are excellent, provided they have not outlived themselves. Formality in dress is among the ones which have. Quite unfashionable are extravagant-looking clothes; eccentricity, nowadays, being merely a means of disguising absence of chic.

It is far more important, in matters of dress, to preserve good taste than good sense.

A few words about simplicity: Simplicity has become known as the key-note to elegance. Plain dressing, however, is of less importance than full comprehension of the term itself. A woman who dresses really simply, but avoids what is costly, succeeds in looking merely shabby. The uninitiated alone should mistake simplicity for what it is not. Simplification of style, to these same uninitiated, means simplicity, while to the technician it spells complication of cut. To the élite it conveys luxury.

Costly details, perfect cut and design, with nothing conspicuous, yet with nothing lacking, is what is meant by modern simplicity. The subdued overtones of luxurious simplicity sing out much louder than the highest pitched voice of blatant splendour.

The superfluous accessory is still a source of great pleasure to many superfluous women. Women should be made to

(*Continued on page 82*)

SUZANNE TALBOT *From the original trichrome print by Baron de Meyer*

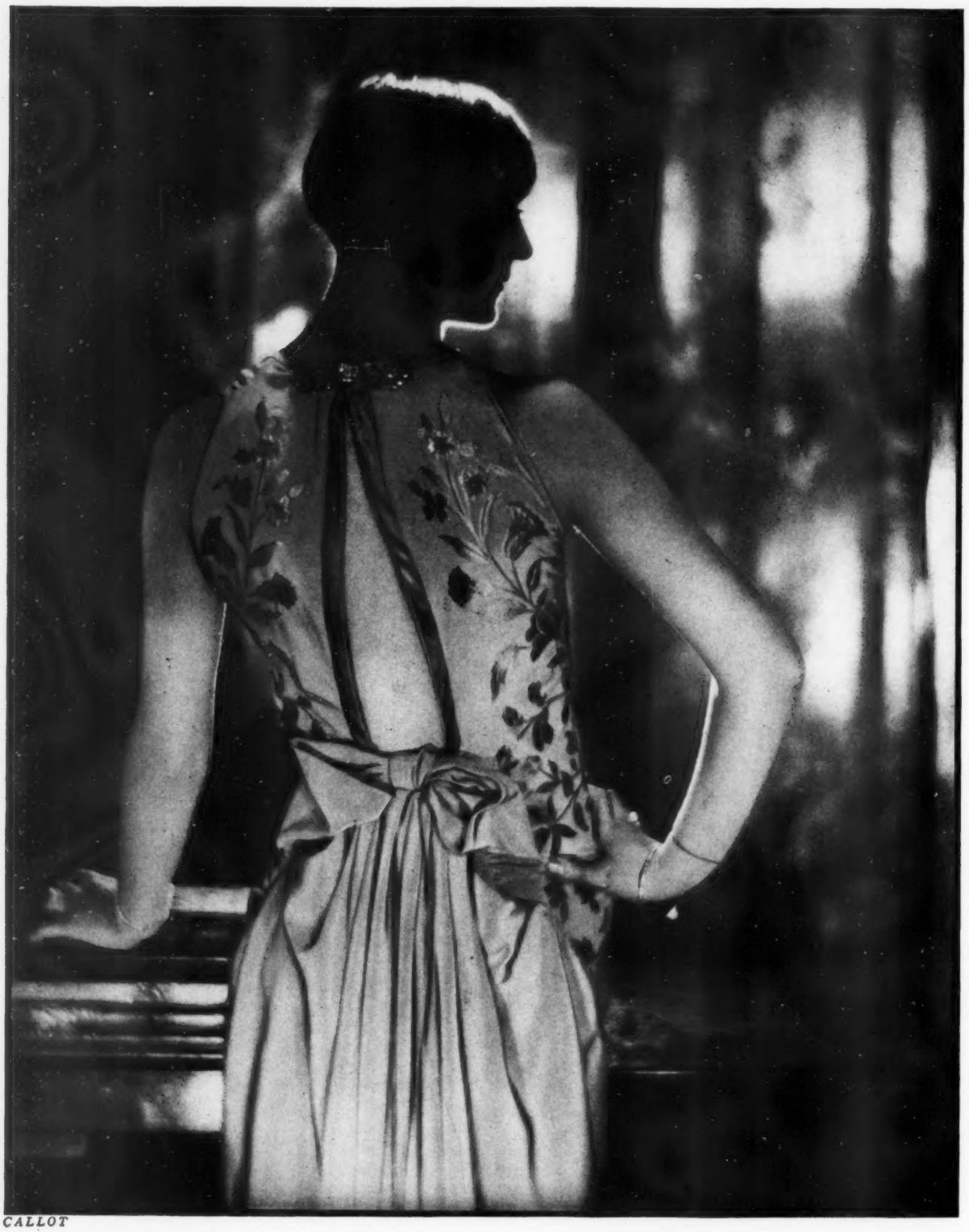
Suzanne Talbot has made a gentlewoman's hat in hyacinth velvet. An uncurled ostrich feather lies at one side of the rolling brim.

DE MEYER

DEMEYER

A close-fitting cap from Agnès, made in orange velvet. It ties in the back in a band and an aigrette is held in its fold at an angle.

From the original trichrome print by Baron de Meyer AGNÈS



CALLOT

CALLOT'S NEW DECOLLETÉ IN A BRIGHT CORNFLOWER BLUE SATIN GOWN EMBROIDERED IN CHINESE COLOURS.

DEMEYER

LANVIN

DEMEYER

BLACK FAILLE AND STRASS EVENING GOWN. SILVER COAT WITH WHITE FOX. STRASS AND SILVER CAP.

PATOU

BLACK AND GOLD LAMÉ EVENING ENSEMBLE. SHORT COAT WITH BLACK FOX, LINED WITH BLACK VELVET

DEMEYER

realize that good modern dressing is a matter of sacrifice, the sacrificing of what is unnecessary.

Characteristic points of this season's new hats:

Peculiar is their similarity to those shown last season.

New is that their centre of interest is being placed in the back; that they are cut away in the nape of the neck to disclose women's steadily growing hair which, with the newest hats, is again much in favour. Unless in sou'-wester style, when the felt shape is left to sprawl all over the back.

That the adjective "becoming" is no more considered an asset, too becoming a hat being labelled dowdy. That hats merely pretty lack style.

That only hats trying to most faces (brims ruthlessly cut away with lines uncompromisingly hard and severe) are being called smart.

EVENING GOWN IN SHIMMERING WHITE LUNASOL, THE SKIRT CARTRIDGE PLAITED ACROSS THE FRONT

IRENE DANA

Headlines noticed in recent "dailies:" "Roaring trade in pre-war hairpins."

"Postwar generations craving after hitherto unknown lengths of hair."

"Bright young people claim short hair conveys maturity; that only chignons are youthful."

Today's exasperated desire for youth seems much worse at twenty than later on in life; it is noticeable again after sixty.

All backs of smart heads remain flat, skulls being neatly outlined, sharply silhouetted, exaggeratedly small.

The disposing of additional curls in the nape of the neck, at the top, on the sides or in front, is every woman's individual business. Masculine hair-cuts belong to the past.

DEMEYER

By Francis Brett Young:

MR. WALCOT GOES HOME

Where, following a Dream, he Yields to Sentiment—with Reservations

"COTSWOLD was unlike anything Mr. Walcot had known—unlike and yet, somehow, most piercingly familiar!"

MR. LUDLOW WALCOT, the proprietor of Walcot's World-famed Antacid, took his calling, which was that of a modern captain of industry, religiously, and enlarged on it with eloquence.

Whenever he engaged a new employé in his office he delivered a miniature lecture on this theme: "If you're going to make a success of a business career," he told them, "you've got to be single-minded. You've got to forget yourself; to look at every darned thing you see, not through your own eyes or mind, but through the eyes of your potential customer. In other words, you must have imagination. Imagination! That's the big word in business. Particularly in the patent-medicine business. If you use it properly—as a servant, mind, not as a master—it can give you, right here in this office, all the poetry and romance that you need. If you asked me for two words in which to describe the perfect business man, I should call him an Imaginative Realist." At this point Mr. Walcot invariably looked at his watch and shook hands. "When once you've got that idea fixed," he would say in conclusion, "you may consider that your feet are firmly planted on the Ladder that Leads to Success."

In Mr. Walcot's own case the Ladder that Led to Success had been in the nature of an express elevator, that had lifted him, in almost record time, from a basement in First Avenue, New York City, to one of the highest floors of the MacCormick Building, on Fifth. Single-minded as he was, it was Fortune who had pressed the button. The very violence and suddenness of his elevation beggared the imagination which, he believed, had achieved it. He lived and moved in a curiously exalted, isolated world, shot like an aerial shuttle, between his office on Fifth Avenue, which resembled a millionaire's apartment, and his bachelor apartment on Park, which resembled a business man's office. He moved in a vicious circle so rapid that he hadn't even time to realize how rich he was.

It was only during his hurried passage between these two high perches—he always walked; motor-traffic moved too slowly—that Ludlow Walcot's feet had any contact with his mother earth. All day and all night (for not even his dreams were his own) his giddy brain was assailed by business details which hammered at it with the persistence of a riveting machine, his stomach insulted by snacks and patent nerve-foods that jostled each other in competing for the attention of his bewildered digestion.

Among his business acquaintances he had no intimates; if they called him Lud rather than Ludlow it was not because they loved him, but just to save time. These men had diversions: golf, riding, theatres, women. Mr. Walcot was not only happy but proud to dispense with all these. His work was his life; so much so that work was an end in itself. He hadn't even time to ask himself what he was working for. He had power, and never employed it; money, and never spent it; some sense (one must admit), but little more sensibility than a well-regulated machine.

Drawings by F. R. Gruger

"Mr. Walcot pulled up at a wayside inn and ordered bread and cheese and a pint of beer. But, even when he had eaten, he couldn't escape from himself."

"'I've a hunch that I'd like to buy Walcot and put it in order,' said Mr. Walcot. Mary shook her head solemnly, 'I'm afraid it isn't for sale.' 'Oh, rats, Mary. If once I get hold of the owner's lawyers, I'll bet you I get it.'"

Now even machines need rest; and flesh and blood, alas, is more fallible than metal. When an engine knocks or overheats, or utters strange grinding noises, the wise amateur switches off the current and calls an expert. Ludlow Walcot's engine knocked persistently; but the din of the riveting machine in his brain prevented him from hearing its protests, with the result that, early one afternoon, his confidential secretary discovered him gracefully reposing in a pool of blood. A duodenal ulcer. Dame Nature's acid comment on Walcot's World-famed Antacid.

They put Ludlow Walcot in a clinic and starved him for a fortnight, a proceeding that filled him with a contempt for the science of surgery. A properly organized industry should carry spare parts. "What I'm asking you for," he persisted, "is a quick cure." "There's no such thing," the surgeon told him sardonically, "as a quick cure for quick lunches. Nature has her own methods."

The methods of Nature proved slower than those of modern business, which seems to imply that modern business has something wrong about it; but that was a suggestion which Ludlow Walcot refused to admit. All through his first fortnight in bed the riveting machine continued its automatic stutter. Starvation made his brain preternaturally active. Ideas kept roaring through it like trains through the subway. Even the nature of his malady suggested a new line of business. *Walcot's Antacid, the Only Quick Cure for Quick Lunches.* He saw himself and the surgeon as figures in a page advertisement—with complete honesty, for the World-famed Antacid was practically the only patent remedy which he had never taken.

At the end of a fortnight the hemorrhage recurred. "You've been worrying again," said the surgeon. "For heaven's sake try to make your mind a blank. If you go on like this you'll soon have something to worry about." That second hemorrhage took the starch out of Ludlow. He was frightened to think what would happen to the business if he pegged out. They put him quiet; finally, with an injection of morphine. That evening the night nurse was spared her usual lecture on office organization. The patient lay on his back and snored contentedly. Though nobody would have imagined it, this was the pleasantest sight she had seen for weeks.

But, while he lay doped, and snored, Ludlow Walcot was dreaming. For the first time in thirty years it was not a business dream. He was dreaming, in fact, of his mother, to whose memory he had not given a single thought since first the machine got hold of him. It must have been composed, that dream, of things she had told him in the days of his humble childhood over on the East Side. Even so, the setting of his dream seemed strange to him.

They were walking, those two, hand in hand, through a queer, green silence—a silence more intent than any that he could remember. So silent it was that his mind—the divided mind of his morphine dream—suggested that he wasn't really dreaming at all, but was dead. That would explain, of course, why his mother was with him. If death were like this, he thought, heaven wasn't too bad. But the country through which they went, though it certainly didn't resemble any he knew, was an earthly country: a landscape of rolling hills, with great fleeces of woodland. Behind them was the trough of a valley, a river that shone through waving mists; and beyond the river, on a scarp that resembled the Palisades of the Hudson, a red-roofed town from which rose a church tower of warm stone.

The air they breathed was the air of evening, thin and clear. A cool wind moved the mist from the river, the smoke from the red-roofed township. At the brow of the hill they halted; his mother stretched out her hand. Her voice—how well he remembered!—was the voice that he knew. "Look, darling," she said, "that's Ludlow. That's the last we shall see of it. Sometimes when the bells are ringing, you can hear them from here. Now we bear to the right, and in half a mile we shall come to the turning for Walcot."

Ludlow? Walcot? When he heard these words, the critical part of his mind, the one that was half awake, asserted itself. Here was proof, if such proof were needed, that this was a dream. It was typical of a dream's irrelevance that his mind should be playing tricks with his own name. Yet, dreaming or no, the atmosphere of this strange experience (*Continued on page 130*)

LOUISEBOULANGER

PARIS DECIDES

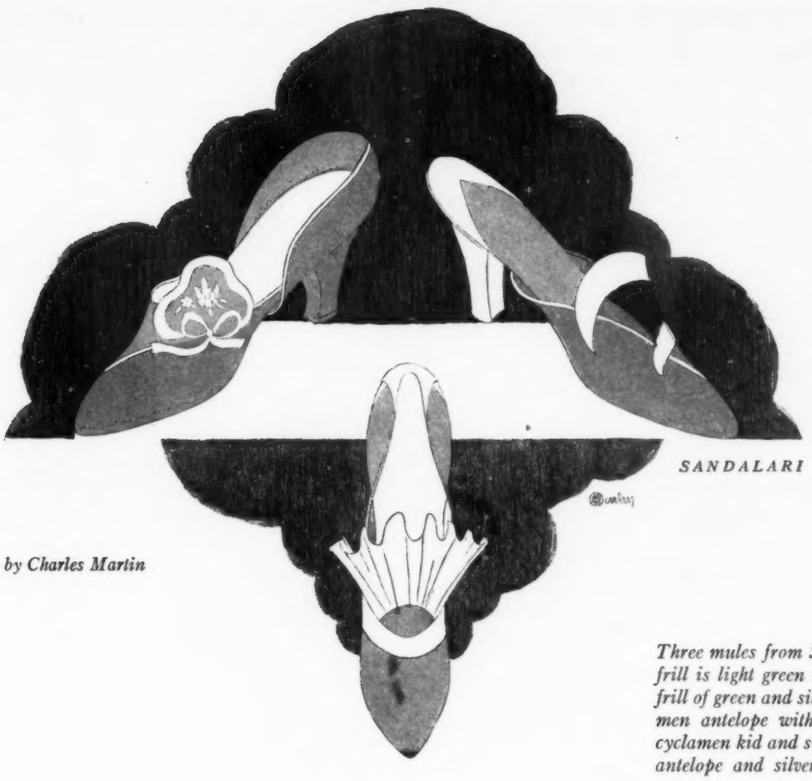
ABOUT LONG SKIRTS AND SHORT WAISTS

By MARJORIE HOWARD

Louiseboulanger's "studio gowns" are worn by the hostess in her home. This one, of Romantic inspiration, has a full long coat of black taffeta printed in blues, reds, and turquoise. The long trousers are in turquoise taffeta, and the little chemise is made of palest pink crêpe de Chine.

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

WE HAVE had a striking demonstration of the influence of weather on fashions this fall. The Powers decided to prolong our summer beyond its natural span, and the result has been increased difficulties for the fashion reporter. At the moment of writing, I have seen but few new models actually worn by women of social importance, and their reaction to the sartorial revolution of the month of August cannot yet be given with complete authority. Usually, at this time, I have seen many of the new models worn at resorts, particularly at Biarritz: but, this year, the lovely weather has not only kept people definitely out of town, but has largely prevented those flying trips to Paris for



SANDALARI

Drawings by Charles Martin

Three mules from Sandalari. The one with the frill is light green antelope and silver kid, with frill of green and silver lamé. The second, cyclamen antelope with silver kid, with flowers of cyclamen kid and silver. The third is pale green antelope and silver kid lined with green silk.

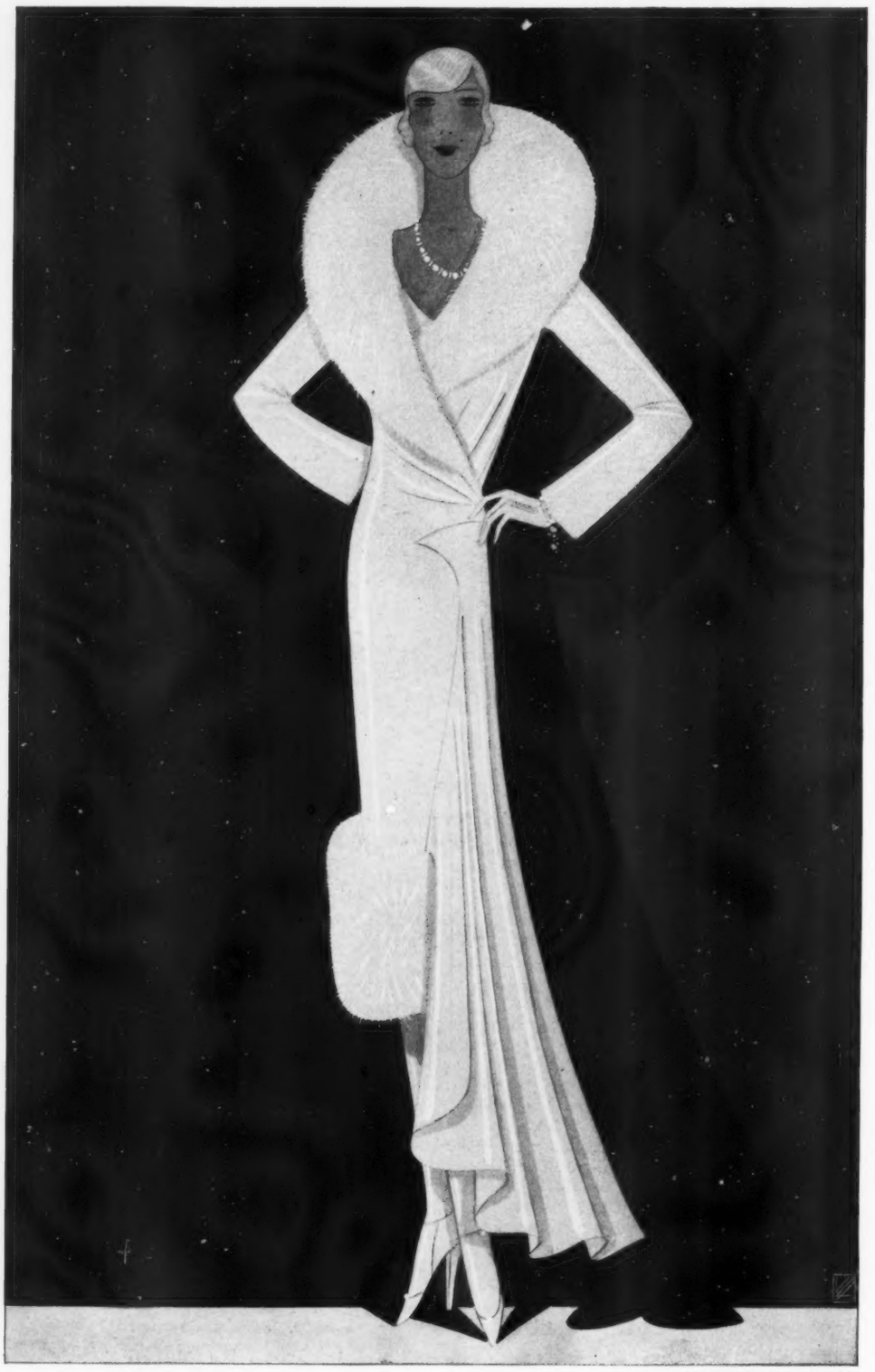
a visit to one's favourite dressmaker and milliner, so that even in the evening mode, usually the first to react to novelty, things at the autumn resorts are much as they were at the height of the Paris season.

I have been occupying myself, therefore, in reseeing some of the more important of the winter collections, noting details that escaped me in the rush of the first days, and talking to my vendeuses in the different houses about the choice of the clients who have already visited their salons. They tell me that the skirt long all the way round for evening is definitely accepted. No one makes any bones about it, and everyone says, "I'll have the skirt *very* long." Those models which trail in the back and stop an inch or two below the knee in front, already look out of date, even in their new interpretations, as they pass in some of the salons. Many clients still like a shorter point or two somewhere, especially those who have rejoiced so long in the possession of lovely slim legs, and cannot bear to hide them entirely. But this shortness is what we should have called length a few seasons ago. It is rare that the "short point" runs up higher than half-way between knee and ankle, and it is often lower. Semi-transparency of hem is still a resort of the woman with pretty legs, who wants to eat her cake and have it. One of the loveliest examples of this charming effect is drawn by Luza on page 92 in the model from Worth. Fine black tulle, embroidered with an uninsistent design of jet beads, is worn in all its natural transparency over a slip ending in knickerbockers, of pale coffee-coloured satin. Mr. Jean-Charles Worth, its designer, calls it "the most immodest dress in the world," but the effect on the tall, dark, slim mannequin, of long, long limbs, and slim, close-fitted, shorter-waisted bodice, is really lovely. I should like to see it actually worn with appropriate jewels and accessories by an equally tall, well-built woman.

This type of gown is definitely a mode for the tall figure. All vendeuses tell me that they have difficulty in adapting these models to short women. It is a mode that, paradoxically, makes tall women look taller, but does not make short women look taller. The short woman is going to have trouble in not looking overburdened by long evening skirts. Keeping them in light materials and transparent about the feet, is the solution for her. I have not yet seen a gown of opaque material (outside the dressmaking salons) with a skirt that is ankle-length, or longer, all the way round. At Biarritz, satin gowns and those of non-transparent material were still more often longest at one or both sides, but I cannot pretend that they were the latest models.

Very clever are Mary Nowitzky's mules of sheet cork mounted on strong linen. One model is beige cork with black patent-leather and gilded leather. The other is natural coloured cork with applications of white and royal blue patent leather.

MARY NOWITZKY



AUGUSTA BERNARD

Evening coat in heavy white satin and rich white fox. The coat is cut with slim body line and long double panel at one side, set on with an interesting curved inset, flattering to the figure. The fox is used for the immense shawl collar and a deep band around the hem.

In some of the leading houses in Paris, the greatest length is still found in the back, but that great contrast between the back and front of the skirt is a thing of the past.

Small women fare better when it comes to the longer afternoon gown. Here, as I said in the October issue, unevenness of hemline takes the place that it took in the evening mode last year. I have seen small women wearing some of the new, longer afternoon models, with the waist set high, slightly bloused above the belt, tight around the hips, and the skirt uneven but almost ankle-length at some points. Many women are ready to take a chance on the new silhouette in the form of one of these crêpe frocks, usually black. They have chosen this medium

to experiment with, working out the new formula so that they may get the best out of it for themselves. Small women undoubtedly look taller in this type of gown. But if the small woman looks taller, perhaps the tall woman may look too tall. I have heard several men express the opinion, wondering audibly how this is going to work out in a country where many men are of middle height or shorter. No man likes his walking or dancing partner to over-top him completely. But the mode, nowadays, seems to pay little or no attention to what gentlemen prefer, outside of the colour of women's hair. Most men professed to detest short hair; yet it was the rage for years, and is still a formidable fashion. Men also declare against blood-red fingernails; but they are becoming a more established mode every day.

To return to skirt lengths, all the vendeuses agree that their clients are ordering them from three to four inches longer for morning. But many of them add, "Well-dressed women began to wear them this length six months ago."

When it comes to the normal waistline, things are not so simple. There is difference of opinion. At Lelong's where the waist is (*Continued on page 92*)

Here are Vionnet's two types for winter, both velours de laine and Persian lamb. The first is dark brown, drawn tight around the figure, and belted at the natural waistline. The collar has a cowl point in the back. The other coat, black, has a close-fitting body, belted at the natural waistline. The top part buttons over to one side with two buttons; the skirt is flat back and front, and hangs in godets at the sides.

VIONNET

Lelong has a white marquisette evening costume, the bodice short-waisted with a narrow belt; shirred tightly below the belt. The skirt is a sort of double puff, the back part much longer than the front and softly full. The black velvet jacket is lined with white crêpe de Chine and has narrow ermine cuffs.

LELONG

THE NORMAL WAISTLINE DOMINATES THE MODE FOR EVENING

TRAILING SKIRTS LEND ELEGANCE TO FORMAL APPAREL

The high-waisted silhouette, as Madame Wormser interprets it. The gown is pale pink chiffon velvet, bodice fitted on a raised waistline, décolleté cut in a deep V with revers, and fitted in with a flat piece of velvet. The skirt has an additional section set in in front. It trails on the floor in the back but is lifted in the front.

CHERUIT

Drawings by Reynaldo Luza

definitely normal and close fitted, they say that their clients are making no difficulty about accepting it so.

"But what about the heavy ones?" I asked.

"They choose princess models, where one can cheat over the waistline; or models with little jackets that disguise the figure everywhere but in the front," was the answer.

"And what about the corset?" I went on. "Do you think they will wear a longer, boned affair?"

"I think some of them will," my informant replied, "but only as a last resort. Rigidity of outline will certainly destroy the supple effect of our models. But what will you? The compression must come somewhere."

At another house, the directress, who is tall and slim as a reed herself, answered, "Why shouldn't women raise their waistline? They have often done it before. And what on earth does it matter what the heavy ones do? With the belt at the hip, they had too much flesh somewhere. With it at the normal place they have too much flesh somewhere else. *Voila tout.*" Slightly brutal, you see, but true.

Worth calls this lovely princess gown the most immodest dress in the world. It is black tulle, lightly embroidered in jet, with a fitted bodice and long soft lines. The slip of faint coffee-coloured satin ends just below the knee in knee-length knickers, but cut all in one.

WORTH

DRECOLL-BEER PREMET

Tulle, richly embroidered in fine silk, is shown for evening. This black tulle gown from Drecoll-Beer has flowers both painted and embroidered in two shades of pink, edged with fine tube beads. The transparent tulle is arranged to fall over them in places. The tulle skirts are long, but transparent.

Premet's evening gown is palest pink ring velvet and tulle in the same shade. The velvet corsage is close-fitting, softened with a tulle frill round the décolleté. The slim velvet sheath is almost covered with a tulle skirt, with here and there appliqué petals outlined with silver. There is a deep transparent hem.

At Vionnet's, many of the best and favourite models keep a slim up-and-down line, with the belt at the very top of the hip-bone, or only slightly above it, especially in morning frocks and coats. My vendeuse said that her most important clients believe in the policy of the house, which is to make haste slowly.

"We shall arrive eventually at the normal waistline," she said. (One is tempted to ask, "Why not now?") "But not immediately—little by little."

At Chanel's, my vendeuse pointed out how expertly the high-waisted silhouette has been handled to make it possible for all figures.

"Some of my clients are ordering their belts just a shade below the place of the model," she added. She told me that Madame Dubonnet has ordered one particularly lovely evening gown in three colours: black, the new Chanel crow-blue, and pale rose. It has a short, fitted bodice of round spangles as big as dimes, and these spangles extend in long lines down the tulle skirt, evenly touching the floor all round, with the tulle arranged in narrow pointed godets between them.

Jean-Charles Worth says flatly that if women are too heavy for the new mode, it is up to them to do something about it; that the physical disadvantages of certain women have never been allowed to hamper the development of the mode as a whole; and that women possess an uncanny knack of making themselves look like any current ideal, so that he is sure that they will perform this seeming miracle once more.

At Patou's, where the sartorial revolution is more (*Continued on page 96*)

Reboux's "first hats" are often in tricorne shape, the real three-pointed tricorne of tradition. She makes them in taupé felts in black, reddish-brown or fawn. This one is a cocoa-brown taupé with grosgrain ribbon.

Madame Tallien cuts supple felt to expose the brow—but not so severely as did the hats of last year. The felt is softly plaited to form the long sides. The trimming is a band of the same felt knotted at the back.

REBOUX

REBOUX BRINGS BACK THE REAL TRICORNE

TALLIEN

Agnès wants us to wear larger hats. She cuts them across the brow or turns them up sharply and leaves the sides and back long. Sometimes as in this one, the three-quarter brim is made of large flat velvet loops.

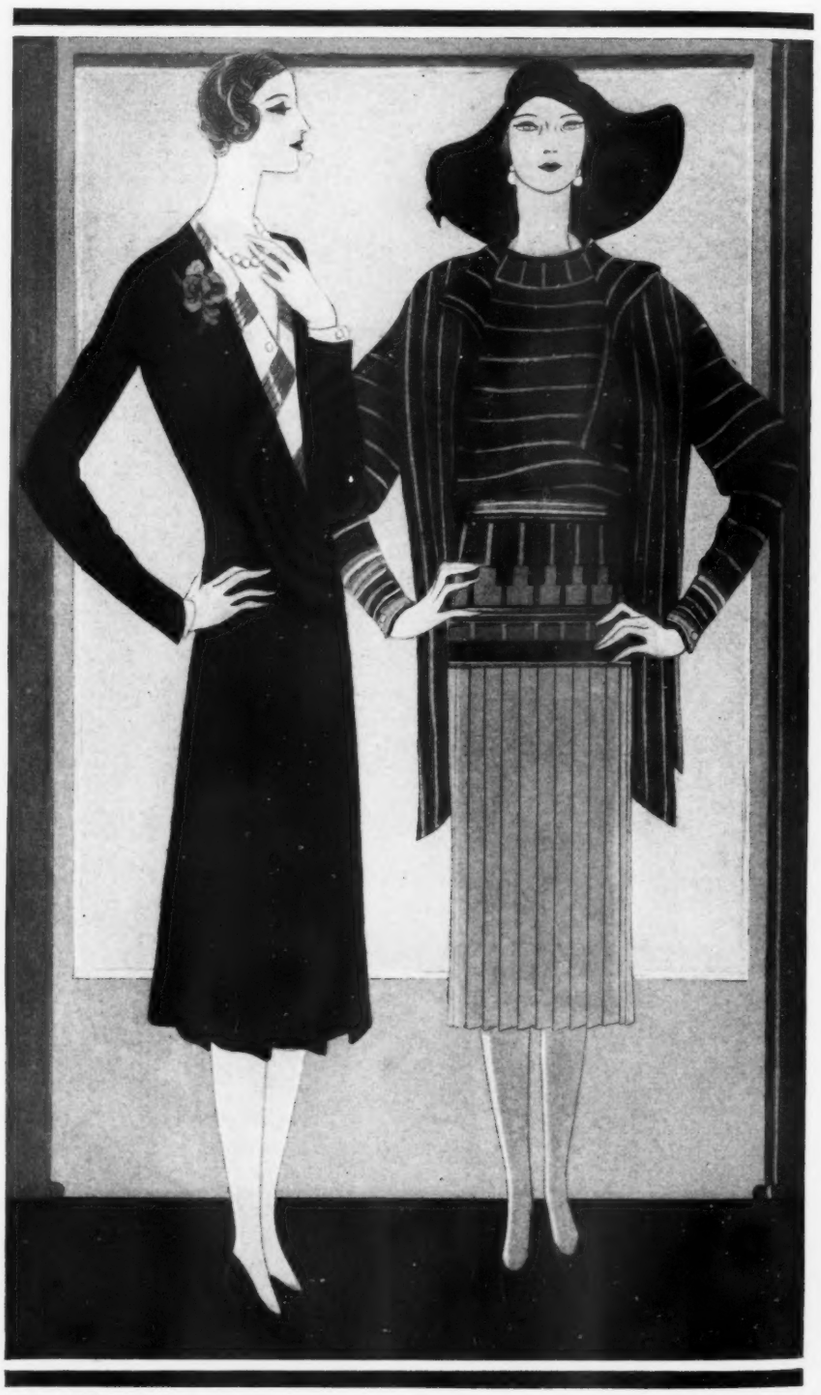
AGNÈS

Marie-Christiane remains faithful to the béret. This one is rich reddish brown taupé. The head-band is tied over one eye in a triple bow, and the cap part is soft and arranged in folds pushed to the back.

MARIE-CHRISTIANE

AGNÈS INTRODUCES THE LARGER HAT

complete than at almost any other house, Monsieur Bernard reports the definite acceptance, "as is," of many of the most strikingly novel models, with waists at the natural place or even slightly above it, making an integral part of the cutting of the gown, afternoon skirts much longer, and evening skirts long all round. Both Lady Barclay and Lady Curzon have ordered the charming afternoon gown called "Castiglioni," in black velvet, with a short bodice, looking even shorter because the skirt runs up in points on both sides towards the front, and the skirt, circular with an unpressed plait in front, reaching to the ankle-bone all round. A lace collar and little bow complete the gown, which is shown in the salons with a wide drooping brimmed velvet hat. Lady Curzon has also ordered the evening gown in georgette called "New Style," with its short bodice bloused all round, skirt almost touching the floor and trailing slightly in the back, and bands from the shoulders in front crossing at the bust and running towards the knees at the sides. There is a cape frill from the deep V décolleté in the back. This is a typical Patou silhouette, moulding the bust, cut down in deep V's under the arms, belted high, outlining the naturally rounded, not artificially flattened hips, sloping in at the knees, vase-fashion, and spreading softly towards the feet. It is lovely when well worn. A gown on somewhat the same lines, but in printed chiffon, the ground deep prune (Patou's dark dahlia) and the flowers large spaced poppies in grey and rose, is cut with the same idea of crossed bands, purely Greek in inspiration. Madame El. de Alzaga Unzué has ordered it exactly like the model. Another gown, showing an intricate working of flat bands, making three turned-under loops in the back hanging well below the high waistline, is worn by the Comtesse André de Robilant in deep dahlia chiffon. "Les Fleurs en Folie," in black chiffon printed with large roses, red, pink and green, and most elaborately draped in front with the waist short, bloused, and the skirt very long and trailing at each side, has been ordered both by the Princesse Ruspoli and Madame Rollo. I have said enough to prove the acceptance by Patou's most important



One way to handle the new waistline is to suppress it altogether. This princess frock is blue crepella with a satin vest. It would be a useful winter frock in any of the new winter colours: two browns, two greens, dahlia, or black with eggshell satin vestee. Bernard & Cie.

The coat of this tweed costume is black with a whitish stripe. The frock is shaded from white to black. The skirt is shirred in front and the long plain sleeves show below the elbow sleeves of the coat. It is worn with a big black felt hat like a corsair's. From Madeleine.

BERNARD et CIE *MADELEINE*

clients of the new ideas in their entirety.

Madame Wormser has been making gowns with short-fitted bodices for some time, and her clients have been wearing them. She dresses many women prominent in the public eye—women who like new things, but choose those which are really becoming to them. Their acceptance of the new "line" proves its success.

At Lanvin's the waist went up definitely at the last midseason showings, and it was no surprise to find it there in August. Madame Lanvin herself solves the problem by wearing one of the semitransparent jackets which she likes so much with both afternoon and evening clothes, to give straight lines where they are needed.

The one determined opponent of the normal waist for everything is Captain Molyneux. He says:

"Why should I raise the waistline? I don't like it and my clients don't want it. The day of tyranny in fashion is long past. Why try to revive it? I like the belt, or the waistline, at the very top of the hip-bone; I think it is becoming to the majority of women at this point, equally becoming to slim ones as to those who are not so slim. It (*Continued on page 128*)

ALFRED LENIEF MIRANDE BRUYÈRE

Alfred Lenief's coat-frock of deep yellow is in one of the new very heavy unstretchable jerseys. The top part fits the figure closely and the rather wide belt is set high. The skirt is full and slightly longer. There is a large cravatte collar of beaver which ties at the side.

A costume from Mirande in one of the new reddish browns, in a diagonal tweed. The coat is high-waisted and trimmed in leopard skin, which makes the full lower part of the sleeves and the big collar. The tuck-in blouse is yellow crêpe de Chine, the colour of the leopard skin.

The Bruyère coat is verdigris coloured velours de laine with grey squirrel vest and collar. Interesting are the grey antelope gloves with big gauntlet cuffs of squirrel with an inserted band of the coat material. The gauntlet is worn over the cuff of the coat, which itself is furless.

By Paul Morand:

WHY ARE EXPATRIATES?

And what Makes London and Paris Two of the Nicest American Cities?

I.

IN THE first place, what to call them? "Exiles" has something constrained, involuntary, and melancholy about it that little suits these people who believe they are departing for a happiness which they have not found at home. Why not "outlawed" or "banished?" Since the time of Ovid we have willingly believed that we exile ourselves only to die. Religions, in teaching that the world is but a place of exile, have alienated us still further from this word. "Expatriate" has this advantage over "exile"; it does not evoke condemnation, infamy; but the word retains something legal which ill suits, just as *heimatlos* does, in German. This spontaneous departure of those who, far from setting out for sadness, solitude, misery, are going, on the contrary, to a sweeter, more generous, more complex life, deserves that a word be found for it. *Emigrés* can be applied only to vast numbers.

Just as no tongue lacks prejudicial adjectives to designate aliens, so have we a tendency to treat without indulgence the man who, travelling all the world over, excludes himself from the social body. The fact of crossing the frontier was looked upon with disfavour in antiquity; and more recently, during the War, the names "deserter," "turncoat," were quickly applied because the departure of a citizen meant a weakening of the country. Even today, one does not leave Italy or Russia at will. There is need, as in England, of tolerance, or a great respect for the rights of the individual, the intelligence of the modern world, not to look with regret, envy, or indignation upon those who got away; or, as with the French, the sentiment (rare enough and one which, besides, is disappearing) that one is better off at home than elsewhere.

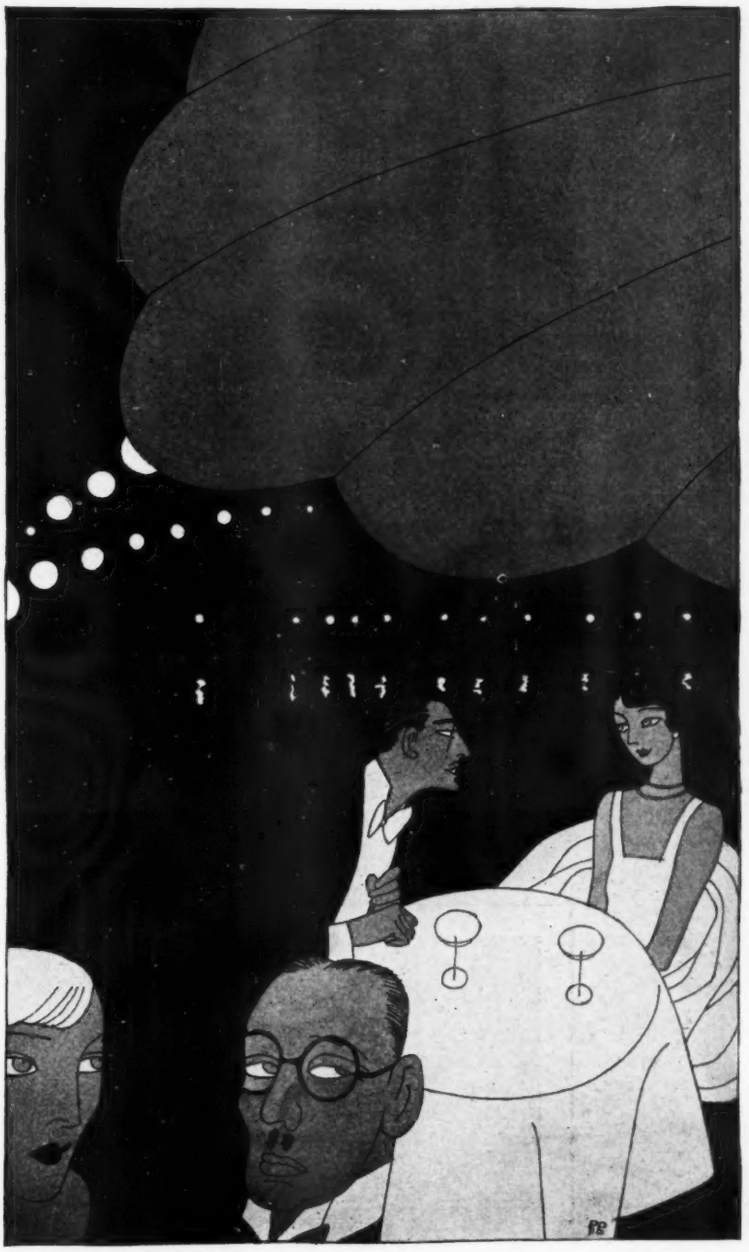
II.

IN OUR epoch we separate ourselves as easily from a country as from a woman; it is international divorce with all its nuances—boredom, repudiation, reconciliation, new rupture. Formerly one was exiled by order of the king. Today there is no king but boredom and it is he who drives people out. Boredom hits only the élite. Indeed, there is a class that is no less international than the élite and that is the working-class. An Italian would go as willingly to the Argentine as to Canada to hire himself out as a mason. But in the United States workingmen do not have to look beyond the frontiers, since they earn the highest wages in the world. Between these two extremes there is the middle class. In the United States, as elsewhere, they are the most loyal element of the nation and of nationalism.

Consequently, we are concerned here only with the American élite. But they, aristocrats of money, of birth, or of intellect, have grown

"The cost of living is about half as dear in France as in New York. For the price of a studio in Greenwich Village, they can have a château in the south of France."

"European men know how to speak to women. It suffices for one of them to notice the dress Mrs. Dodsworth is wearing for her to succumb to his attractions."



singularly since the War. In the novels of Henry James they numbered perhaps four or five thousand (although statistics are lacking and one must estimate); after the War they probably numbered ten thousand. Today the newspapers inform us that three hundred thousand American tourists disembark in Europe each year.

I say tourists; I know very well that tourists return home after their holidays and those of whom I speak do not return. But the expatriates also began by being tourists; they also began by trying to return home. The first year they spent a week in a Paris hotel; the second, two months at Nice in furnished apartments; their third absence must have lasted a year, through Europe; but at the end of this period they purchased a little manor-house in Normandy and never again saw Fifth Avenue.

We all know that travel is an innocent sport, an instinctive pleasure, without danger; but how can it resolve itself into a definite abandonment of one's native land? If there were a quota for emigration out of New York as there is for immigration, we would undoubtedly see that it is hundred per cent. Americans and not Orientals who crowd the consulates in order to get out of America. Why? What is the reason for the United States, which appears a paradise to those outside it who have no money and who have never been there, to be shunned by others (or by these same questioners after two or three generations) once they are within its bounds and when they have every reason for living there happily?

III.

THERE are many reasons for this. Some are futile, others serious; some sentimental, others economic; some temporary, others lasting. One must attach importance to the material reasons even though they be less interesting than the moral ones.

The cost of living is much lower in Europe than in America, especially if one lives simply. Balzac has written that the life of the idler is the only one that is dear. If Americans sometimes complain that they spend a lot of money in Europe the reason is that they are living there without earning any money. The cost of living is about half as dear in France, in Belgium, in Italy, as in New York; naturally those countries attract Americans who prefer liberty to riches.

For the price of a studio in Greenwich Village they can have a château in the south of France; for the price of a glass of beer in a speakeasy they can have in Paris an old bottle of some authentic wine. There are fewer automobiles in Europe than in the United States, but in Europe there are many more places to go. "See America First" is a counsel rarely followed because Americans rush to England where they can cut a figure in London at much less cost than in New York. For this same reason the English go down to the Riviera. In their turn the people of the south of France, expelled from their homes, take refuge in the Colonies. There remain the Negroes. These live under the starry skies, fish, hunt, garb themselves in leaves and grin broadly at the economic difficulties of the world of the whites.

Kathleen Cannell writes, in response to questions put to American intellectuals in Europe: "I would prefer to live in America if I could make enough money to do so," and H. Wolf Kaufman says: "I have never had the desire to go back and the money to go back with, at the same time." George Antheil, the musician, is still more explicit when he says: "My Polish origin makes me love the ground upon which I was born, New Jersey; nevertheless, musically, it is impossible to live in America, for a practical reason—because a musician cannot earn his living in America."

Elderly people willingly leave the New Continent, not only for the material reasons which we have just cited (because living in New York without earning one's living is a gamble); but also because everything moves at a slower pace on this side of the Atlantic and everything lasts longer. Europe is a continent of elderly people; America is made for youth. At seventy a French writer, an (*Continued on page 166*)

Ralph Barton
Drew the Pictures

By Olga Hall-Brown:

RUNNING AWAY

Is it ever Wise to do So? Violet took her Courage In her Hands, and . . .

DAVID HERIOT faltered in his firm, sure step as he walked into the Savoy lounge. But only for the fraction of a second. Mustn't let King see he'd had a shock. King selected a table, called the waiter, ordered whiskies and sodas.

"We won't dine here. Guiterez likes Spanish food. When he comes . . ."

Heriot wasn't listening. He was watching his wife drinking a cocktail with a strange young man, a nice clean-cut, ordinary, homely young man, a young man who looked into her big deceptive eyes and told the world he was very much in love. Heriot tugged at his collar. How hot he felt—how angry. Violet hadn't seen him. She mustn't. He pushed his chair back. That was better. People in between. He couldn't see her now. But there she was.

Thank Heaven for Guiterez. He'd just arrived—dark, attractive, and demonstrative. In a minute he would monopolize King, and Heriot could think. Think! He couldn't stop thinking. So this was the sick friend in Richmond. What to do—what to say? But should he say anything? She would be in the flat when he got home, and she would be wearing one of those soft woolly little jumper suits she wore, suitable for calling on a sick friend. The green hairy thing, probably, so incongruously pierced at the bosom with a diamond arrow.

A man got up and went away, and the lovers were in Heriot's view again. She sat facing the man, elbows on table, her dark red hair curling round her neck. He couldn't see her pearl-pale little heart-shaped face with the green eyes and the black lashes, but he knew just how it would be looking. It would have the look on it that he knew so well. It was bringing the heart to that poor devil's eyes. Her frock—he hadn't seen that before. White with some glittering stuff on it. That hurt. He gave her so much for her frocks because she was beautiful, and it was

"Violet was restless under Heriot's grave, inscrutable regard. 'Have you decided my fate?' she enquired almost flippantly. Heriot's sensitive soul shrank a little farther away from this unkind stranger who would hurt it. 'Not exactly, and in a way, yes.'"

homage to her beauty. Heriot withdrew his eyes. He was honest and he felt like a spy. Then he saw the look on Leonard King's face. He was looking, too; and, if ever jealousy blazed in a man's eyes, there was the naked fiend itself. So that was true, too. Heriot had suspected it. King had suspected it. King had stopped coming to the flat. Always some excuse—too busy—just going away—a previous engagement. Well, if he was falling for Violet and wanted to avoid her, what more natural or more decent. Heriot couldn't blame him for that. And he didn't blame Violet, either, for wanting a bit of fun. He was a dry old stick for a girl of twenty-six. But this . . . this was . . . deception. It was trouble.

Guiterez was getting up. "I told my chauffeur to be here." Nice, rich Spanish voice; it had a liquid quality. Heriot got up gratefully. He was glad of the clean cold air. He drew it in deeply, as if he would draw strength from its clean chill. Should he wait and go home at the appointed hour or should he return early and precipitate the crisis? He decided to go home at once. He couldn't sit while these fellows chose food and wine as if they were the most important things in the world.

"You must excuse me. I feel very ill. Feels like flu. So sorry to let you down. I'll call a taxi."

Guiterez was solicitous. "Not at all. We'll take you. Have some brandy? No? Isn't it very sudden? You seemed quite well half an hour ago."

Drawings by Addison Burbank

"Heriot wasn't listening. He was watching his wife drinking a cocktail with a strange young man—a young man who looked into her eyes and told the world he was very much in love."

King to the rescue. "This flu *is* sudden. One minute you're fit, and the next you feel like death. Get in, Heriot. We'll see you in, and get something for you." He didn't say, "Violet will look after you." Of course not. He'd seen her. And he'd seen that Heriot had seen her. Oh, well, what matter?

They settled him down by the drawing-room fire in Violet's too femininely pretty drawing-room. They were as kind as women. Kinder, thought the wretched Heriot; they weren't pretending. The door closed on an empty stillness. The maid was out, too. Heriot went out in the hall. It was unnaturally shining and tidy. What was wrong? Oh, yes, he'd brought out his fishing tackle and his waders, and Violet had hidden them all away again. She wouldn't let the rods hang on the walls. As if anyone would care if he came in and saw them hanging there. As if it mattered if the flat were a little less beautiful because the man who paid for it took for himself one wall.

A deep anger shook him. He found them at last jumbled in the spare-room wardrobe. His precious rods! Had women no sense, no reverence for beautiful, valuable things? Misery left him while the anger lasted. She could go away with that young—very young man—and hide his tools, and his guns, and his fishing tackle, and his valves, and his batteries in ridiculous painted wardrobes and imitation Jacobean chests. He would strip the flat of its floral coverings and have deep chairs of soft hide—things you could put your feet on, lay your tired head on, drop unconsidered ash on. He was bitter now. A leather chair. Yes, that was the place for a man's tired head—not a woman's breast.

Fury soon dies in an empty flat. The deep silence flowed in on him. There were no comforting footsteps overhead, no sounds drifting up from down below. He went back into the fire-lit nest of green and silver. Even her home must be a background for her. She had even studied the chair coverings with a view to making them a foil for her hair. That had amused him once. Now he found himself hating the restful lovely room with its dim green curtains and silvery walls flecked with orange colour. But, as the clock ticked through the breathing silence and the little hands crawled round its face, hate died.

A grey demon came and sat on the arm of his chair. Loneliness! Well, the demon couldn't stop him putting his feet on the low mantel, nor faint with disgust if he filled his old pipe. Out went his long legs, and out came the old friend. Soon its comforting smoke trailed bluely in the air. Lonely? That was a new, disconcerting thought. Violet filled the flat with movement, with sound, with activity. She shut out the vast crushing mystery of the night. Humans were queer, weak, preposterously tiny things. You could shut your eyes to the stupendous stellar distances, the oppression of the unknown, if you could hold something warm and living in your arms. It would be terrible to come in and have no one to greet you at the door except that other human in the kitchen, polite and obliging and infinitely remote.

Why should he let her go, anyway? She was his. That was it. He wouldn't let her. He would fight. But how? The clock chimed. Heavens, only nine (*Continued on page 121*)

Nickolas Muray

MISS VIRGINIA THAW

débutante daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. William Thaw 3d.

By Cornelia Otis Skinner:

ON RIDING

On the Insanity of Horses And on sparing Mr. Judkin One long crying Spell

Drawings by
H. Tempest Graves

PERHAPS it's spring and the sap rising in the limbs of trees, as well as in those somewhat passive members of my own, that yearly stirs in me an ambition to become athletic, to find some enjoyable form of sport in which the enjoyment is not purely on the side of those who watch me.

Certain years I decide upon tennis, other seasons swimming; yet one crowded bus trip to the courts on the upper West Side or a single frisk in the chlorine bosom of a New York swimming-pool discourages the ambition at burgeoning, until the ensuing year when it again sends forth new shoots. This spring it blossomed in a desire to ride, a desire that might quickly have found satiety in one Sunday's contemplation of the equestrians in the Park had not a Virginia friend informed me I was the perfect build for a side-saddle (I, simple soul, took it as a compliment, not a geographical survey). And had not a card arrived from London's most famous bootmakers, to the effect that their Mr. Judkin would be at the Murray Hill Hotel and that, unless I permitted him to measure me for a pair of riding-boots, he would probably have a long crying spell.

I hated to spoil Mr. Judkin's trip; besides, I have always secretly entertained a Winterhalter vision of myself romantically cantering on a horse named "Prince" down wooded avenues with a bright smile for the yokel and a kind word for the poor woodcutter. It seemed a lady's sport and I broached a horsey friend on the possibilities of my learning it.

"We managed to laugh that off and the next time I jumped on the 'three' but not on the horse."

"Let them espy a discarded box in the shrubbery, they will go mad with fright and dance about it like an intoxicated coryphée."

"Pooh!" he said. "You'll do it as easily as rolling off a log"—just his whimsical way of substituting the word log for horse.

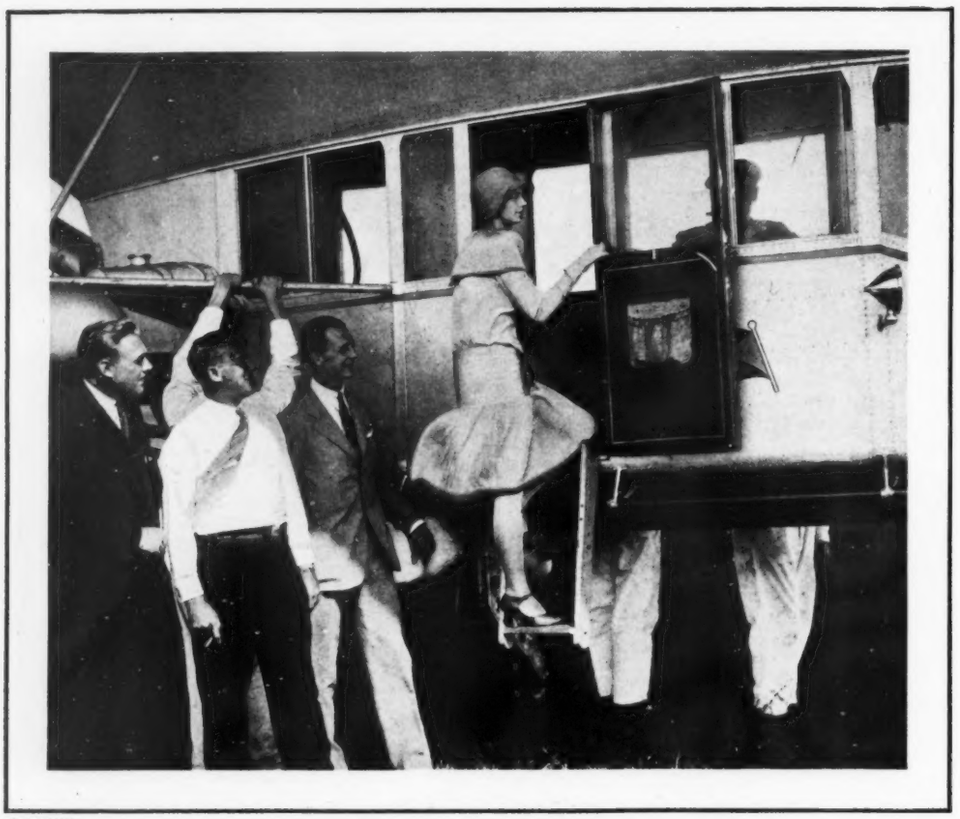
He was, of course, the last person on earth I should have consulted. He lives, talks, and breathes horses. He almost eats them (maybe he does, in Paris). His favourite pastime is riding to hounds and he takes a broken collar-bone or a fractured skull as if it were a scene from the Marx Brothers. His ambition is to die on the hunting field (mine, now, is not to die in the riding-ring). Altogether he is the original "Heigh-ho the fox!"

He expatiated upon the amenities of the sport with all the charm and lack of accuracy of an old English print. I was all for rushing home to unpack the divided skirt in which at the age of sixteen I rode down the Grand Canyon on a mule named "Carrie Nation." However, my friend, meticulous to the degree that a badly tied stock or an ill-fitting jodphur causes him to turn a bright Hunter's Pink, failed to respond with any great warmth to the idea of the divided skirt. Accordingly, at the end of ten days I found my bank account emptied and my closet filled with a side-saddle habit that has as many mysterious parts as a novel by Proust.

The side-saddle, I'm told, was invented for a crippled woman; and the truth of that statement I am willing to prove, as are the soda clerks at Hicks' where I now take most of my standing meals, the side-saddle being less an effect than a cause. And it looks so pretty, so easy. I, at least, thought so as I waited that first morning in the stable of a riding academy.

The walls were gay with French equestrian prints, charming Victorian ladies in flowing skirts and green veils rocking on contented hobby-horses beneath trees of emerald sponge. "Première Leçon d'Equitation"—it sounded very elegant and, in that most deceiving of languages, as remote from "First Riding Lesson" as "Oo la-la!" is from "Whoopee!" I stood fortifying myself with their perusal as a Gertrude Ederle might read the tale of Hero and Leander before breasting the Channel. Jauntily I pulled at my gloves already completely on. I sniffed the rich scent of the stable and, despite a tendency to be ill, told myself it was delicious.

I was to ride Luke. Luke is the Academy's oldest horse and is credited with all the virtues of his apostolic namesake. He is considered as suitable for children and invalids as Bovril and has never been known to step on any one; (*Concluded on page 118*)



P. & A. PHOTO

When Mrs. R. Stewart Kilborne, jr., of New York went for a trip recently in a baby blimp, she wore a silk afternoon dress. This photograph gives an excellent idea of the size of the cabin in which air travel is done.

YOU CAN BE CHIC IN THE AIR

By MARCIA DELANO

I WANT to say right here that you'll like flying. It is unquestionably *the* method of transportation, not of the future but of the now. It is clean, it is swift, it is, for the present at least (until we become more used to it), exciting and exhilarating.

Also I wish to warn you the first time you go up in the air you are going to be frightened, humanly enough. When I first looked down at a very wide and very muddy river in the midst of the Newark meadows I thought what an uncomfortable place it would be to fall into, and if I could have controlled my legs at all I would have started for the door to try to get out.

I was practically shamed into my first air experience. Most of my friends have flown, usually in Europe; and it was becoming rather embarrassing. So when I had to go to Boston recently I bought my ticket from the Colonial Airways rather than in the railway station.

I had a spirit of high adventure, Marcia Delano in quest of the Golden Fleece, or Something Hazardous, and I dressed for the part. I'd rather not describe the costume, but it was very hardy, fairly old, "stout and serviceable," with sweaters and mufflers.

Minute succeeded to minute till fifteen of them had passed and nothing happened—nothing unpleasant, that is. The steward had given me a little cellophane package ("The Air Traveller's Packet") containing two pieces of chewing-gum, and cotton "for plugging ears." The man opposite me used both.

There were twelve of us on board—if one is "on board" a plane—four men and eight of my own sex. The most obviously accustomed of these was one who, I had discovered in the bus trip over to the Newark Airport, was a woman buyer from a Boston store. She made the trip between New York and Boston so frequently that the store had bought her a fifty-trip commutation ticket.

She was dressed smartly, as women buyers always are. Her dress was green silk and looked as if it had just come into her store from Paris. It had the new waistline, the new moulded torso; and the skirt had that new longer length. With this went a hat of dark green velvet and not so dark green knitted fabric, moulded very close to the head, and coming well and tightly down over the ears.

I noticed her costume as she got into the bus, and thought how inappropriate it was for air travel. From the look the buyer gave me I gathered she thought I was on my way to join an Arctic expedition.

I will confess right here and now that she was dressed more appropriately than I. The plane was comfortable, well heated and well ventilated, and miraculously clean. There is no need to dress for dirt, dust, and cinders, or for weather.

The buyer had made me feel so out of the picture in my hardy mountaineering clothes that I walked to the rear of the plane and took stock of what the others were wearing. Five of the remaining women were young Boston débutantes who had been down to New York to shop. Each wore something she had just purchased. The air was full of the talk of recent showings. Patou, Lelong, Vionnet, Chanel, Paquin, London Trades, all the magic names of Paris and London were bandied back and forth. (All this took place in the bus. You can't converse with any comfort in an airplane.) They were excited with their clothes, and wanted the family to see them at dinner, which is why

Mrs. Howard Willettes of Chicago calls for stationery and discovers how easy it is to write "in flight." Mrs. Willettes is obviously not dressed for roughing it.

they were wearing them. I remember that in spite of the preoccupation with disaster which occupied most of my time in the bus, I had found time to wonder why they were willing to trust such crisp new creations to the hazards of travel. I realize why now; it was because they knew the cleanliness of air travel.

One wore a tweed ensemble in one of those new mixtures in black, yellow, and beige with a satin overblouse. Another was a one-piece dress of the sheer wool that is one of the newest fashions now—one that might have come from Chanel. Her colour scheme was black and white.

A little dark girl wore a thin tweed jacket suit with a frilled handkerchief linen blouse. The suit was brown and the blouse that delicate shade of egg-shell. Her tall willowy companion wore a dark green knitted dress, not unlike a Nowitzky model. Her turban matched and her gloves were the dark tone of her brown lizard oxfords.

A black silk crêpe dress with touches of yellow lingerie was worn by the fifth girl, with a tiny narrow belt emphasizing her natural waistline. Over her arm she carried a dark yellow cloth coat lined in black and furred in black galyak; obviously completing her ensemble.

They had one feature in common, however; they all wore tight-fitting hats coming well down over the ears. I wished fervently that I myself had anticipated how much noise the airplane motors make. It is possible to drown it with the cotton thoughtfully provided by the company; but a tight-fitting hat, as I subsequently discovered, is equally effective and much more graceful.

The man who had sat opposite me (another commuter, I soon discovered) had taken a fatherly interest in me from the start. He and the buyer had started to read newspapers almost as soon as they left the ground. She had plunged into a Boston newspaper; he was frowning through a financial journal. After a while he realized I was a neophyte.

I tried to get a look at Stamford from the air, but we were moving so quickly that I was over New Haven before I thought to ask for it. Thereafter he kept pointing out our position on the air map to me, and made the steward bring me ginger-ale and English biscuits.

I had such a pleasant experience on the Boston run that I next tried the New York to Los Angeles "hop." On that trip, very much longer (you spend in an airplane about seventeen out of the forty-eight hours the trip takes), I learned some other important facts about airplane travelling for my own sex. Only thirty pounds of luggage are carried without charge. A very high rate is asked for overweight, and the company officials demur at taking too many pieces of luggage for any one traveller. The baggage is stowed in a wing compartment overhead, and is not accessible during flight; so a small fitted bag, large enough for one's jewels and cosmetics, is necessary, and this may be carried in the rack above the chair.

In selecting your gown for the trip, do not be afraid to wear something smart and becoming. Again I may say that there is no smoke, dust, or cinders to be contended with. Your travelling costume need not be dull and too practicable.

Aerial accessories are few but very important. Various short stops are made on the trip to give the passengers a quarter of an hour for a smoke and a little exercise, as

(*Concluded on page 116*)

One may have a glorified picnic luncheon in the air—in this case somewhere over Arizona en route to New York.

Illustration by Samuel Davis Otis

"'I really think I shall have to go home.' Directly Christina had said it, she regretted it. What could be more banal, more entirely obvious? It was as bad as saying outright that she was feeling jealous."

By E. M. Delafield:

THE BITTER-SWEET PHRASE

How it Caused a Headache And Cured a Heartache

"CHRISTINA'S life had been built up round trivial, emotional excitements. 'Your generation or my generation.' She kept on remembering those words. . . . . ."

"NOW that's a pretty way of doing one's hair!" David exclaimed, indicating a young girl seated at a table not far away.

She wore her hair, which was corn-coloured and very thick, drawn off her forehead, bunched behind her ears, and massed into large fluffy curls on the back of her neck.

It certainly looked charming.

"That's the Greta Garbo style," Christina said, looking at the young girl.

"Is it? Why don't you do that, if you're going to grow yours?"

Christina smiled and said, "I might."

She was pleased that he should have suggested such a thing. It seemed to imply that he had not noticed, or else had felt it to be insignificant, that in all probability the fair-haired girl was Christina's junior by twenty years.

Good Heavens—twenty years! How terrible it sounded!

But the girl was certainly not more than nineteen years old.

Christina was thirty-nine; and, as if that were not bad enough, she would not be thirty-nine very much longer. And it is one thing to be thirty-nine, but quite another to be forty.

David did not know Christina's age, although he did know that she was his senior. Naturally, since he was only twenty-eight. She hoped, and on the whole believed, that he supposed her to be about thirty-three or thirty-four.

She knew that she looked amazingly young.

She was very slim, very flat, with scarcely a line on her face, and only the faintest puckering underneath her chin and at the corners of her eyes.

Her complexion was artificial; but then so was that of most people; and at least there was not a thread of grey in her dark hair. Certainly, it was very dark, not a hint of the golden-brown that still showed plainly in the plait that she had cut off some years ago; but everyone knew that long hair was lighter at the tips. If she grew it again it might not look so dark.

Presently, she and David got up to dance.

The hotel orchestra was a famous one, it was too early in the evening for the floor to be crowded, and their steps went perfectly together.

While Christina danced, she no longer felt conscious of her age; for she knew that she looked her best, and that younger women, very likely, envied her her frock, and her dancing, and her partner.

There was, however, one drawback to it all.

She could no longer go on and on, all night, enjoying herself.

She always grew tired between twelve and one o'clock; and she knew that her tiredness showed in her face until her muscles ached from the strain of trying to remain animated and smiling.

David, of course, never grew tired at all. He would suggest the most impossible programmes; a theatre, another restaurant, a night-club, another night-club, going to see the sun rise over Hampstead Heath . . . "just for fun."

Christina acquiesced gallantly; and gratified vanity, a strong will, and, at the beginning, being in love with David, carried her through surprisingly well. She suffered for it afterwards, of course; but that was in private, alone in her tiny little flat, when she could lie down on her bed with an aching back and let the wave flatten itself out of her hair, and her face relax into whatever lines were induced by fatigue and nervous exhaustion.

Christina had never married. She had never wanted to marry, although she enjoyed the admiration of men and had received it abundantly ever since her fourteenth year. She had had a great reputation in the art school circles in which she lived. Now, she was in a slightly different circle, one rather more social and rather less artistic; and she was aware that her reputation as a breaker of hearts, although it still existed, had been superseded by other, younger reputations. Still, she was not left out of things. She was asked to all the parties; and it was taken for granted that she could always "bring a man."

And so she could.

There were nearly always two or three from whom to choose. In the last few months, there had always been David, only too glad to be asked to take Christina anywhere, and rather dazzled by her familiarity with a world of art that he viewed with awe; because he didn't, himself, belong to it.

It sometimes faintly, but tenderly, amused Christina to see how utterly David didn't realize that many of the people in Christina's art set, on their sides, regarded acquaintance with him as a form of social advancement. She, herself, was not at all unaware of their attitude. It vexed her to feel that, while she despised it, she yet profited by it. She knew that her annexation of David was talked of behind her back as a triumph, just as her annexation of Laurence Field, a member of Parliament, had been. Still was, perhaps, for Laurence had remained very faithful. But he was fifty years old now, and neither danced with Christina, nor took her out to Bohemian parties. They dined together instead, and he frequently took her to the theatre. Lately, however, so much of her time had been taken up with David, that she had seen very little of Laurence.

She had never been as much in love with David as he with her, and she was honest enough to admit it. Gratified vanity at having attracted a man so much younger than herself, and appreciation of his good looks, his charm, and his social competence had really been the main emotional ingredients in Christina's side of the affair.

Tonight, not quite for the first time, she felt that David's admiration was losing its ardour. He was no longer so much absorbed by her conversation, her dancing, and her good looks that he had no attention to spare for anybody else.

On the contrary, he kept on glancing at the girl with the fluffy, corn-coloured curls.

"Isn't it a shame, she doesn't know anybody! There she is, sitting with those dull old people—her uncle and aunt, up from the country, I'd take any bet—and not a soul going near them."

"Perhaps she can't dance," suggested Christina, not very kindly.

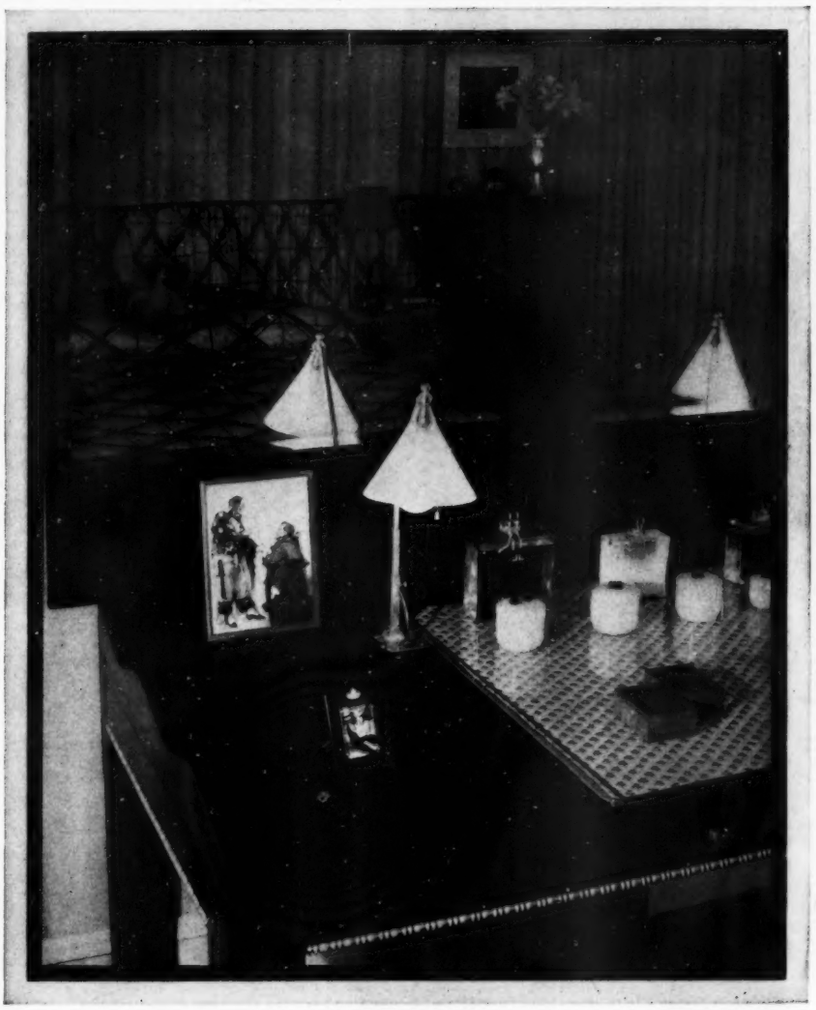
"Oh, everybody can dance. And if she can't, how is she ever going to learn, sitting there between those two old people?"

Christina remained discouragingly silent. She really did not think the girl very pretty, although she would not have said so to David, for fear of making him (*Continued on page 161*)

The general colour scheme is black and sage-green with silvered columns and a glazed silver-leaf ceiling. Furniture in green silk. Tables and book-cases in black egg-shell lacquer relieved by a silver bead mould. For colour and movement the room depends on the painting by Klimt and the decorative silver by Joseph Hoffmann of Vienna.

JOSEPH URBAN'S URBAN APARTMENT

Mr. Joseph Urban's New York apartment is probably the most perfect gesture of opulence in the Viennese manner, shrewdly tamed to domesticity, to be seen in America. Mr. Urban is responsible for the décor. At left, a nest of Urban tables.



The colour scheme of the bedroom is green, black, and silver. The bed is reflected in the mirror above the dressing-table, which was designed by Mr. Urban, as was all the furniture in the apartment. The cross-striped fabric on and behind the bed is a Hoffmann design in black and ochre on a cream ground.

Photographs by Martin Bruehl

There is a certain magnificent audacity, characteristically Urban, in the breakfast nook, with wallpaper in black, shading through greys to gold and red, and the cushioned seats in Chinese red. The fabrics on the loose cushions are Urban designs in blacks, greys, oranges, and vermilions.

Goupy

Coat of black and white tweed, lined with bands of chevrette. Blouse of white Rodier wool voile, skirt of black crepella with black bands.

Paquin

Fawn coloured broadcloth coat with black velvet bow on shoulder. Black velvet béret from Reboux.

Coat of tweed, brown and rust. Collar and cuffs of beige kidskin. Stitched tweed hat.

Bruyère

Worth

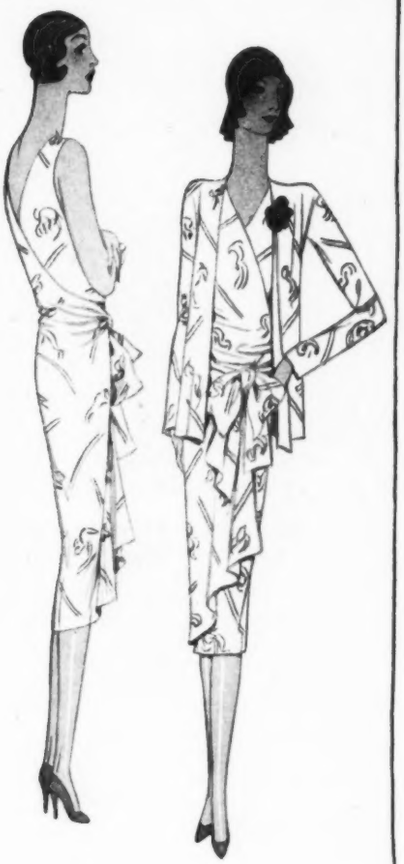
Light brown reindeer coat, lined with beige and brown tweed. Beaver collar. Reindeer béret.

Last-Minute Sketches

Last-Minute Sketches

Worth

Beige and brown frock of light-weight tweed. Jersey jacket in two browns. Leather appliqué initials.



Schiaparelli

Frock of black and white print, with little extra jacket of the same material.

Doeuillet-Doucet

Interesting new silhouette adapted from the Greek, in purple velvet. Peplum and skirt in unpressed plaits. Strass bow-knots.

Augustabernard

White satin gown that completes the evening coat drawn by Lura. Extremely simple cut, with high waistline.

from Paris —
from Paris —

A Novel by Harford Powel, jr.:

MARRIED MONEY

The gay New York Interlude of these two Young Things is Concluded, and Boston Claims its Own

(Conclusion)

"YOUR wife said you are pretty hot stuff at racquets," said the almost perpetual champion, in his cordial voice. "Come to the Club with me now."

Jerry's immediate and horrified disclaimers were swept away. His new friend refused to hear any excuses.

"But I'd like to know why you took up racquets," he said as they were stripping off their clothes in the dressing-room.

"Well, sir," began Jerry, "I guess you will think it was a crazy idea, Mr. Pell, but I had a lot of fun with games at Harvard, and I wanted to find some game here that would give me a chance to do well. Every ribbon clerk and bond salesman in New York seems to be playing squash, and I wouldn't have a chance at that. And a boy ought to start golf at ten and take a lesson every day for fifteen years if he hopes to be good; and they are starting polo even younger at Aiken, and so—"

"And so," said Mr. Pell, "you are going to pick on me!"

A tremendous blush started over Jerry's face and ran down his neck, and he seemed to be blushing all over.

"Oh, no, sir. I am no good at all. It's very kind of you to let me play with you."

"It's a pleasure."

With that the champion led the way into the court and Jerry found himself confronting Clarence C. Pell. The champion's geniality was unshaken even after he had spun his bat and Jerry had failed to call "rough" or "smooth." He spun his bat again and this time Jerry desperately gulped, "Rough—I mean smooth."

"Excellent," said Mr. Pell. "I will serve."

He picked up the bat and served.

Jerry made a lurching stroke, missed, and butted the side wall with his head.

"Always watch the ball until it strikes your bat," advised Mr. Pell.

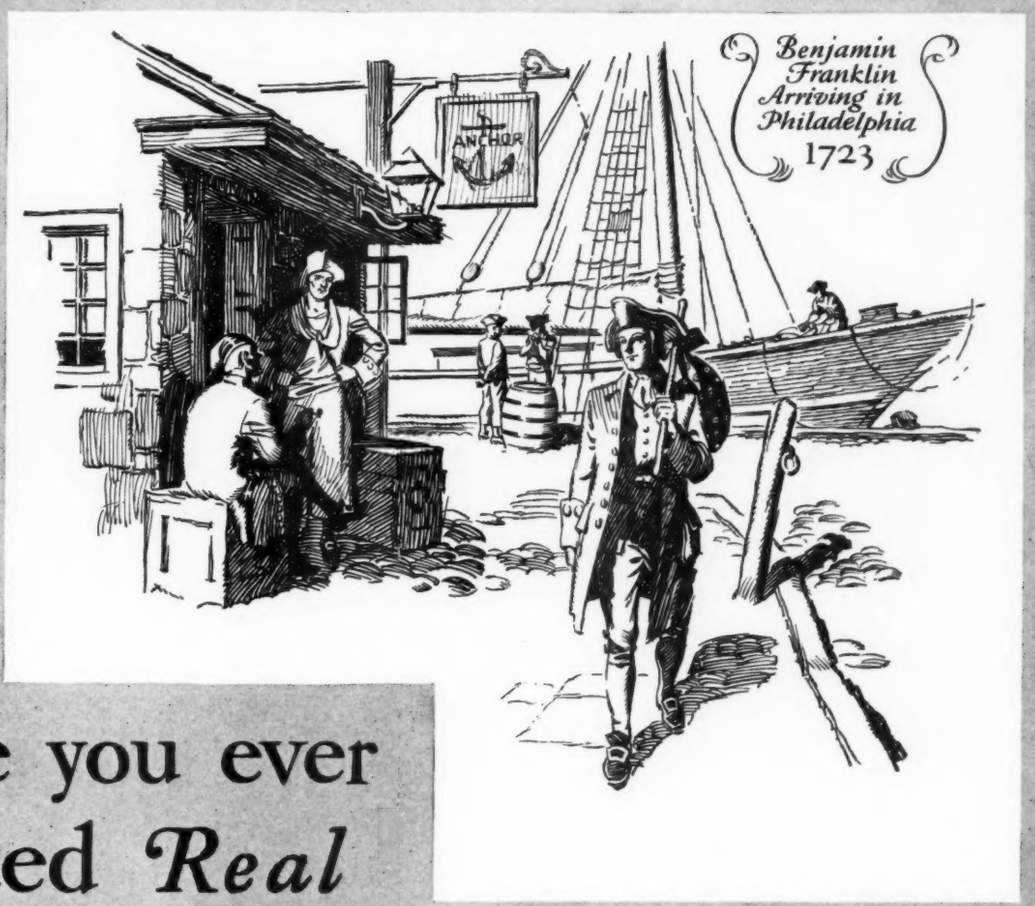
He served again. This time the ball came so fast that Jerry could not see it. It must have hit the front wall, for he heard it. Immediately afterward, it hit him hard on the chin.

"It didn't hit my bat," he complained. "It hit me."

(*Continued on page 172*)

"The music was piercing, too. It had rhythm, and it had a wild, barbaric vigour that beat into Caleb's brain. It did not inspire him to dance, however."

Drawing by Wallace Morgan



Have you ever tasted *Real Philadelphia* Pepper Pot?

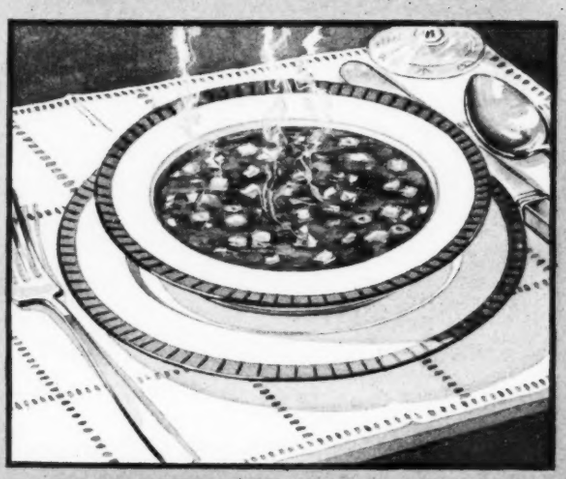
What a wealth of tradition surrounds Philadelphia Pepper Pot, that favorite soup of the proud old Colonial Philadelphia aristocracy! Truly, there's a touch of genius, a pioneer ruggedness about this famous old American soup that no other soup possesses.

If you have not yet enjoyed this famous old delicacy, there's a treat in store for you in Campbell's Pepper Pot, blended by Campbell's special Pepper Pot cook from a favorite old Colonial recipe.

A rich stock, velvety smooth and bland, brimming with pieces of delicious meat, diced potatoes and carrots. Seasoned just so with ground whole black peppercorns, savory thyme and marjoram, fresh parsley and sweet pimientos. And teeming with wholesome macaroni dumplings.

Here's a soup your appetite remembers, truly a dish for hungry men! Your grocer has it. 12 cents a can.

A Man's Soup



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

The Most Modern Ensemble of All . . .

Shoes and Matching Gloves

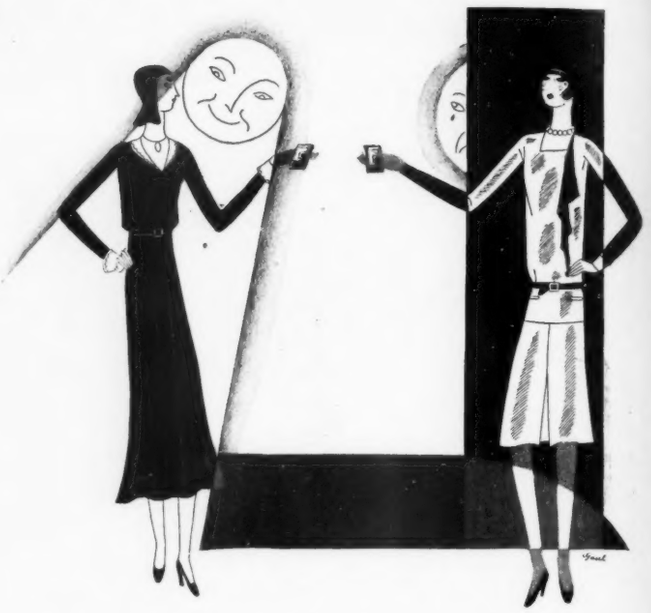
In this day of careful and elegant detail, it is as logical as it is chic that our shoes should match our gloves.

Pump of black suede, appliqued with design of red and gunmetal kid 18.50

Matching black kid gloves . 5.00

Women's Shoes - - - Fourth Floor

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO



The sun is setting on the old fashions, and shining on the new, as you see above. Both of these young ladies hold a case from Helena Rubinstein. One a lovely vanity, the other a cigarette-case, each of gilt with a modernistic design in red and black. Charming for Christmas.

FACE AND FIGURE

The Fashionable Woman's Beauty Culture Includes Physical Culture this Fall

By HELENA LEIGH

DIANA DARLING:

Yes, the new fashions really are fascinating and startling. The waistline has moved up and now tenderly encases the normal waist. In the evening, the dresses sweep at least to the floor, and both day and night they certainly flatter a good figure. In fact, your face can't be your fortune this year. No matter how pretty it is, you should have a lovely figure to support it.

Don't worry, Di, about the few extra pounds you gained this summer. You can get them off easily. In fact, you know, many of the beauty specialists have been very clever. They have realized for a long time the importance of keeping the body in shape, so that the face will bloom.

Elizabeth Arden has for many years had classes in gymnastics to teach the woman the proper exercises for her needs so that she may continue the work at home. The face and figure are as inseparable as the Siamese twins; yet we do forget it, don't you think so? Miss Arden is wonderfully wise. She considers the body as a whole. Her muscle-strapping skin-tonic treatment, used in conjunction with her home course of exercise, works marvels. The facial muscles and skin become firm while any fat about the neck disappears. When women diet, they usually look worn. If you follow Elizabeth Arden you can absolutely avoid the haggard look. By the way, when you come on to New York you must see her new place in the Aeolian Building. She has four great floors, all fascinating, and the same well-known little red front door, only now it is on Fifth Avenue.

Madame Helena Rubinstein sent over from Europe a most excellent diet, not too strenuous, with which she has lost many pounds this summer. In her beautiful shop, which is entirely done in modern art, you know, you find her wonderful preparations and everything is presented in the best of taste. She has some really delightful novelties. For instance, she has just brought out a beautiful cigarette-case and vanity-case of exactly the same size and decoration. A happy suggestion for Christmas presents. Each is oblong, of gilt, with a modernistic design of red and black enamel. It is needless for me to tell you that her make-ups are truly marvelous, for I know you have used them.

Marjorie Dork is a beauty specialist who has made a great study of reduction. She will make your figure over, as well as your face. In fact, she has always insisted that bodily health is necessarily the first step towards complete beauty. You can write your measurements and she will send you a chart with the proper exercises to make you perfect—if you work!

Very interesting news for the fastidious woman is that Coty has produced some alluring new cosmetics. Not only are the preparations good, but they are also most charmingly presented. I can't resist speaking of the box covers; they are so pretty. The bottles which contain the Eau de Coty, Potonique (cleanser), and Hand Lotion are most delightful. They have wonderful metal stoppers, and not only are decorative, but will prevent any leakage in travel, are easy to open, and allow the liquid to be shaken out freely. Have you seen their Colcream? In this one cream they claim to give the skin all that it requires for its cleansing, nourishment, and flexibility. They have also a tissue cream, for the woman with more strenuous needs. The Eau de Coty is worthy of particular mention. It is a refreshing flower water, mildly astringent, deliciously perfumed, and invigorating. Also, the Crème de Beauté (powder base), perfumed by L'Origan, is as delicious as the scent. And their Hand Lotion is fragrant and non-sticky!

You say, Di, that your skin is a little oily. Well, Pinaud has just brought out some marvelous powder in different shades: white, flesh, flesh-rachel, a lovely colour when sunburn is almost gone, and rachel for the stage just before that, and two wonderful sun tans. The powder is made for both dry and oily skin. The latter will be right for you, but it might be nice to tell your friends about the other, for most girls have a dry skin after the scorching summer sun. I would buy

(*Concluded on page 116*)

ACACIOSA

PARFUM DE LA JEUNESSE

CARON

PARIS FRANCE

The mode of the
SOCIAL LEADERS
of Many Cities

THE STEIN AND BLAINE mode claims a continent for its clientele . . . its patronage is drawn not from New York alone, but from many cities . . . it is admittedly the mode of affluence and beauty . . . yet while it is prohibitive to contemplate, it is reasonable to buy . . . its appeal to women of wealth need not and does not handicap the woman of practical means . . . indeed, many women who come to see the Stein & Blaine mode out of curiosity are surprised to discover they can afford it.

Stein & Blaine
INC.
13 and 15 West 57th Street
New York

Coty has just perfected a new line of cosmetics. Excellent and peerlessly presented. The bottles and boxes are not only decorative, but immensely practical.

FACE AND FIGURE

(*Concluded from page 114*)

Pinaud's powder for its beautiful black modernistic box, even if there were nothing in it!

Before I went to Europe I had an interesting experience with Madame Le Claire. I have seen the marvelous effects of her treatments and her mysterious ointment which she sells in a small metal bottle at a large price. The afternoon before I sailed—you remember I did it on twenty-four hours' notice—I was so tired that I thought I was going to collapse. So I went to Madame Le Claire, as she was a friend of mine, and asked her if she would give me a "Buggy" treatment. This she did. When she started, the entire length of my spine ached like a tooth. Fifteen minutes after she had rubbed her lotion into my back I felt splendid. My fatigue never returned and I seemed to be walking on air for two days. It may sound like a miracle, but it is none the less true. When you come on you must go to her.

Another remarkable preparation that I am now using is the Texture Lotion of Dorothy Gray. This is a superior cleanser, not for energetic cleansing, but afterward to remove all the grime and grease, close the pores, and improve the quality of the skin from day to day. I think we all need a lotion of this kind in the autumn, don't you?

I suppose you will think I am always tired if I tell you how wonderfully rested I felt after using one of Madame Bertie's bath tonics. It is not a bath salt, but a powder to put in the water, that makes it soft and creamy. Madame Bertie is the woman who made the formula for that luscious Lait de Oesype.

I must mention Amor Skin. This is a preparation that embodies hormones (secretions) from the skin glands of the tortoise. The prominent Berlin specialist who perfected it believes hormone famine is the cause of wrinkles and crow's-feet. I have seen, personally, splendid results. It comes in two strengths. Of course, you would need only the single strength. The second strength is for older women or very obstinate cases.

Truly my most prized possession is Diva Skin food; I use it faithfully every night. It was made originally for individual women, now it has been put on the market, so you can get it at Saks-Fifth Avenue. It works slowly but surely; you will have to use it a month to see results.

I am afraid I have offered you an embarrassment of riches, but not having seen you for four months, I thought it was best to tell you all I know and then let you decide for yourself what you need most. Just write me if anything sounds irresistible, and be good to yourself.

With devoted love,
HELENA

YOU CAN BE CHIC IN THE AIR

(*Concluded from page 105*)

smoking is rigorously forbidden in the plane. It is well to come prepared with cigarettes, and with a lighter.

A fountain pen is a valuable accessory aloft, as smart stationery is provided by the company, and it is extraordinarily easy to write in a plane travelling 110 miles an hour at an altitude of 3,500 feet. I still remember my surprise when I discovered this fact. Also that it was no strain on the eyes to read—no strain in any way comparable with that of reading on a train.

I noted that a fellow passenger had one of those folding "shooting seats" which she used to sit on while the ground crew was giving attention to the motors and refueling the ship. For myself, I was only too glad to walk about.

I have gathered together some statistics of costumes worn recently. When Miss Ina Claire flew last summer to New York she wore a yellow sleeveless sports dress with a short white coat for the cooler altitudes. A fellow passenger chose crêpe marocain in capucine shades with a voluminous soft woollen coat in beige.

On the fledgling flight of one of the great transcontinental routes a simple silk ensemble of jade-green with a small felt hat of the same shade was very effective. Mrs. G. P. Putnam of New York on the same trip wore an embroidered wool crêpe gown with a sheer vestee, admirably suited for the varying temperatures in the air and on the ground. A lovely Viennese, practised in travel by air in Europe, recently chose for her American flight a gown of powder-blue crêpe with matching flannel coat, and helmet-shaped felt hat. An interesting note in her harmonizing costume was a scarf.

In the air there is no limitation upon brightness of colour, fragility of fabric, or variety of mode. In truth, the cheerful note seems to fit in with the adventure. All this is made possible by the extraordinary, the enchanting cleanliness of air travel. Were the air-transportation companies to offer prizes for a slogan, my suggestion would be: "The Clean Way to Travel."

SONG

SAND-STARS and sea-dust
Silver to the moon—
If I may—and if you must—
Kiss me—kiss me soon.

The first kiss for laughter—
The second kiss for song
And the third kiss for deep dream—
All life long!

Flo Field

4 UNFAILING AIDS TO BEAUTY AND HOW TO USE THEM

1.
Pond's Cold Cream

for thorough cleansing

apply it generously

always after exposure

and before retiring.

2.
Pond's Cleansing Tissues

soft, ample, absorbent

remove cream and dirt.

To banish oiliness

and firm your skin

3.
Pond's Skin Freshener

pat it on briskly.

For powder base

and soft, white hands

smooth in a little

4.
Pond's Vanishing Cream.

VITAL MOMENTS in a well-groomed woman's day . . . the all-important yet simple care she gives her skin . . . Study these pictures . . . follow these swift, sure steps . . . Pond's four famous aids are unfailing . . . they keep your complexion exquisitely fresh and clear.

Pond's Cold Cream comes first . . . pure, light . . . use generously for thorough cleansing two or three times through the day . . . at bed-time . . . always after exposure. Quick, caressing, upward outward strokes to smooth it in . . . they keep your contours young and firm. Now leave a moment to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . coax every particle of dust and dirt up to the surface of the skin.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues next . . . to remove all cream and dirt. Take two at a time from the dainty latticed box. Fold or crumple in your hand . . . lift off the cream and dirt, using exactly the same caressing upward motion as when applying the cold cream.

Now Pond's Skin Freshener . . . cool, exhilarating . . . it banishes the last trace of oiliness. See how you soak a sizable pad of cotton . . . pat face, neck all over briskly. This gentle Tonic closes, refines the pores . . . for sallow cheeks it's magic to conjure back fresh vital color.

Now for the smooth, well-bred finish that adds so much to your poise . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Smooth in a delicate film before you powder. And don't forget your hands . . . It keeps them velvet-white.

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ON RIDING

(*Concluded from page 103*)

an attribute scarcely extraordinary in other domestic animals, but in a horse nothing short of miraculous. While my courage oozed and I stood wondering if I couldn't have my habit made over into a bicycling costume, there appeared a groom with one tooth and Luke. I buried myself in an old copy of "Town & Country," but the groom, with no respect for my study of Mrs. Harriman's endorsement of Simmons beds, accosted me with the question did I prefer to mount from the block or the ground. Pride forbade my telling him my preference lay in not mounting at all, so I croakingly indicated the block. The groom implied that this conversation was a mere formality by announcing that Luke wouldn't go up to the block, which simplified things.

Luke was standing in what looked to be a Buddhistic trance that it seemed a pity to disturb. The groom, however, approached him at the same time, clasping his hands in a manner that led one to assume he and Luke were about to execute a Japanese tumbling act. He told me to give him my foot and to jump when he counted three. I gave him my right foot which he informed me *wasn't* right. I then gave him the left and jumped when he counted two. We managed to laugh that off and the next time I jumped on the "three" but not on the horse. The spring and the straining groom landed me at that same awkward angle one reaches trying to climb over the side of a swimming-pool, when progress in either direction seems impossible.

The groom, staggering, but with British doggedness pushed and I pulled until I found myself lying on Luke gracefully if perpendicularly in an attitude the equestrian clown Poodles Hanneford would have paid fifty pounds sterling to copy. At that unfortunate moment one of those hateful little girls of five, who ride sixteen hand hunters in the Park and race Sunday mornings with Grover Whalen, happened in with a shrill, "Oh, look at the funny lady!" Pretending I had been examining the saddle on the far side, I managed to right myself and to wind my leg about the pommel. The groom, whose wind was slightly broken, asked me how the stirrup was. I replied I trusted it was well; and he led Luke with his precious cargo to the ring where Mr. Benedict took us in tow, literally as well as figuratively; for Luke, inclined still to continue his meditations, had to be persuaded about the ring by a leading-strap held by Mr. Benedict.

Mr. Benedict is the riding-master and the ring is a square. It is covered in a tan-bark that encourages violent hay-fever and is bordered with a mirror wherein one can see what one's best friend couldn't tell one. We walked about it for a time with dignity while Mr. Benedict discoursed on the principles of riding as Socrates might have expounded to Crito the meaning of Good. It sounded simple and rather beautiful. Then he announced we'd go for a bit of a trot. His horse, a creature that might easily be called a steed, broke into an exquisite prance. Luke, who borders on the nag, followed in an animated Morris Dance. Mr. Benedict placed a steadying hand under my arm.

"Rise!" he shouted. "Rise and breathe! Sit up! Keep your left toe in and your heel down! Put your right shoulder back! Hold your hands down! Lean away from the pommel! Relax! Relax and breathe!"

"Shall I say 'Ah' too?" I gasped.

"No, just breathe!" he replied.

I had never before known such emphasis to be placed on that seemingly ordinary physical process. Mr. Benedict has succeeded in making me horribly self-conscious about it. There are times now when I pause in the midst of the most simple pursuits to wonder if I'm breathing; and my nights are hideous with lying awake, terrified lest in my sleep I forget to continue that essential function.

"Lean to the right! To the right!" Mr. Benedict continued in the tone of a captain of a sinking vessel.

"I don't dare. I suffer from height phobia!" I screamed. "It makes me want to jump!"

"If you don't lean to the right your saddle will slip around under your horse."

"It has already," I stated.

It had. My weight on the stirrup had pulled the saddle until I was rising at an angle of forty-five degrees from Luke's patient belly. I have seen cow-boys in rodeos ride this way as a particularly hazardous stunt, but Mr. Benedict, who lacks a sense of the romantic, failed to see its charm.

Luke, meantime, was continuing his Morris Dance to an accompaniment of sounds such as the Sicilians inform us issue from Etna before an eruption. His ears were twitching and his lips (I presume he has lips), were curled back in a grin of intense pain. Once, thrice, four times round the ring we rode. I kept assuring myself that all things have an end, even a horse, and that in the words of Voltaire, "*Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe*"; and wondered if it would be the girth that would "*casse.*" Mr. Benedict kept ordering me to do everything but pat my head and rub my stomach; and my eyes filled with tears of self-pity at the thought of my limp body being carried home on a shutter.

The half hour finally ended, but not my troubles. Three weeks have passed and I as yet show no signs of becoming the Diana Vernon of the Reservoir. True, I no longer mount as if I were climbing the Righi. In fact, I now require two grooms for the purpose, one to help me spring and the other to keep me from o'erleaping myself like vaulting ambition and falling completely clear of the animal. Nor have I yet fallen off. But that is because Luke, who has an instinct of pity, senses the way I'm going and jumps beneath to catch me. I still list to port until I am parallel with the ground, my right foot still does a wild tattoo on the horse's shoulder, and Mr. Benedict tells me I still don't breathe.

All I have learned about horses is that they are beautiful over-rated creatures and are all born quite insane, Luke and Black Beauty notwithstanding. There is no comprehending their psychology because they possess none. They will pass a phalanx of on-rushing traffic on the way to the Park with cool unconcern; but, let them espy a discarded Cracker Jack box in the shrubbery, they will go mad with fright and dance about it like an intoxicated coryphée. They will pass their own reflection in the Academy mirror a hundred times, then suddenly notice it and bolt, whether with fright or pleasure is an open question. In the case of Luke and myself this last idiosyncrasy is understandable. Mr. Benedict says I don't coordinate.

"But," he adds, "you're getting on, my dear, you're getting on."

And in my brooding heart I wonder if he refers to my riding, or my years.

NOVEMBER BLOOM

THERE is late bloom on the tree—
Exquisite, fragile, brief—
On the limbs stretched nakedly,
Or shrunken and sere of leaf.

Many a blossoming thing
Comes to nothing at all;
The tree, too, dreams of the spring . . .
It is fall, my friend, it is fall.

Ada Alden

RUNNING AWAY

(*Continued from page 101*)

o'clock. He'd been sitting there for days, and it was only nine o'clock. Still, there was time to think—*time to think.*

VIOLET was not late. Her latchkey clicked in the front door at a quarter to eleven. He heard her exclamation as she stepped in and saw the littered hall. She turned and saw him standing in the doorway, back to the amber light. His face was shadowed in the dimmer light of the hall, but hers was fully illuminated by the light streaming from the drawing-room. She looked exasperated, startled, and defiant. She was not afraid. Very well, she must have made up her mind to some definite course of action. Good enough—so had he.

He stood aside and beckoned her in, taking off her cloak as she passed. Habit was strong in him. "You're dressed very marvelously for an evening with a sick friend."

Violet came straight to the point. "You know quite well I've been dancing. We might as well have it out."

She sat down in her usual seat by the fire, curled up in the chair in her usual supple attitude, one leg tucked under her. Sat and faced him the very same way she'd sat hundreds and hundreds of nights—yet there was nothing familiar about it. Heriot sat down, too, and regarded her steadily. Here was a stranger. But even so, the grey demon had hopped off his chair and gone away. Not very far—into the brooding shadows of the hall, perhaps. But that was a relief. He would not be angry. That would set her free immediately. She might get up and go away, and not come back.

"Have what out, Violet? You know I like you to enjoy yourself."

"You know quite well, Dave. A woman can't dance by herself, can she?"

"Of course not. But what of it? If I don't care for dancing, why should I object to your dancing with somebody else?"

Violet was not without courage. "You're fencing. You know it. You've come in early when you said you would be late and found that I've not been where I said I was going. No man could be such a fool as to imagine there's no reason for it."

Heriot felt as if a whip had flicked his heart. He had from time to time been forced to see that Violet was frivolous, shallow, greedy, pleasure-loving, selfish. But, on the other hand, her sensuous affection, her spontaneous delight in the pretty things he gave her, the good times, warmed his life and routed his loneliness. Lots of women took everything and hadn't the decency to enjoy them. He could not believe this hard stranger had ever lived with him, ever been close.

He heard his own voice. "You're telling me— You're telling me this has been going on some time. There's someone you—someone else?"

She had the decency to drop her eyes and watch her twisting fingers as she spoke. "Yes, I love Maurice Ainley." She had spoken the inconceivable word. She *loved* somebody else.

"Does he love you?" Heriot's voice was stern, his tone satirical.

Violet responded to the goad. Her tongue was loosened. She dropped her pose of reluctant admission, of regretful reticence. "He does. He loves me as I've never been loved before. We understand each other. He is young like me. He is fun. I inspire his work. He says he can't live without me. We can't live without each other."

"Oh!" Heriot was angry. But he must not show it. Did he want her to stay? He didn't know. But it wasn't fair. The other man didn't know how much Violet meant to her husband. He hadn't troubled to find out. "And supposing I can't live without you?"

The woman smiled—a twisted, scornful little smile. "Why, you're just preparing to go off on a fishing expedition and leave me for three weeks."

"But you won't come with me."

"Of course, not—I hate it."

"Well, then— Be reasonable, Violet. You know I use this spell of calm and freedom so that I can cope with my work for the rest of the year, and the nerve-shattering Continental holiday your heart delights in. Three weeks in the year to possess my soul, and all the rest for you. What more do you want?"

Her voice rose. "Three weeks in the year! Why, all the year round you work and do exactly as you like, and leave me to make my own pleasures. I have to find somebody else to dance with, and then you're surprised when he falls in love."

FOR one hour and three quarters—from the time the clock struck nine till Violet's key dispelled the silence, he had marshalled arguments and made speeches, and not repeated himself once. But now he felt suddenly tired.

"Let's go to bed. We can't decide anything of this magnitude all in a minute. It's too terrible, too important. To begin with, Mr. Ainley must come and see me."

Violet rose also. "Is that necessary?"

"But of course. I've been responsible for you for eight years. I can't shelve my responsibility. How do I know, for instance, that he will marry you if you're set free, and if not, what then?"

Heriot's wife was now furiously angry with outraged pride. "How dare you be so ridiculous. He'd give his ears for the chance."

That jarred. To Heriot, sensitive and kindly, it was more than vulgar. For a moment he allowed anger to ride his tongue.

"Are you sure? Once I thought perhaps Leonard King . . . But he saw you were expensive. And he hadn't much money then."

"What do you mean—*then?*"

"Didn't you know? How remiss of him not to tell you. His uncle died after all."

"Oh!" Violet was suddenly pensive, tapping the fender with her silver shoe. "How splendid for Leonard." Then anger swept her again. "But what has he got to do with it?"

"Just what I said."

"You're hateful, David. Hateful." Tears at last. "And here was I nearly mad with misery at the thought of hurting you, and you don't care at all." She put her head down on the mantelpiece and her shoulders shook. Heriot raised his arms, dropped them again. He was bewildered, dumbfounded; for the first time in his life, completely at a loss. When he spoke his voice was kind, though terribly weary.

"We can get no further tonight. Let's go to bed."

HERIOT waited for Maurice Ainley's visit in a state of suspended mental activity. He didn't know what he was going to say when the man came. He didn't know what to make of Violet, or his feelings towards her. She was in good spirits. He could not tell himself he was suffering. The only feeling he could catalogue was his loneliness, his utter, abysmal loneliness. He was lonely with her in the flat. Could he be lonelier if she'd gone?

How did one deal with these situations? He didn't know. Had never known anyone who'd had to deal with one. Men got angry and hit and abused each other. That seemed a senseless thing, a degrading thing for intelligent reasoning human beings. One could not fight over the possession of something which was mind and spirit, flesh and blood. The thing itself should have a voice in its disposal.

The crisp peal of the bell, the door opening, voices, footsteps; all the familiar sounds of a visitor. His face felt cold as the blood receded from it. The maid opened his study door. "Mr. Ainley, sir."

The visitor hesitated on the threshold. He looked haggard and unhappy. He had a frank, likable, boyish face. Such an ordinary, keen, intelligent young man—nothing of the lounge lizard. Unaccountably, Heriot found himself liking him. After all what chance had he if Violet meant to have him love her? He shook hands with the visitor, motioned him to a seat, rang for whiskey and soda.

(*Continued on page 122*)

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RUNNING AWAY

(*Continued from page 121*)

"You'll need this."

The younger man drank it gratefully. Colour returned to his face. Some of the anxiety cleared from his eyes.

Heriot spoke. "No use us being angry with each other. We've got to tackle the problem reasonably. Try to do the best for all of us. You say you love my wife?"

"I do." Ainley's voice was as pleasing as his appearance. Heriot thought, "Confound the fellow. I simply must not like him."

"You want to take her away from me?"

Ainley found it difficult to give a direct answer to that challenging question. "We love each other—terribly." That gave Heriot's heart a twist. After all Violet was his, not through any legal formality, but through long, intimate association. Could that all be forgotten?

"I suppose you must, or you wouldn't contemplate such drastic action." He went to the window and looked out without seeing anything. Turning back, "It's very strange, I meant to talk this all over with you from every angle, find out what you could do for Violet—be sure it was going to be all right before I let her go. But now I find I'm unprepared. I must have more time to think. I can't talk about it. My mind is paralyzed. Do you mind very much if I ask you to postpone this for a week?"

Ainley was visibly relieved. "I would prefer it. I, too—it's so sudden. I'd like to see her first, too."

"No!" Heriot swung sharply round. "I must ask you not to. Do that to please me." He couldn't bear to think of them discussing, planning, preparing to deal with his arguments. "There's no real reason, of course—no harm, but I ask you to do that to please me. You will?"

The younger man looked up at Heriot. "Yes. If you wish it. I'd do anything I could, short of—"

"I know. And if I'm convinced that it's for Violet's welfare, her ultimate good, I won't stand in the way."

Ainley rose. Seldom had he taken such an instant liking to any man. The deep charm, the sincerity, the generosity of Violet's husband touched him beyond measure. "Can I say—do you mind if I say—how much I appreciate your kindness, your reasonableness?"

Heriot smiled. "I must admit I was angry at first—the possessive instinct I suppose. Now, I'm only . . ."

Ainley's imagination supplied the word "unhappy."

"Before you go, can I ask you to make me this promise—not to see Violet till I communicate with you again, and not to take her away without telling me first?"

"But, of course, I promise."

Heriot accompanied Ainley to the front door. "I see you're a fisherman, Mr. Heriot."

"My one escape from the Towers of Babel."

Ainley looked wistfully at the rods. "It'll soon be May, and I know a place—a tributary of the Dart. How I wish I could get away. My aunt owns a three mile reach through her estate, and doesn't know a trout from a flounder. But she's a good sort. I'm always welcome down there."

Heriot was interested. "Does she let her fishing?"

"No. Any time you liked . . ."

Ainley stopped. Heriot smiled with genuine amusement. "It's a pity you like fishing; Violet will be left so much alone."

"But she—she loves it." Ainley was surprised into confession. "She told me she loved the calm, the quiet, that she longed to get away from town to that river."

Heriot was suddenly serious—his mouth stern. "Then, indeed, she must love you, for she would never come with me. But, in the meantime, let us be friends. When I can go into this more fully, I will telephone. That all right?"

"It is. And thank you." The men shook hands. Each thought with appreciation of the strong firm grip of the other.

Ainley did not ring for the lift. He walked deliberately, thoughtfully down the stairs. "How can she love *me* when she has that topping fellow? But, thank God, she does."

Heriot stood at the door listening to Ainley's footsteps growing fainter. "Nice boy. I can understand her wanting to go. But, God, won't it be lonely here! I sha'n't stay." He went in, as Ainley reached the street and hailed a taxi. Ainley's flat was a bare, crooked, draughty affair under the roofs in the Temple. It would be lonely going there tonight with a week like a waterless desert stretching between him and the sight of Violet—Violet with her strange tilted green eyes and her satin hair. The taxi turned round with a sharp jerk throwing him backwards. He laughed. Soon he wouldn't be lonely any more.

HERIOT joined his wife in the drawing-room. Queer what women did to homes. A drawing-room was a funny room—so little you could do in it, except sit with extreme care. Violet was curled on the hearthrug before the fire.

"Well?" she said, without looking up.

Was that all? Just "well?" after all these years. Heriot would have hated to admit how she bewildered him. It seemed so callous for her to be so frank about her love for Ainley. Yet, what would he have her do? Dissemble? No, the thing that puzzled him most was her apparent ability to forget, to let go all that had gone before. Yet, what had gone before? Just the ordinary jog-trot of comfortable married lives. Violet didn't want children. Well, he didn't mind that. Why should she have any, if she didn't want to?

Heriot sat down and looked at her, his short square chin cupped in his hard sensitive hands. Violet was restless under his grave inscrutable regard.

"Have you decided on my fate?" she enquired almost flippantly. Heriot's sensitive soul shrank a little further away from this unkind stranger who would hurt it.

"Not exactly, and in a way, yes."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean neither of us felt we could talk about it today. We're going to meet again in a week when we've had a little more time to think. In the meantime, Ainley has promised me not to see you."

Violet could hardly conceal her exasperation.

Maurice promised that?"

"He did."

"You mean you told him what he was to do, and he did it."

"Not at all. He was as anxious for more time as I was."

"But what for? We've decided. We know our own minds. Supposing—supposing we went away before then—tomorrow."

Then she really wanted to go. She didn't care.

"I'd thought of that. No. Ainley gave me his word he wouldn't go away with you without telling me first. I couldn't bear you—just to go."

Angry colour surged into Violet's pale face.

"Oh, did he? How dared he? How dare you both discuss me like that? Arrange for me—squabble over me—dictate to me—I won't have it. We'll see whether he'll go away with me or not. He loves me. I love him."

Heriot cursed himself for a weak fool. Why couldn't he throw off his sense of responsibility to this woman who cared nothing for him? Why couldn't he let her go without a pang, without regret?

"Are you sure you love him? Or are you just tired of me? My quiet ways—my middle age?"

"I love him terribly." Her voice was husky with feeling. "But what's a week? If you must interfere in this ponderous self-satisfied fashion, what does it matter? Oh, let me alone. Stop tormenting me."

Heriot gave it up—walked over to the wireless. A flick of the knob and A. J. Alan's voice saying, "Now when I followed this strange girl into the queer house I said to myself, 'She *looks* as if

(*Concluded on page 124*)

WHEN THE SMILE OF YOUTH *Steals Beauty*

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RUNNING AWAY

(*Concluded from page 122*)

butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, but you never know women.'" He switched off, laughed curtly and looked at the childish face of his wife. "Violet, you were born to look as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. It is your one and only occupation, but I must admit you do it superlatively well."

Violet leapt to her feet crying, "Oh, you're impossible," and rushed from the room.

It was well after midnight the following day when suspense got the better of him, then he telephoned Ainley's flat. He had been walking up and down, up and down—looking at the clock, listening for footsteps, peering through the window every time a taxi stopped in the quiet street. "I wouldn't have believed it of either of them, but I could have staked my life on Ainley's honesty. She must . . ."

At the thought of her going and telling Maurice Ainley a story of oppression and ill-treatment to rouse his pity, Heriot's blood tingled. He picked up the telephone. Ainley answered sleepily almost immediately. The telephone was by his bed. He was jerked into wakefulness. Violet missing. Good God, where was she? What had happened to her? "No, she isn't here. I haven't seen her. I'll be round in a few minutes." He hung up the receiver, jumped out of bed and seized his clothes. He hadn't heard a word from her. Had Heriot bullied the frail, sensitive little thing till she had run away? If so . . .

There were no signs of the bully when he arrived at the Heriots' flat. David was crazy with anxiety. Where could she have gone?

"Don't let's get into a panic and ring up police stations and things," implored Ainley. "There might be news when the post comes."

"The maid said she went out in the morning with a little bag, so she can't have been contemplating suicide."

"Suicide!" Maurice smiled happily in spite of his anxiety. "She wouldn't do that."

"How do you know?"

The younger man was silent. How could he tell this suffering husband that Violet was secure in his love for her, sure of his need, sure of her welcome? They dozed fitfully beside the dying fire as the cold morning light filtered sadly through the curtains. Phyllis Mary brought them tea, and asked them to sit by the kitchen fire while she "did" the room. They perched on the kitchen table and later watched her frying bacon. There was a great air of informality and homeliness about the whole proceeding. Phyllis Mary was youthful, but practical and dependable in a crisis.

THE hall reverberated with the salute of the postman. Heriot went out slowly, almost afraid to look down in case there was no letter from her. There was. He tore it open with fingers that trembled.

> Dear David:
>
> I'm sick of the way you and Maurice have behaved. You don't know how to treat a sensitive woman, either of you.
>
> I've gone back to Leonard. He really loves me. We've loved each other for two years. And I know now I've always loved him best. Please tell Maurice. Good-bye and good luck. I'm sorry to have hurt you. Violet.

He sat down suddenly on the imitation Jacobean chest and put his hand on his mouth with a stricken, bewildered gesture. Maurice came and took the letter from his hand. They looked at each other. The younger man looked like a punished schoolboy. Heriot thought with a pang how young he looked—how defenceless.

Heriot spoke first. "I seem to have made a mess of things, Ainley."

Ainley tilted his chin with a sudden gesture of courage.

"I don't see that you have, or even I, for that matter."

"There's nine o'clock striking. I must take a bath and get off to the office."

"Me, too— Heaven be thanked for work."

Phyllis Mary came out. "The water's hot. Shall I turn on your bath, sir?"

Heriot laughed. "Funny little thing, she would have us washed and fed if London rocked in an earthquake."

She was at once busy in the bathroom. Heriot remembered his duties as host. "Would you like a bath here and a shave? Or would you rather go back?"

"Here, if you don't mind."

Ainley was afraid to go into the quiet loneliness of his flat. Heriot was relieved. He didn't want to be left in the aching loneliness of his. He thought with pleasure of the stack of work waiting for him, the people who would worry him, the incessant activity of the day. He wouldn't have time to think. But he would have to come back here and Ainley would be gone. He voiced his agony in a quiet matter-of-fact tone.

"I don't think I shall come to the flat tonight."

"Come to mine."

"Oh, I couldn't put you out—not unless . . ."

"Please do. I'd like you to. You know I'm awfully lonely there."

"Would you really?"

"You don't know how much."

"That's kind of you."

"Your bath's ready, sir. Will Mr. Ainley want one, too?"

He would. What a brick—little Phyllis Mary.

SHE brought them more hot coffee by the drawing-room fire. Heriot was glad when Ainley joined him fresh from the bath and dispelled the little grey demon sitting on Violet's chair.

"My flat is terribly small," said Ainley. "You won't be comfortable. I was looking out for another." And then the colour rose in his face. Of course—Violet had been looking for it. But Heriot was looking in the fire.

"So shall I. I won't live here any more. Perhaps we could join . . ."

Ainley's face brightened. "Do you really mean it? Could you, after . . ."

"Of course. I'd be glad to. I think I could get my old batman. I'd sell all this furniture with the flat. If I could pick up some old leather saddle bags, a bit battered, you know. New ones aren't homey. And I've books in store."

"It sounds great, Heriot. I've been so lonely in London—working. My people all down South . . ."

Lonely! Heriot looked at the young, sensitive face. Ainley mustn't be lonely. Some woman would take him and break his heart. Better a leather chair for a tired head than a woman's breast.

"But I'll have to leave you for a week or two in May. I feel I must get away. I never needed it more. This place of your aunt's now? Could I go down there? I'd like to go to strange new waters I'd never fished before."

"We could both go. I believe I could get away, too. I'd like to. I *must*. There's peace and healing in that river. I went there when my mother died."

He stopped. He was too inarticulate to say all he wanted to say. That there was still limpid water rushing under the willows, and lovely dappled trout darting in the crystal flood. He remembered the heavy swirl of the water against his legs as he waded upstream, the sibilant swish of the cast line. It would have been awful if that had bored Violet. Passion, they told you, could last only a short time; but life stretched on. He could see Heriot forging up that stream in his tall waders, hatless and the wind whipping his thick brown hair. Curious how he could visualize anything in the future which meant actual enjoyment.

Heriot was speaking. "That's great. Then we'll fix it. I must be off now. You go when you're ready." They parted at the door. "Now cheer up."

He held out his hand and the younger man wrung it. The door closed and Heriot rang for the lift. Each was thinking with appreciation of the strong firm grip of the other.

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What a delightful sight this lavish dresser silver set—in its red gold-tooled Keratol case—or gleaming on the owner's dressing table. The new Isabella design is a lovely medley of satin stripes and silver flowers—feminine—irresistible. Other exquisite sets are variously priced. Complete with velvet-lined presentation case . . . $242

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Made for men—the way men like things made. Sturdy! It thrives on rough treatment. Iceland grain sealskin with the four really necessary fittings: brush, comb, nail file, and scissors—in a fine plain sterling design. A compact, useful gift that will cause many envying glances on Pullmans . . . . . Complete . $38

Never, never could one tire of the exquisiteness of this pattern—Suzanne. The designer, by skillful engine turning, has simulated lustrous brocaded silk. And, pleasantly enough, such silver work keeps its radiance indefinitely. Notice the beautifully designed handles. Matching accessory pieces may be purchased. Brush, comb, and mirror . . . $90

There's room in this suitcase for an ample wardrobe — packed in free and easy masculine fashion. It's a sturdy case of genuine brown hand-shrunk buffalo. The convenient tray closes to form a separate case. Fifteen toilet articles in the hand-hammered type of design that is considered very swagger. . . . . Complete . . . $353

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He chooses wisely who chooses flat silver. Here are three sure-to-delight patterns. Pine Tree at the left, with the original shilling pine tree on the back. Wedgwood—daintiest of filigree designs. Minuet, the approved early American design. Six teaspoons in Wedgwood will cost you $12; in Minuet $11; and in Pine Tree $11

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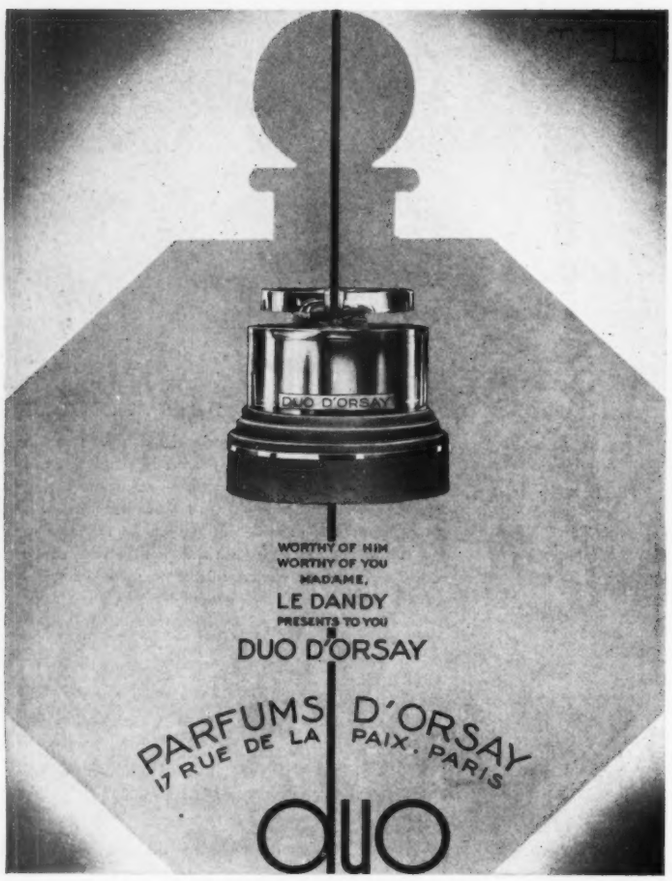

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Baroness Franck in informal costume at Biarritz. At right, the Biarritz evening mode. A crystal-beaded coat is worn over a black moire gown, long all around.

PARIS DECIDES

(*Continued from page 97*)

suits the modern figure, and the modern way of living. Why change for the sake of changing?"

At Louiseboulanger's, my vendeuse talked of the great success of the "studio gowns," one of the best of which is illustrated by Charles Martin at the beginning of this article. Madame Boulanger has been disturbed by the discord between the modern interior, with its careful synthesis, and the ordinary "fashionable gown." She believes that the really smart woman is appearing less and less in public places and is entertaining more often and more elaborately in her own home. Modernistic rooms, she says, have something of the look of a studio, in their perfect adaptation to the use to which they are put; so she thinks women should have special costumes to wear in them, inspired from some period which either particularly suits their personality, or is in some way suggested by the art objects or decoration of the room. Thus, a woman who displays a vitrine full of Chinese turquoises or jades may wear a gown of Chinese feeling; or one whose tastes run to Persian miniatures may wear a robe of Persian brocade; while she whose library houses a collection of Romantic prints and drawings, may order a gown such as the one drawn by Martin, with its strong flavour of the masculine modes of the 'forties. Rooms are built up to ornaments and collections nowadays, she says; why not the gowns to wear in them?

Her evening silhouette still tends to outline the upper part of the body halfway to the knee, and break at this point into elaboration, the material handled as only she can handle it. There is, strictly speaking, no waistline in this type of gown, but those who possess a slim torso can do full justice to it.

FOR the last few years, the mode has been the delight and joy of women with good legs and bad waists; it is only fair to give their opposites a chance. The owner of a really slim, prettily moulded figure may do as she likes, as she always has done. She put her belt or ribbon up to its normal place six months ago anyway; so it is only a short step for her to accept the gown which marks the normal waist by the actual cutting of the gown itself, and not by the mere placing of a narrow band high around the body. We are all coming to the high waistline, if not by the straight and obvious path, then by a crooked one.

This new principle of gown-cutting (a really shorter, more fitted bodice, and not a sheath with the belt placed high) is making a lot of trouble for the fitters. They all tell me that fittings have not been so long and difficult for years, as the entire proportions of each model has to be worked out separately for each individual figure. Whenever the silhouette changes, there is always corresponding trouble in the fitting of it until both *essayeuses* and clients grow accustomed to the new line; but this Fall it is particularly emphasized, as we have not had so generally revolutionary a change in a long time. Clients find that they have to stand longer, and come oftener; and as many of them are banting furiously in order to recover a slim centre of gravity (and I assure you it is a grave matter to live on hot lemonade without even any sugar in it), they soon discover that buying their new clothes is not exactly a light task. One vendeuse told me that she keeps a stock of aromatic spirits of ammonia on hand for fainting fittees, and several fitters assure me that they go home at night perfectly exhausted. What a business a change in the silhouette makes for some people!

BUYING hats is an easier matter. You sit down to try them on, in the first place, and that makes all the difference. And even the most optimistic of women cannot do much about changing the natural shape of the head. No one has yet suggested compressing babies' heads from birth, in order that they may wear small hats. While the small round head on the long body is still a *sine quo non* of the mode, with its long skirts, high waist and all, many of the milliners are taking advantage of the new silhouette to try to impose a larger hat, at least for formal wear. They began to do this some time ago. The hat sketched from Agnès by Mr. Rhys on page 95, is one of her latest models, and no one could call it small. However, the velvet loops that compose its brim are so soft that they may be pressed down by a big fur collar without causing discomfort; and fur collars seem to be bigger than ever on the splendid afternoon ensembles of rich materials that this season has brought forth, and this, with a big hat, looks like an irreconcilable difference at first sight. For "trotting," as the French say, Agnès remains faithful to the turban in new materials and new forms, keeping the close-round-the-head look that looks so business-like in the morning. She also has new versions of the ubiquitous béret in velvet, and velvet combined with felt,

(*Continued on page 129*)

THE NEW BUICK

Good judgment among discriminating people explains this growing preference for the New Buick . . . . .

THERE is an aristocracy of judgment as well as an aristocracy of wealth ¢ Very often the two are combined ¢ And when they are, you witness what is taking place today in the fine car field—a decided trend toward the new Buick with Body by Fisher among thousands of men and women who formerly paid much higher prices for their motor cars ¢ These men and women are buying more Buicks today than ever before in Buick history, and from two to five times as many Buicks as any other fine car ¢ Because the new Buick is surpassingly beautiful. Because it is the peer of performers. Because it is infinitely greater value.

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Buick

THE ENSEMBLE WITH SEVEN-EIGHTHS COAT, THE LAVISH USE OF FUR, AND THE USE OF TRANSPARENT VELVET ARE IMPORTANT FEATURES FOR THE COMING WINTER. THE VOGUE FOR SHEER VELVETS HAS NOW CULMINATED IN A GENERAL DEMAND FOR THIS FABRIC WHICH IS IDEAL FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.
CHENEY SILKS
CHENEY WEAVES
DRAWING BY PIERRE DEMARIS

CHENEY VELVETS

PARIS DECIDES

(*Continued from page 128*)

or in velvet and fur. These show a flat, rounded line across the forehead, but uncover it a bit less than they did last season, and are long, descending, and softly handled at the back and sides, sometimes with a symmetric trimming that extends on each side behind the ears. This last is a very youthful effect for those who can stand it, but it looks a bit ingènue on many people. A charming new shape is in felt and satin. There is a forehead band of the satin down to the eyebrows, and the brim of the felt hat is curved up in front like a sweet pea and trimmed with an encrusted band of satin set on a descending line towards the back and finished in an encrusted bow. Sometimes very supple breitschwanz makes the band and encrustation. Sometimes the hat is done in two kinds of felt, or in two different colours. Black is still her favourite, but she has many rust and brown shades as well.

AT Reboux's, the new exciting Lucienne models have not yet appeared; they are promised for next week, just too late for this article. But there are new hats, all the same, many of them in the form of tricornes. Dynevor Rhys has drawn one of them on page 94. Sometimes these are real tricornes, turned up in the three classic points; sometimes they have a sort of false front, like a frontier store in the movies, the crowns cut off like a cap across the back. They are made in taupé felts, black, brown or fawn colour, and simply trimmed with grosgrain ribbons. Other hats are adaptations of the béret, in taupé felts, trimmed with grosgrain encrustations in two colours on a third. Some wide-ish hats in a new panne felt are still turned straight up in front, pirate fashion, and come down on the neck in the back; but these do not look so new. A deep dahlia red is seen here, but black and fur browns are more numerous than anything else in the salons.

At Marie Christiane's, I chose the adaptation of the béret, drawn by Mr. Rhys, in a deep reddish brown taupé felt, trimmed with three ends of itself tied in a bow. This milliner prefers taupé and silky antelope felts, and a very thin felt, like satin. She uses flat silky furs, and a fabric that looks like Persian lamb. She also makes turbans of Chanel tweeds to match Chanel costumes. The interdependence of millinery and clothes has never been more strongly emphasized than this season. Tweeds for morning, with jerseys, lead in both branches; for afternoon hats we have satins, velvets, and the plushy felts, recalling velvet. We have all varieties of the breitschwanz type, also the most popular furs for coats. In colours, we find black first, then browns, including the reddish browns, then greens and various shades of purple, especially the deep red purples, on the order of Patou's dark dahlia shade. Add the very thin supple felts, which recall the broadcloths of many winter coats and broadcloth itself, used for draped models in hats, and you find that clothes and hats tell the same story, as usual.

TALLIEN shows a typical satin-felt hat in the drawing on page 94. Turned up in front, straight across the forehead, showing less of it than last year, it is long, supple, and softly folded at the sides. These long, limp sides agree with the long, limp lines of the new gowns—everything hanging softly. Though the skirt may be very full, it hardly ever flares aggressively, unless the material be taffeta. Here and there an abruptly flared evening gown in this material strikes a note of agreeable contrast in a somewhat languid mode.

You will notice in all these hats that the trimming is still rudimentary. Sometimes tiny feather fancies are tried; Agnès has one cloche-shape, the brim lined with glycerined ostrich, like fringes of aigrettes. Encrustations of one material on another are very good. Three tones of the new kidskin may be combined in one hat, and combinations of two materials are seen everywhere.

There is interdependence, of course, between all the component parts of a successful costume, as there has been ever since we discovered the real meaning of the word "ensemble." It is trite to repeat that the well-dressed woman chooses everything she wears with proper consideration for everything else, and that one wrong detail may mar a costume irretrievably.

At the moment, the best daytime shoe is still the perfectly plain pump; I see it oftener than anything else, and almost to the exclusion of everything else. It is often of patent leather, and its aim is to make the foot look inconspicuous, but perfect.

The gloves worn by the best-dressed women are almost invariably longer, and pulled over the cuff. They, also, are chosen to complete the costume, repeating one of its colour notes. With the new black crêpe afternoon frocks that I see worn (black, perhaps, as a reaction against the deluge of prints of the summer), the gloves are white suède or antelope, when there are white lingerie details on the gown. At Vionnet's, the other day, choosing new models with Madame Martinez de Hoz, I saw a sunburned client, wearing a black crêpe princess frock, buttoned straight up the front to the tip of a V shape neckline, outlined in a starched white linen collar, edged with écru tulle. She had gauntlet cuffs of the same, with the wide wrists of her white suède gloves pulled over them, plain patent-leather pumps, dark stockings matching her skin, and a medium sized sweet-pea shaped black hat, with close pearl earrings. Exquisite, extremely expensive "simplicity" still rules in the daytime, you see. The gloves may be blue-fox colour, if a blue-fox is worn. When they are dark, the stockings match them. Some women who are not sunburned (there are not many), still prefer a lighter shade of hose; then their gloves are lighter, too. But the universal light beige antelope glove is no longer the only wear.

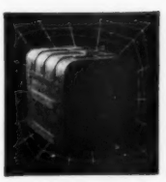
THE great popularity of black and white has brought pearl earrings back into a definite vogue. When the hat is large, the earrings are sometimes close and sometimes long, according to the face, and they repeat the white note in the costume. Close turban hats usually look best with close earrings.

Bags are not as large as they were, with this type of costume, and they are usually of black antelope, with a small but really beautiful jewelled fastening or monogram, and an inconspicuous mounting. Sometimes brown antelope is preferred. I saw a good effect of a black crêpe frock, cut high to the collarbone in front and tied once over in the back of the neck with hanging ends (a Vionnet type), worn with a medium black tricorne hat from Reboux, and a double blue fox, exactly the colour of the long wrinkled antelope gloves, plain pumps, bag and stockings. The only jewels were close earrings of pearls and one string of large pearls worn close to the throat, softly glowing on the sunburned skin.

I have spoken of the reaction against prints. This does not mean that they have left the mode forever. The presence of printed fabrics in the winter collections, to say nothing of the continuance of printed chiffons so noticeable at Patou's, contradicts any such supposition at once. But I think we are all conscious of a feeling of fatigue where prints are concerned. The eye enjoys plain surfaces for a change. Prints have their times and places. I had occasion, for example, to travel a good deal by car this summer. It was unusually hot, much too hot for even the thinnest woollen material. I found that simple, small-patterned, dark-ground, printed crêpes were an ideal material. They do not soil as easily as plain ones, neither do they show the inevitable wrinkles as the plain ones do. The prevalence of black frocks, at the moment, does not mean that this winter will necessarily be a black one, either. The rich, dark colours of the colour card for 1930 are too beautiful and too becoming for that. They will be seen often in the daytime,

(*Concluded on page 138*)

OLD FASHIONED TRUNKS AREN'T TRAVELING ANY MORE



Luggage, it seems, has grown up. Gone are the ancient attic heirlooms with their iron bound stays, their quaint slats and whatnot. The modern luggage vogue—interpreted by Hartmann—is almost exclusively "wardrobe." In smart, colorful affairs with a clean-cut, thoroughbred air to them. A host of smart finishes.

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MR. WALCOT GOES HOME

(*Continued from page 85*)

was so pleasant, so friendly, so tinged with the gentle melancholy of the sweet dead woman's presence, that Mr. Walcot surrendered himself to it, trying to recapture the continuity which the conscious critic had broken, yet forbidding himself to think for fear of waking.

He sighed with relief to feel it returning. Yes, the shadowy woman was there at his side again. But the landscape had changed, just as when, in a train, one's attention flags for a moment, and returning consciousness shows one new houses, new fields, new skylines. The road now was narrow, its surface channelled by storm-water; the hedges unkempt with wild roses and vines of honeysuckle. So sweet an air! so bland, so healing a silence! And only they two together: himself and the dear, dead woman whose voice he remembered!

"Now we are nearly there," she whispered softly.

"Nearly where?"

"At Walcot," she said, with a smile that had mockery in it, as though she, too, were in the joke. And then, in a moment, the sky went black as night. In the next it was pierced by the headlights of an automobile. The car was coming towards them, whirling down-hill. Its white beams displayed the heaped hedgerows, the space between them alive with fluttering moths. The lane was so narrow, the car's speed so wild that they could not escape it; in another second it must surely overwhelm them. From somewhere deep down Mr. Walcot tried to summon his voice. He wanted to shout, to warn the mad driver somehow. He shouted at the top of his voice, but no voice came. There was a crash, then deeper darkness. He was awake. The night nurse was patting his hand. "There, there!" He was crying like a child.

"MY DOPE appears to suit you," said the surgeon, smiling, next morning.

"I dreamed like hell," Mr. Walcot grumbled.

"About business?"

"No, not about business. Tell me, Doc, what was that stuff you gave me? I'd like some more of it."

The surgeon shook his head. "Not unless you need it."

Next night Mr. Walcot concentrated all his strength on trying to will himself back into his dream. He wanted to know what happened next. That crash was like the last paragraph of a serial installment. But no dream came that night or any night. He slept like a child, perhaps from sheer tiredness. At the end of a week they allowed him to get up. He began to hanker after his arrears of correspondence.

"No, no, you don't!" the surgeon laughed. "The next part of your cure is a sea voyage. You'll be on a diet, of course; but that can be arranged all right. It's a trifle late in the season for the Mediterranean. What about England? That'll be quiet and soothing. I suppose you've been there often?"

"Never been east of Long Island or west of Saint Louis," Mr. Walcot answered. "I'm a New Yorker."

"But you must be of English extraction, to judge by your name?"

"My mother was born there. I don't know about my father."

"There's a place called Ludlow in Shropshire, England. Ever read poetry, Mr. Walcot?"

"I've not made a habit of it," Mr. Walcot admitted. "In business, you know . . ."

The doctor began to quote:

"When smoke blew up from Ludlow
And mist blew off from Teme . . ."

he chanted.

"Say that again, Doc!" Mr. Walcot was agitated. "How does it go on?"

"Now, there you've got me," the surgeon smiled. "In business, you know . . ."

But Mr. Walcot was not smiling. There, in that sterile little room, he saw—not the white-robed surgeon, the attendant nurse, the hard light beating through a window framed in brown-stone, but a dream landscape of folding hills and fleeced woodland, a red-roofed town with its smoke blowing away from it, a river wreathed in mist. He lay with eyes wide, staring, trying to fix it. One gleam, and it was gone. He quickly recovered himself.

"You say there's a place called Ludlow," he said. "What's that other place, Teme?"

"The Teme is a river, I think. The poem's by a man named Housman."

"A river," Mr. Walcot repeated. "I might have known it! I fancy I've found my ticket, Doc. If I've got to go anywhere, I'm going to have a look at that place. I've a feeling that something might come of it. You never know."

"You sound like a man of imagination, Mr. Walcot."

"Imagination," Mr. Walcot began to explain, "is the Big Word in Business. Suppose you ask them to send me a list of sailings?"

AS THE capital of a World Empire, London was a disappointment to Mr. Walcot. Of course, he admired the traffic cops who regulated the streams of vehicles outside the Majestic Hotel. But he'd heard about them before till he was sick of it; and, admirable as they were, their efficiency didn't atone for the slowness of the elevators, the washiness of the coffee, and the fact that in all that vast building there was no place, as far as he could see, where you could get your shoes cleaned. He had been polishing them surreptitiously on the bedroom curtains for a week before he discovered the proper procedure; this was to put them at night outside your bedroom door, whither they returned next morning, miraculously, but by no means efficiently cleaned.

Incidentally, he had discovered also that Oxfords were called shoes. The valet who explained all this to him was kind but condescending. It was this universal mingling of kindness with condescension that got his goat.

In spite of their affectation of superiority, the English seemed willing to learn. The theatres, he noticed, were full of last year's Broadway successes; the movies appeared to feature nothing but American films; and, contrary to what he had heard of European customs, his hotel put on a real American breakfast. But, oh, the abysmal loneliness of it all! He found himself eavesdropping whenever, in the streets or in the hotel lounge, he heard the authentic accent of New York. As he tramped the city he found a guilty delight in entering the shops that proclaimed themselves American drug stores. Of course, they weren't really drug stores, nor yet American. They sold no tobacco, no soft drinks—nothing but drugs.

Still, even if he were on a holiday, he couldn't avoid business entirely; in spite of the customs duty England was a field worth exploiting. He returned from his tours of inspection with no fewer than eighteen bottles of the World-famed Antacid, purchased at double the normal price. Every little helps, he thought, as he emptied them regretfully down the bath.

At the end of a week he felt he was through with London. He had been keeping Ludlow, the real objective of his tour, in the background of his mind. He had a feeling that if he were too eager the place might vanish into thin air, just like his dream. As for Walcot, he felt its existence to be even less stable; he wasn't sure, in fact, that it existed at all. In a curiously adventurous spirit he presented himself at a tourist agency. The clerk behind the counter, like all the rest of them, was condescending but kind.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked politely.

"I want—say, I want to know if you've ever heard of a place called Ludlow, Shropshire."

"Ludlow? Why, certainly. It's a charming little town."

MR. WALCOT flushed. So there! It was true after all! He felt like a boy who has been stalking a butterfly and has it under his hat. Not to let it escape, that

(*Continued on page 132*)

Mrs. Charles Lionel Nicholson was married in this beautiful costume of ivory satin with veil of rose point lace.

An outstanding bride of the year

Lovely Mrs. Charles Lionel Nicholson

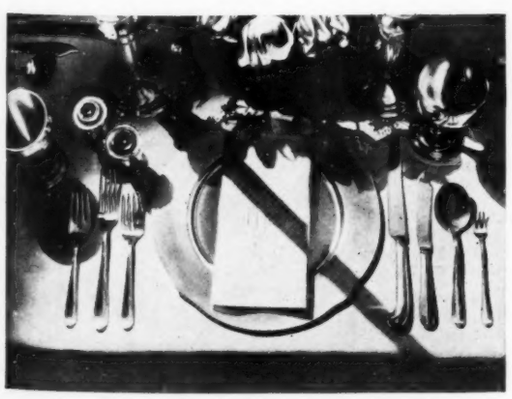
OF INDIANAPOLIS

chose the Dolly Madison pattern for her wedding silver

WINSOME—petite—radiantly fair—a fascinating combination of Dresden china loveliness with a marching, modern eagerness . . .

In these or similar words the countless friends of young Mrs. Charles Lionel Nicholson describe her. She is considered one of the most popular and distinguished brides that Indianapolis has known for many seasons.

Her recent wedding to the son of Meredith Nicholson, novelist and short story writer, was an event of widespread interest . . . All the plans and activities of this lovely young bride are watched with keenest interest.



The lovely Dolly Madison pattern of Mrs. Nicholson's choice—as it looks in a dinner setting!

Particularly significant is her choice of wedding silver, that most important of table appointments; for her home will be a center of interesting and gracious entertaining.

Mrs. Nicholson has chosen this beautiful Dolly Madison silver, the new pattern by the famous Gorham artists which has aroused such enthusiasm.

"I think it the loveliest I've ever seen," she says of this silver. "There is something about its grace and simplicity that grows on me. I'm sure it will always be a joy to me in my new home."

For generations distinguished brides have chosen Gorham Sterling. And now you may choose complete settings of this exquisite flatware . . . for an amazingly moderate investment.

Gorham Sterling can be purchased on convenient terms through the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild Purchase Plan. Reliable jewelers will gladly explain.

Send for our absorbing new booklets showing the lovely Gorham patterns chosen by distinguished brides and illustrating the smartest ways of table setting.

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☐ Please send me for 25¢ enclosed your new illustrated book, "The Art of Table Setting" by Lilian M. Gunn, authority on the etiquette of entertainment.

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*Address*_____

In the new Dolly Madison pattern of Gorham Sterling chosen by Mrs. Nicholson, six teaspoons are but $9

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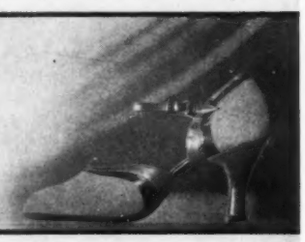
AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

"THE FALL MODE BY DELMAN" means Shoes of exquisite beauty made entirely by hand—of smart Reptile Leathers—Suedes—Dull Kid—in lovely new colors—melting Browns, tailored Blues, deep Dahlia tones, chic Blacks . . . distinguished and flattering Shoes for aristocratic feet!

"GLESCO"—*the ultra smart Oxford for town and spectator sports. In combinations of Black, Brown or Green Suede and Calf.*

"TAMARA"—*modelled on slender, graceful lines, has appliqued swirls of contrasting leather, on Black, Brown or Blue Suede, or Patent Leather.*



"LORA"—*charming for evening in pastel crepes or metal brocades, trimmed with silver or gold, with tiny jewelled buckle.*

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MR. WALCOT GOES HOME

(*Continued from page 130*)

was the next business!

"Can you get there by rail?"

"Of course, sir. Great Western Railway."

"I'd like you to get me a reservation for tonight; one lower-berth Pullman."

"You'll hardly need that, sir," said the young man kindly; "it's only four hours from London. First class, I suppose? In this country, you know, most people travel third nowadays. Is there anything else?"

His tone was so encouraging that Mr. Walcot went on: "You don't happen to know if there's a place near Ludlow called Walcot?"

"Walcot . . . I don't think so." The clerk consulted a railway guide. He shook his head. "No, no. There isn't a station called Walcot. If you give me time I might find out if there's any village. Suppose you give me your name and address. I'll telephone later."

"Why, that's fine! Majestic Hotel, room four hundred and two," Mr. Walcot dictated deliberately.

"Four hundred and two. Very good, sir. And the name?"

"Well . . . the name's Ludlow Walcot."

"I see." The young man looked up and beamed on Mr. Walcot's blushes. He was not only a kind but also a romantic young man. A most exceptional young man, Mr. Walcot decided. These English, when once you got through their starch, weren't so bad. Within five minutes they had become such good friends that Mr. Walcot had invited him to lunch, and he had accepted. London was no longer the desolation which he had imagined. He began to feel almost proud of his English extraction. He would like to show this young man Park Avenue and the Manhattan skyline. And the clerk, on his side, was crazy for Mr. Walcot to see the English countryside.

"If I were you, sir," he said, "I should get a car. You needn't buy one; you can hire it by the week and drive it yourself. I'll give you an itinerary; through Oxford and over the Cotswolds. When you get up to Ludlow, you can just poke about as you please. The hotels are nothing to shout about, but at least they're clean. I'll get you a couple of large scale maps. If there is a place called Walcot you'll be sure to find it. When you come back I shall be interested to know what has happened.

"By the way," Mr. Walcot remarked. "I think you might just as well reserve my stateroom on the *Acarnania*. I've got to get back in harness by the tenth of July. I'll stop in and pick it up when I come back here."

"D'you know, sir, I don't think I'd make a definite reservation if I were you," said the young man gravely.

"Oh, rats!" Mr. Walcot replied.

TWO days later, having hired an American six-cylinder two-seater, with a right-handed drive, from a young man more elegant, yet no less polite than his original friend, Mr. Walcot set out westward from London. Although it was some years since he had used a car, he found the problem of driving through London traffic far less difficult than he had anticipated. He solved it by never venturing out of his lowest gear, and clinging like grim death to the tail of a heavy motor-van just in front of him. He could have followed that van blindfolded, for it was loaded, only too obviously, with fish. Still, fish or no fish, it was a godsend. Whenever it stopped he stopped, when it started he started. When, after a few miles of congested road, it swung southward and left him, Mr. Walcot actually felt as though he had lost a friend.

The clerk in the tourist office had given him a detailed description of the road from London to Oxford with a little sketch-map on which he had marked all the main points of interest. That road, he had explained, was one of the grand old coaching highways, and bristled with history. As far as Mr. Walcot was concerned it might just as well have been brand new. When once the fish-van had abandoned him, and he had dared, in the thinning traffic, to change up to "second" his hands, his feet, his eyes, his whole mental and physical organization were grimly concentrated on compelling himself to drive on the wrong side of the road. It violated his reason and all his better instincts to keep to the left and overtake on the right.

Not that Mr. Walcot was in danger of overtaking anything; no power on earth could have persuaded him to change up again into "top"; but whenever he saw another vehicle approaching, the sense of being where he had no right to be so oppressed him that he stalled his engine, with the result that when, six hours later and with a boiling radiator, he crawled into Oxford, having covered the distance at a pace of ten miles an hour, he felt like a racing motorist emerging from a speed trial on Daytona Beach, and had no more idea of what rural England looked like than when he started.

"After Oxford," his friend had told him, "you'll cross a range of hills called the Cotswolds." "For all that I shall see of them," Mr. Walcot grimly reflected, "they might just as well be the Alps." Whenever he saw a policeman, a sense of guilt overwhelmed him. Strange though it seemed, however, nobody arrested him; and by the time of the afternoon when English people take tea, Mr. Walcot was actually beginning to take notice and drive at a steady thirty without keeping his eye on the road. As he went on, a sense of having lost time compelled him to drive even faster. The surface was excellent, as smooth as a billiard-table; the thin upland air exhilarating after London, and threaded with the songs of larks.

A wide, rolling country it was, not unlike Pennsylvania, as he had seen it in the train going westward from Philadelphia; and those small stone villages, with their gabled and mullioned cottages emerging from orderly gardens, heaped lilacs, and spires of hollyhocks were certainly cute. They were so quiet, so orderly, those villages, so somnolent in the sweet hush of the afternoon, that it seemed sacrilegious to drive through them at speed. Now that he had finally mastered the English rule of the road and the "feel" of his car, Mr. Walcot was actually in a position to enjoy their individual beauties. They tempted his mind to speculate on the joys of possession. "If I bought me a cottage like that," he was thinking, "and a bit of a garden, with some steady middle-aged body to keep house! You could sit in the garden evenings and smoke a cigar and listen to the birds. Well, one might do worse."

But this, as his better self told him, was sheer sentimentalizing, a pretty idea that appealed to the surface of his mind. Peaceful and lovely though this country seemed, there was nothing in it that clutched at his heart and dragged it out by the roots. He didn't belong to it, could never belong to it. He knew those picturesque cottages! It was probable that not one in five hundred possessed a bathroom, much less sanitation, steam-heating, or electric refrigeration. All this talk about "calls of the blood" was simply bunk. He had always described himself as a hundred per cent. American. At that moment the percentage had risen to a hundred and fifty. Probably, by the time he had got to Ludlow, it would reach two hundred.

Would it? There was something soft and treacherously unpatriotic in his mind—some legacy, no doubt, of that troublesome dream—which made him hope against hope that, somehow, it wouldn't.

If Mr. Walcot had known the truth, he would have realized that the imagination on which he prided himself was fighting already against the forces of disillusion. It gave him an authentic and not unpleasant thrill when, suddenly, in the early evening he came face to face with a single sign-post that pointed to Ludlow. The sight of his own name in print, which had always stirred him, gave him, in the heart of a foreign country, a quite peculiar shiver. He had the feeling that he was now on the verge of an experience as alarming and fascinating as that of his

(*Continued on page 135*)

SCULPTURE BY GABA

Lipstick

TUSSY

THE WISEST WOMEN *in this world have learned that chic . . . the elusive creature . . . is captured by an invisible net woven of perfect details. They know that so small a thing as a lipstick must be cleverly chosen to blend with one's coloring and one's costume. That is why they favor Lipstick Tussy, for it may be had in eight distinct shades, a different shade for every type of frock, for every occasion and every mood. Lipstick Tussy smooths on softly, understandingly, with fragile fragrance, and lends a lasting loveliness of perfect color to the lips. It travels all the way from France in its bright little galalithe case, a case so smart you will gladly give it a place in your handbag.*

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu as the leading maker of cosmetics throughout Europe. They are all made and packaged in France. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet: "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu"? Just write to Lesquendieu, Incorporated, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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COSMETIQUES
LESQUENDIEU

Hand in Glove with Society!

Long gloves (like the ALEXANDRE glove pictured) were, of course, an unanimous vogue at the Opera Opening . . . But we noticed, too, that the Younger Dancing Crowd, who have such a casual disregard for heavy harmony, are promoting this opera fashion in a big way

"Let's meet at three under the Clock" . . . An hour later, the Biltmore clock looked down upon one of the smartest outfits a debutante ever went teaing in . . . With Lelong's suit, "Blackbird" she wore the ALEXANDRE glove whose wrist motif "L.L." signifies creation by Lelong.

When, if ever, is there a better time to observe glove-preferences than at a game like the Harvard-Army. Taking a census of fluttering feminine fingers we noted the smartest girls wearing plain suede slip-ons identical with the ALEXANDRE glove sketched . . .

You'll rarely hear clothes-chat at the Arts Club in Chicago. But you *will* see striking instances of clothes-chic . . . Recently one patron lunched in a green Lelong dress worn with interesting accessories that included this black Lelong-designed ALEXANDRE glove.

Many of the young matrons interested in the success of St. Luke's Hospital Fashion Show, Chicago, could easily have substituted for the mannequins . . . One young-married made a smart appearance in Lelong's jaunty frock "Cadette" and ALEXANDRE gloves which Lelong had designed in mousquetaire manner.

All the ALEXANDRE gloves sketched on this page, including the three designed by Lucien Lelong, are to be found in the smarter stores and shops. Marshall Field & Co., Wholesale, Chicago, and New York, are sole distributers in this country of ALEXANDRE gloves, "made in the heart of Paris."

MR. WALCOT GOES HOME

(*Continued from page 132*)

dream. It threw him a challenge to which he responded by determining firmly to behave like a sensible business man.

YET, even so, he knew that his reason was being undermined—that traitor influences were already at work. The evening light had begun to play tricks with the landscape. In the Cotswolds he had found a colourful imitation, in excellent taste, of eastern Pennsylvania. This country, on the other hand, was unlike anything he had known—unlike, and yet, somehow, most piercingly familiar! How could it possibly be familiar? It wasn't, quite definitely, for instance, the landscape of his dream. What was the quality in it that made his spine tingle, caught his breath, made his heart beat faster, and set his brain swimming in an unreal light-headedness? Hunger perhaps. He pulled up at a wayside inn and ordered bread and cheese and a pint of beer.

But even when he had eaten, he couldn't escape from himself. He had done nothing, in fact, but waste time and light. At this rate, if he were not careful, he wouldn't reach Ludlow before dark. It didn't occur to him to make allowances for the long English twilight.

That twilight, as a matter of fact, gave a curious effect of suspended life. It cast upon everything (or was that, perhaps, the beer?) an eery, a magical bloom. Every mile that he went—and now he was hurrying—he felt surer and surer that he was on the verge of some shattering experience. Yet, even so, the actual experience burst upon him unprepared.

At a sudden turn of the t[illegible]ng road, where the enveloping frin[illegible] of woods made a dusk, he was shot out suddenly into the remains of daylight. The whole world opened up before him in wide, blue spaces. And there, at his f[illegible]t, he saw what he had seen before. A [illegible]ndscape of rolling hills, with great fleeces of woodland; behind them the trough of a valley, a river that shone through weaving mists; and beyond the river, on a steep scarp, a red-roofed town, from which rose a church-tower of warm stone. The air that he breathed was the thin, clear air of evening. A cool wind moved the mist from the river, the smoke from the red-roofed township. *Ludlow . . .* He rammed on his brakes so violently that he almost skidded. He stood up in the car and stared. "My God," he said. "My God!"

From that moment Mr. Walcot acted not like his known self but like a man inspired or fey. He jumped out of the car, strutted up and down the roadway eagerly, excitedly, drinking in this miraculous vision, this astounding moment in which dream and consciousness were one. Was he still conscious, or was he, verily, dreaming? He didn't know. He didn't care. All that he knew was that he held in his hand the dream, the captured butterfly that had once escaped him. This time it shouldn't elude him, even in the dark! He, Ludlow Walcot, was going to add Walcot to Ludlow—to complete his dream, if he died in the attempt!

Even if the blessed light failed he must go through with it now. He was hot on the trail like a hunter; nothing should stop him. And what, after all, did light matter? He knew his way. Every inch of it—every bush, every stone! He could follow it as easily as the way from Park Avenue to his office. Park Avenue, his office—had they ever really existed?

HE JUMPED into the car again and restarted. A sinister jolting informed him that a tire was punctured. Swearing with unaccustomed fluency he jumped out and began to change the rim. The key was missing. He had to move the nuts with a shifting spanner. He wouldn't half give that polite young man hell when he got back! By the time he had finished his job it was almost dark. That, as he had already decided, didn't matter. Nothing at all mattered now except getting to Walcot. He switched on his headlights gaily, but no light came. The batteries must be spent or the connections broken. Frustrated, yet more determined than ever, he crept on through the dark.

Every yard that he went brought its new thrill of recognition. Those shadowy briars, those vines of honeysuckle, how well he knew them! Outside himself, he heard himself chuckling like a madman. What did it matter? It was coming; the moment was coming!

It came, as a matter of fact, far sooner than he had expected, at the bottom of the next valley. The blackness of the lane was suddenly pierced by the headlights of an automobile. Another car was coming towards him, whirling madly downhill. It filled all the narrow lane with its light and the roar of its engine. Some madman was driving! Mr. Walcot shouted to warn him—shouted at the top of his voice and realized, in the same moment, that he himself was on the wrong side of the road. Too late, for the end of his shout was drowned in a crash and the sound of splintered glass. He heard just that. And then nothing.

MR. WALCOT was conscious of a familiar, sharp, sweet smell. For a long while it puzzled him. Of course, he decided at last, it was the smell of the clinic in Fifty-fourth Street. He had been dreaming about Ludlow, about the road to Walcot, a motor accident. He had dreamed the same thing before. But this second dream, he thought, is much fuller, more complicated. There's London, he thought, and those hills—the What's-his-names—and a punctured tire. They must surely have given him another squirt of that dope without his knowing it. All I have to do, he thought, to straighten this out is to open my eyes. Then I shall see the good old brownstone houses on the north side of the street. But he couldn't open his eyes; that was the mean part of it. It hurt him even to think of opening them.

When he did open them, finally, he decided that he must still be dreaming. The room was low-ceilinged, with great oak beams across it; the window, which ought to have been on the right, was on his left. It was a little casement window with small panes; and through it he saw, not brownstone houses, but a green hillside, trees swaying in a breeze, and black cows trailing slowly towards him. When a man sees black cows feeding in West Fifty-fourth Street there's something wrong with his brain. The problem was too complicated for Mr. Walcot to grapple with. He resigned himself—with reservations.

A LITTLE later he became aware of voices, a man's and a woman's, both speaking with an affected English accent. The man was giving medical instructions and must be a doctor; but when Mr. Walcot opened his eyes, without pain this time, he saw that his visitor couldn't be a doctor after all. He was dressed, not in a white overall, as a doctor should be, but in riding-kit; and the woman with whom he was speaking, a tall, dark, quiet-faced woman in the late twenties, was also, to judge by her clothing, not a nurse.

"He's been quiet as a lamb all day," she was telling the other visitor. "But so far, he's shown no sign of consciousness. He surely can't go on like this much longer?"

The other shook his head. "I don't think the skull's fractured," he said. "Merely serious concussion. In any case the poor chap is lucky to have escaped with his life. I had a look at the car this morning. It's simply scrap-iron. You can see for yourself he was dead on the wrong side. By this evening I expect the police will have found out all about him."

"Dead on the wrong side? The police?" Mr. Walcot thought. A cold fear seized him. Was he, the most law-abiding man imaginable, wanted by the police?

"You've discovered his name, of course?" the doctor was asking.

"Yes, that's the most ridiculous part of it," the woman answered. "It appears to be Ludlow Walcot." She laughed softly.

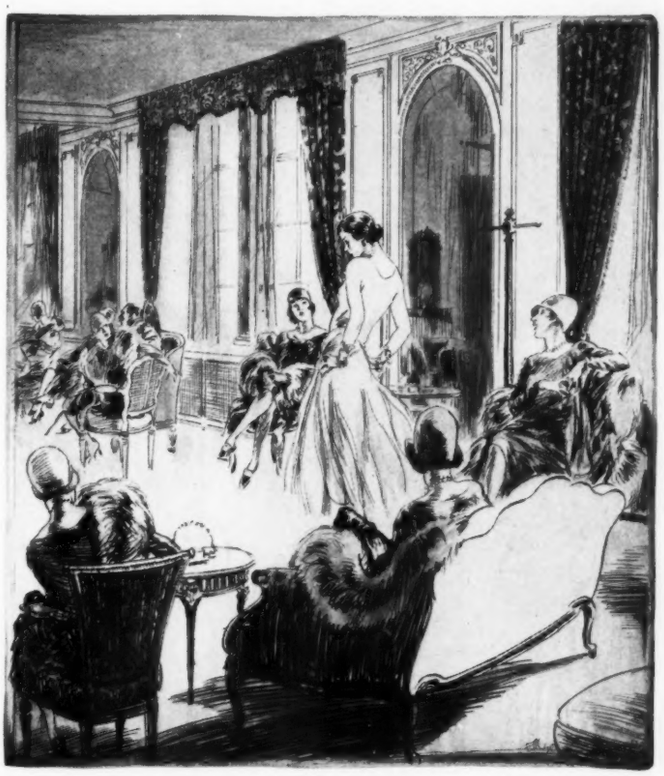
"Ludlow Walcot? The whole thing's fantastic. That sounds like a joke."

"Oh, *does* it?" thought Mr. Walcot.

(*Continued on page 136*)

DOBBS

In the Congenial Surroundings of the Dobbs Salons



You will find the smart woman of today assembling her wardrobe....choosing from a complete selection of authoritative Winter fashions typifying this season's new lines .... the moulded silhouette .... the return of the waistline .... the lengthened hemline .... a femininity and luxury best expressed in the rich materials and expert workmanship for which Dobbs is noted.

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CLOTH FROCK

IS INDISPENSABLE TO THE SMART WARDROBE

Bruck-Weiss interprets the cloth frock in various manners of youthful sophistication. Some of these individual fashion interpretations have luxurious fur accents.

Bruck-Weiss
20-22 West 57th Street
NEW YORK

MR. WALCOT GOES HOME

(*Continued from page 135*)

"You'd find it a joke, no doubt, to be smashed up like this and then wanted by the police!"

"But what I can't explain," the woman's pleasant voice went on softly, "is how the poor creature ever managed to get on to our road at all. It doesn't lead anywhere, you see, except to this house. What was he doing here? That's what puzzles me."

"If you're half as puzzled as I am, sweetie," thought Mr. Walcot, "I'll hand you a hundred dollars right now."

"It's quite obvious, of course, that he's an American?"

"Oh, yes. You've only to look at his clothes to see that."

"The devil you have!" thought Mr. Walcot indignantly. "That suit cost a hundred and twenty of the best."

"And the papers in his pocket," she went on. "We imagine he must have been travelling in some patent medicine. Walcot's World-famed Antacid. Now that's where you ought to be able to help me, doctor."

"Never heard of the stuff in my life," the other answered grimly. "Of course the whole world is flooded with rubbish of that sort."

THESE words, and the contemptuous tone in which they were uttered, shattered the last fragments of Mr. Walcot's complacency. To criticize his clothes, to call him a joke was bad enough. To have his Antacid described as rubbish was more than he could stand for. Pain or no pain, he opened his eyes and his mouth together.

"See here, do you call yourself a doctor?" he spluttered furiously.

Their surprise was so great that the woman gave a jump and uttered a little "Oh!" The doctor, on the other hand, appeared unmoved. He approached Mr. Walcot with a smile.

"So you've come round at last," he said. "Good morning. How are you?"

"D'you mean to tell me," Mr. Walcot proceeded angrily, "that you, a doctor, have never heard of Walcot's Antacid?"

The doctor shook his head gently. "I'm afraid I haven't. I imagine you happen to be connected with it in some way?"

"I own it," said Mr. Walcot, with simple grandeur.

"Well, now that you've wakened," said the doctor calmly, "if I were you I should try to go to sleep again."

His outburst had exhausted him so much that Mr. Walcot submitted.

All through that day he slept quietly. On the next, apart from a general feeling of shakiness and the tension of the twelve catgut sutures that decorated his scalp, he was almost himself again. The sporting doctor, who rode over the hills to see him every morning, insisted, however, on his staying in bed for a few more days.

"Your whole body and mind have had an almighty shaking-up, you know," he said; "and in fairness to Miss Mary, who's nursed you like an angel through the bad time when we didn't know if you'd ever come round, that's the least you can do."

And once more Mr. Walcot submitted; partly because, in spite of his woeful ignorance of modern medicaments, the doctor had proved himself to be an extremely good sort; partly, again, because he had never in his life been happier or more comfortable than in that place and at that moment; and principally, it must be confessed, because, as soon as he ceased to be an invalid, he could no longer honestly consent to be looked after by the girl whom the doctor and he himself now called Miss Mary.

The prospect of returning, as he surely must return, to his bleak hotel in London filled him with terror. The peace of that remote farmhouse, that little room which now smelt of jasmine and lavender rather than of antiseptics; the view through the open casement, where a dimity curtain fluttered in the lightest and warmest of breezes; that vista of green hillside, with black cattle grazing, filled him with a slow peace that passed all understanding. The very sounds of the place were soft and reassuring: the chorus of birds at dawn, aerial notes of lazy cuckoos, fluting of thrush, whistles of blackbird, the whir of the cream separator, the rumble of a churn, the solemn "*chunk-chunk*" of the farmyard pump, the soft trampling and lowing of cows, coming home like clockwork to be milked—all these were leisurely and stable and, somehow, homelike. Yes, that was the word. He felt he had just come home. His Park Avenue apartment, in spite of the excellent service, had never deserved the consecration of that word.

PERHAPS, Mr. Walcot thought, the real reason was because there was no woman in it. No woman, that is, with whom you could sit and talk, as you could with Miss Mary, without an eye on the tyranny of time. At first Mr. Walcot had found himself excessively shy. He wasn't accustomed to women; he'd never had time for them. In his office his relations with the numerous visions of silk stockings and lip-stick which buzzed about him had always been limited by the conviction that, in business, that sort of thing wouldn't do. He had never been intimate with any woman except his mother, and that was so long ago! His attitude towards them had always been one of distrust and severity.

But, for numerous reasons he couldn't be severe with Miss Mary. To begin with, he was almost wholly dependent on her, not only for the delicious country food which she brought him, but also for all his contacts with the outer world. And then, again, she was unlike all other women. She was so natural: no hint of paint or powder, no sidelong alluring glances, no female coquetry. Her eyes—they were blue like his mother's—were as open and honest as day. She was graceful; the movements of her slim body enchanted him. She had beautiful hands. Not only gentle and capable but beautiful, unlike those rouged and enamelled talons that he knew and detested. Moreover, in spite of the fact that they were never idle, they were soft. Mr. Walcot had noticed that. He was finding occasion to notice a lot of things.

At first, when he was so weak, she had treated him with a certain maternal authority, tempering her kindness with an adorable severity, forbidding him to tire himself with talking. But later, when everybody but the doctor would have admitted that he was himself again, she consented to sit for long hours—how short they seemed!—and talk with him.

It was Mr. Walcot, as a matter of fact, who did most of the talking; for Miss Mary, among her other accomplishments, was an admirable listener. He talked to her, of course, about his business: its small beginnings, his bold advertising campaigns, all about the Ladder that Leads to Success, and Imagination being the Big Word in business. Sometimes he caught her smiling at his Americanisms. It was worth while to see her smile in any case.

"Tell me," he said, "do I strike you as noticeably American? My speech I mean?"

"Sometimes," she told him. "At others you'd never guess it."

A month ago he wouldn't have taken that as a compliment. Now, strange to say, he very nearly did.

LITTLE by little they proceeded to further intimacies. It was a novel luxury to Mr. Walcot to lay bare the bottom, or very nearly the bottom, of his heart. He talked a great deal about his mother. Then Mary's eyes softened. Finally, with a strange thrill, he told her of the dream that had brought him to England, of his pilgrimage to Ludlow—all the events of that amazing evening which had brought him to her door.

"And the deuce of it is," he concluded, "mind you, I'm not sorry for it, Miss Mary—the deuce of it is that I never got to Walcot after all!"

"But you *did* get to Walcot," she cried, with her eyes ablaze. "You *did* get to Walcot. Don't you realize?"

(*Continued on page 137*)

MR. WALCOT GOES HOME

(*Continued from page 136*)

"Whatever do you mean?"

"Why, *this* is Walcot," she said. "My name is Walcot. We must be distant cousins."

He prayed to goodness that the cousinship might be reasonably remote. He remembered, painfully, that a man may not marry his grandmother . . .

AT THE end of a week, when he first tottered downstairs, he had full opportunity of judging what Walcot was like. No wonder the young man in the tourist agency had been unable to find it. Walcot was the name not of a village or hamlet, but of this isolated farmhouse. A beautiful house, he decided. Grey stone, set in a garden tangled out of sheer luxuriance. The rooms were low and raftered with tremendous oak. Above the porch, carved in freestone, he read two initials and a date—L. W. 1670. He read them and stared at them meditatively.

"Well, anyway, those won't need to be altered," he reflected.

Of course there were many other things that would have to be altered. Old-world charm was all very well, but what about comfort? To begin with, a modern man could not live without electricity. A little gasoline plant in the barn over there, with, perhaps, a subsidiary windmill on a steel tripod. With power they could do their separating and churning and wood-sawing. They could even cook with it. Then a telephone. How could anyone possibly live without telephones? And central heating. Those chimneys were like the ventilating shafts of a liner. The garden, as well, would have to be cleaned up properly. He remembered a garden that had taken his fancy last year on Long Island. Long, vine-wreathed pergolas; smooth lawns, dotted with statues and big earthenware vases from Italy. Of course it would take a bit of money. Money? He'd pots of it!

Of course it would be foolish to spend money on other people's property. He broached the matter warily to Mary one evening. He was so carried away by his programme of improvements that he didn't even notice the mixture of despair and amusement that it produced on her face.

"Now, naturally, this is all in the air, Cousin Mary," he said. "But somehow I've a hunch that I'd like to buy Walcot and put it in order."

She shook her head solemnly: "I'm afraid it isn't for sale."

"Oh, rats, Mary. Money does everything. If once I get hold of the owner's lawyers, I'll bet you I get it."

"Why not talk to the owner herself?" she asked with a smile.

"Sure, let's have her address."

"I'm the owner, Cousin Ludlow," she said. "But I'm not selling Walcot."

THE place had been left her three years before by an elderly cousin, by a cousin, she explained, considerably less distant than himself. Up to that time, she told him, she had been in business—which explained, incidentally, her sympathy and understanding for his. "I have saved a little money," she said, "just enough, with great ease, to set myself up as a farmer. I suppose there was something in my blood that attracted me to Walcot, just the same sort of thing that fetched you across the Atlantic. When first I came to look at it, I felt as if a dream had come true. And nothing in the world," she said, "is going to force me to spoil my dream."

Well, dreams were all very well, in moderation. "But just think of the discomfort," he said, "when winter comes round. Why don't you be sensible, Mary, and let me put it in order for you? That idea of buying—well, it was just an idea. But I owe you a lot, you know; and a trifle—say ten thousand dollars—would revolutionize everything."

She shook her head. "I don't want revolution," she said. "I'm perfectly content."

It was at this moment that Mr. Walcot had his inspiration. He realized, suddenly, that it was the moment for which he had been waiting. With a feeling of desperate elation he spoke again:

"Well, if you won't have my help as a friend, there's another way. You know that I love you, of course. Will you marry me, Mary?"

She looked him full in the face with her honest eyes. They were firm yet kind.

"Not if you're going to spoil Walcot, Cousin Ludlow," she said.

Mr. Walcot heaved a sigh of relief. Even if it were qualified, her answer didn't spell absolute rejection. At that moment he was so pitiably in love that he would have been prepared to throw comfort to the winds and shiver through all the remaining winters of his life for the sake of Mary's company. Fortunately, at that instant, a message arrived that snatched her away from him to attend to some detail of farm business. Fortunately, also, that very night, the wolfish English summer discarded its lambskins. The peerless weather broke in torrents of icy rain. Hour after hour, as Mr. Walcot lay sleepless, wind howled down the enormous chimneys, and water, blown under the slates, dripped dismally on his nose.

That night Ludlow Walcot did more thinking than he had done for years. Of two things he was certain. The first, that he was too old, too fixed in his habits, too cowardly to live through the winter at Walcot. The second that he was incapable of living through any winter anywhere without Mary. If an irresistible force meets an immovable obstacle? The result, on a spiritual plane, resembled his motor smash. It was a humble, a shattered Mr. Walcot, who met her at breakfast next morning. She was sorry for him quite obviously; but also quite immovable.

"I wonder," he suggested mildly, "if you'd have any objection to having the roof mended?"

"No, you poor dear, did it leak? I'm dreadfully sorry. I'll send into Ludlow today and get a man to repair it."

That morning the doctor arrived, soaked but cheerful. "Fine growing weather!" he said. "This nice drop of rain will save our barley, Mr. Walcot." His visit, he said, was purely a matter of form. Anyone could see that Mr. Walcot was now fit to travel. He suggested the railway in preference to a motor-car this time. A joke in bad taste.

"What about your bill, sir?" Mr. Walcot asked him shortly.

"Oh, that'll be all right. Just give me your London address."

London! Once more the vision of that hostile hotel rose before him. The nice drop of rain continued to save the barley and nourish the growth of Mr. Walcot's misery for the next twelve hours. When the doctor spoke gaily of London, he had stolen a glance at Mary, hoping to find in her face some shadow of regret. In vain; her eyes were pitiless, and lovelier than ever.

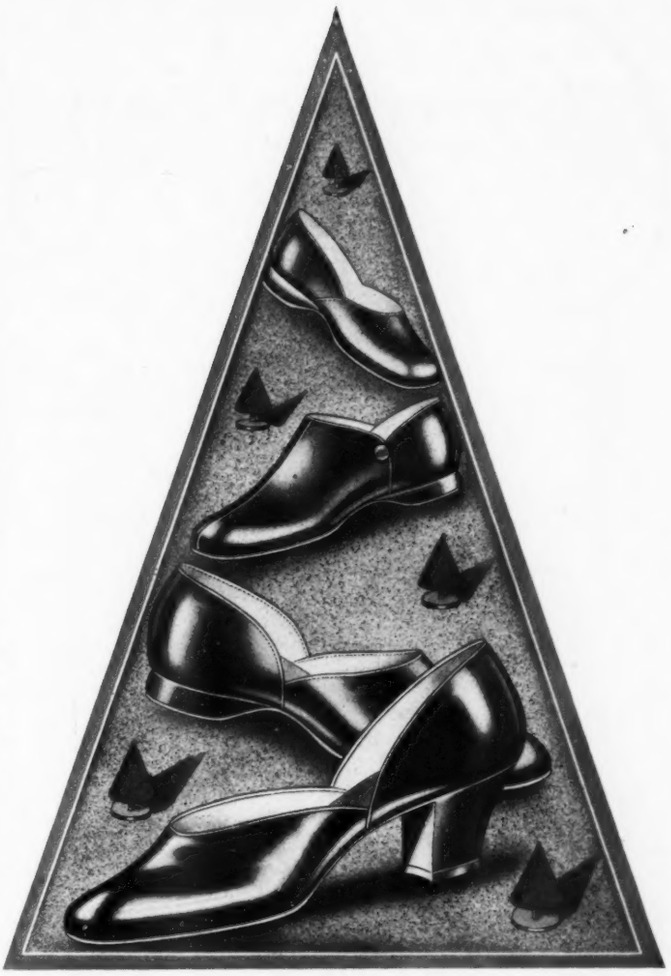
Next day the rain continued just as persistently. He wandered about the dark house, cold, bored to distraction. He watched Mary's cheerful activities—the rain didn't worry her—with puzzled helplessness. There wasn't even a book in the house that he could settle to read, though whether that was the fault of the books or of Mary he couldn't decide. That idle day added a third horn to his dilemma. In addition to the fact that he couldn't live at Walcot with Mary, or anywhere without her, he discovered another: that, with Mary or without her, he couldn't forsake his business. The second biggest thing in his life was the World-famed Antacid.

On the surface one might have thought that this third complication would have made his problem more hopeless than ever. On the contrary. It offered him a miraculous, a triumphant solution. But then, Mr. Walcot's strong suit was Imagination. That evening, when the wind blew the smoke of the chimney in their faces and rain spat in the open fire, he expounded his plan methodically.

"See here, Cousin Mary," he said, "I've been thinking a lot."

"So that's how you look when you're thinking?" she teased him gently.

(*Concluded on page 138*)



There is a wealth of warmth and feeling expressed in a Christmas gift of slippers. Doubly so if they bear the Maid-Rite label. The richly finished leathers, perfect styling and in-built comfort of Maid-Rite slippers make them a welcome gift indeed. The newest Maid-Rite models for every member of the family are sold at smart shops everywhere.

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PARIS DECIDES

(*Concluded from page 129*)

and the pale tones will not leave the evening mode, even though reports from Biarritz tell of thirty-five per cent. of black gowns in the evening; and one well-known American, that I know of, sailed the other day with seven new black evening dresses.

Some of the photographs and drawings in this number strikingly illustrate the variety and novelty of evening materials, which is one of the glories of the new fashions. The revival of lamé for gowns, following its revival for evening wraps, and carrying out the craze for matching evening ensembles, is shown in the photograph of a black and gold costume from Patou, in Baron de Meyer's section. The new heavy broché lunasol, with its tiny gold or silver dot, is illustrated in this photograph from Irène Dana's collection. The new manner of flatly embroidering tulle, so that it looks at a little distance like a printed material, is well illustrated by Luza in the models from Premet and Drecoll-Beer. It remains to mention the new "mosquito net" tulle, indestructible almost, and capable of keeping its crispness in any climate, which finds a place in so many of the collections. It was illustrated in the last issue in the model worn by Madame Lucien Lelong, photographed by Baron de Meyer.

To sum up our impressions of the new mode, now that we begin to see it worn, I may say that the couturiers have shown their usual acumen in choosing the psychological moment for a change. This change has been coming on gradually; rereading the back numbers of Harper's Bazaar is enough to convince any one of that. Things don't happen over night any more, and a small body of creators no longer tries to impose radical differences, all of a sudden, just for the pleasure of proving that they can do it. A new idea is in the air; it begins to spread; it is discussed, tried out by creative minds in the couture and by adventurous clients; finally it becomes an established mode; and almost immediately it is modified, elaborated, or simplified, into something still different. It is this "something different" which interests those whose mental, and even physical, eye is glued to the mode, so to speak. The new development will be revealed in the mid-season collections. Will they be reactionary? Will they advance still further? In the latter case, may we look forward to a still further lift in the waistline, and a Directoire or Empire revival? It will be fascinating to find out.

MR. WALCOT GOES HOME

(*Concluded from page 137*)

"First of all, I want you to know that I've come round to your way of thinking about Walcot."

"Oh?" she smiled softly. Her eyes were amused, but triumphant.

"Why, I'd certainly give up anything to get you, Mary. You know that already. But there's one thing more—a thing that an intelligent woman like you, who's been in business, will perfectly understand. I have interests at home that run into millions of dollars. You wouldn't expect me to abandon those right off, now would you, Mary?"

"Of course, that wouldn't be reasonable," she agreed.

"Then listen to what I propose. If you'll marry me now—and if you won't, I wish that darned motor had finished me off—if you'll marry me now, we'll go right off to New York."

"But Walcot . . .?" she said.

"Oh, bless Walcot. I'm coming to that! Why shouldn't you give me time to settle up all this business; spend the winter, for a couple of years say, in New York, and hop over each summer to see how the old place is looking. We'll leave it exactly as you want. I promise you that."

"That's sweet of you, Ludlow."

"In reason of course; you wouldn't object to one small bathroom, would you?" he asked her humbly.

She laughed. His humility was really too pathetic. She took his hand.

"If you say it like that, my poor dear, I couldn't refuse you anything."

"Then you will? Gosh! Let's fix it up now. Can I telephone to London?"

She laughed. "You forget this is Walcot. If you don't mind the rain, we could drive into Ludlow and send a telegram."

"Mind the rain? Why, with you, I'd go if we had to swim for it."

Three hours later, the clerk in the tourist agency opened a curious telegram.

SECURE DOUBLE SUITE ACARNANIA EXPENSE IMMATERIAL WIRE CONFIRMATION IMMEDIATELY LUDLOW WALCOT ADDRESS WALCOT LUDLOW.

NEXT summer, unfortunately, the pressure of his expanding business made it impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow Walcot to visit Europe. Quite apart from the pressure of business they would have felt it unwise to leave the summer residence which they had begun to build on Long Island. It is a fascinating little place, the exact replica (according to the architect) of an old English farmhouse. It has sixteen bedrooms, twelve bathrooms, a squash-racquet court, a picture gallery, a Pompeian swimming-pool, and Dutch and Italian gardens. The name of the house, as carved on the Indiana limestone Palladian gateway, is simply "Walcot."

"A sentimental fancy of my wife's," says the Imaginative Realist.

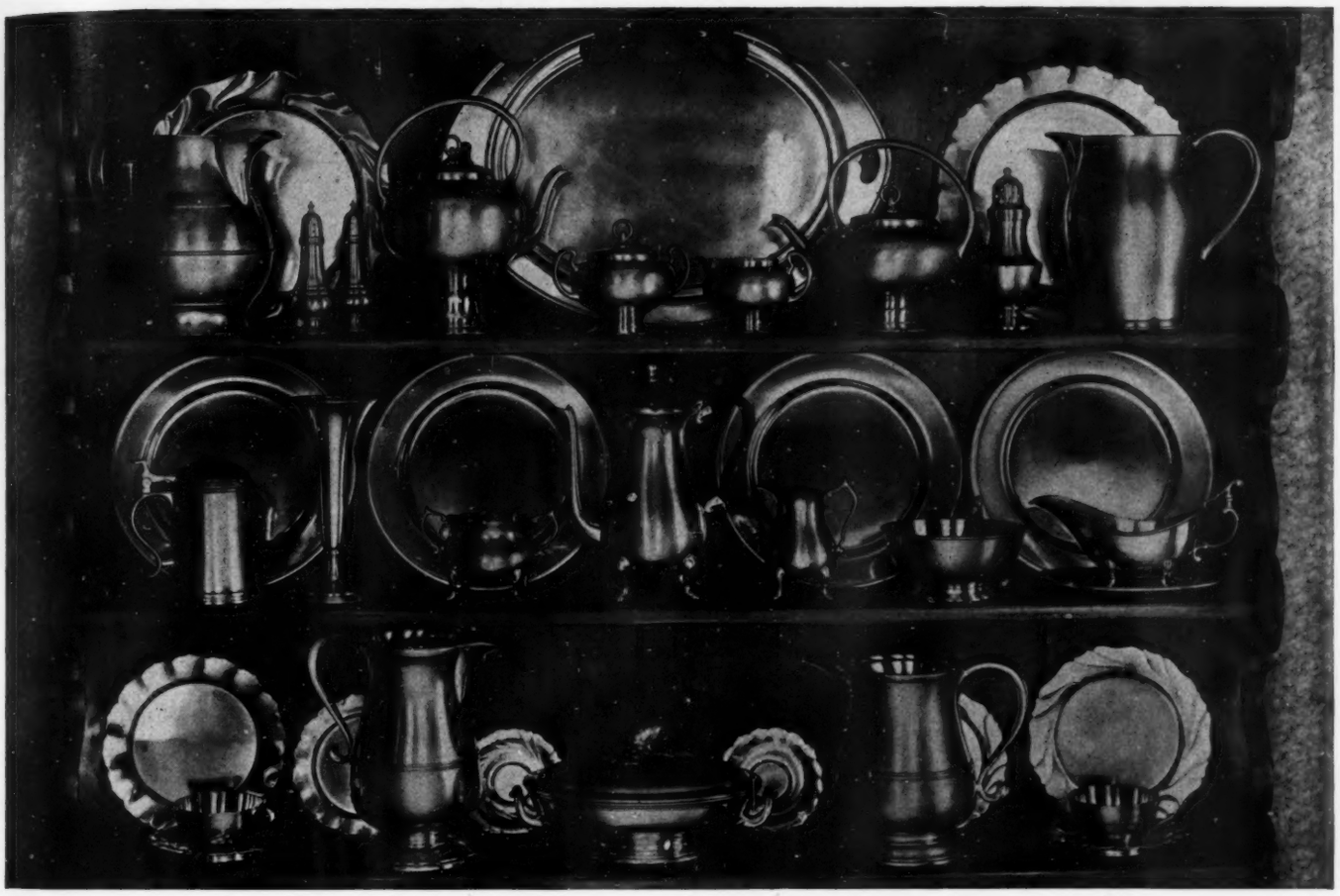
COMING NEXT MONTH

HARPER'S BAZAAR for December, from the Christmas cover, by Erté, through the Christmas gift suggestions and mid-winter fashions will be stimulating and helpful. The Paris Fashions will feature furs, evening clothes, winter sports costumes and sports clothes for travel and for the country week-end, illustrated by Baron de Meyer, Reynaldo Luza, and other Paris artists. Kathleen Howard's review of the interesting and inevitable fluctuations of fashion, as seen in the New York shops, will include clothes for winter sports, negligées, accessories, Christmas gifts, and two rich colour pages of evening gowns and wraps.

A page of snapshots will show fashionable life at Villa D' Este, the smartest place in Europe at the moment.

Richard Le Gallienne, familiar to HARPER'S BAZAAR *readers, Isa Glenn, Amory Hare, and Alec Waugh will contribute fiction, and there will be entertaining articles by Berta Ruck and Leonora Wodehouse.*

PEWTER PATTERNS new and old are blended here in a harmonious composition. You'll find these pieces in good shops everywhere



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The story of pewter is a long and glamorous one. You'll find it told in a free booklet called "Pewter Through the Centuries." Write for it—Booklet P-47. PEWTER DEPT. E, International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

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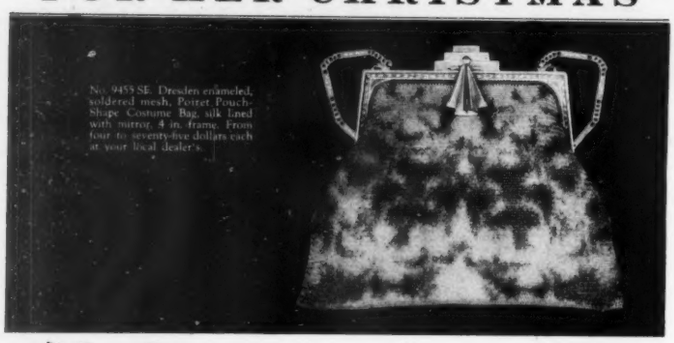
No. 9455 SE. Dresden enameled, soldered mesh, Poiret Pouch-Shape Costume Bag, silk lined with mirror, 4 in. frame. From four to seventy-five dollars each at your local dealer's.

ONCE PAUL POIRET was asked what gift in the realm of Fashion was most sure to please a woman. "Well," he parried, "no interesting woman ever has too many Costume Bags." This Christmas it is Paul Poiret, himself, whose personal designs have inspired the new Whiting & Davis Costume Bags and created the new Paul Poiret pouch-shape now on display in smart stores from coast to coast.

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Star in The New Moon

WHITING & DAVIS COSTUME BAGS

Mme. Elisabeth Ohms, the well-known dramatic soprano from Munich, who has been engaged to sing at the Metropolitan Opera this winter.

THE COMING SEASON AT THE METROPOLITAN

By PITTS SANBORN

IF WE compare the Metropolitan's novelty-and-revival list of last season with the novelty-and-revival list which it promises for the coming season, we shall discover a deeply calculated method in each design. A season ago the astute gentleman who presides over Metropolitan destinies boldly and unmistakably put himself on record as the champion of the new. He promised his patrons that latest word in operatic scandal, if we may say so, the "Jonny spielt auf" of Ernst Krenek; likewise, that farthest-reaching of the chief Italian modernists of our own day, the new "Fra Gherardo" by Ildebrando Pizzetti; further, another opera by a leading Italian contemporary, Ottorino Respighi's "Campana Sommersa," and, as a tribute to the dean of living opera composers, the recently produced "Egyptian Helen" of Richard Strauss.

Beholding such a list, no insistent courser of the "actual" could reproach Mr. Gatti-Casazza with neglecting the music of our own day. On the contrary, the eminent impresario was evidently out to feed his people their fill of it. And what came of it all? Jonny has drawn his last bow for us, Fra Gherardo seldom will darken our threshold again, Helen remains immortal, but her alleged adventure in North Africa is already on its way to the limbo of forgotten things. "La Campana Sommersa" is to toll on into the coming season; that, however, is less because of any intrinsic power than for the sake of Mme. Rethberg and Mr. Martinelli in the chief rôles.

HAVING thus sacrificed in ample and lordly fashion to the gods of modernity, the sagacious Mr. Gatti has tried another tack for the season impending. The blessed islands towards which he proposes now to steer the Metropolitan bark are discoveries of an older day. The single novelty promised is the "Sadko" of Rimsky-Korsakoff, dating from 1897. The six revivals and the years of their charting are as follows: "Don Giovanni" by Mozart, 1787; "Fidelio" by Beethoven, 1805; "L'Elisir d'Amore" by Donizetti, 1832; "Luisa Miller" by Verdi, 1849; "Louise" by Charpentier, 1900; and "The Girl of the Golden West" by Puccini, 1910. In point of time "Sadko" stands between the two other operas of Rimsky-Korsakoff which the Metropolitan has staged: "The Snow Maiden" (1881) and "Le Coq d'Or" (1907). The only surprising thing about the choice is that it has been postponed so long. The charming "Song of India," so popular in our concert rooms, prepared the way for "Sadko" long ago, and a foretaste of the other lovely tunes the score provides was afforded a few seasons back by the Schola Cantorum's presentation of an entire act in concert form.

THE story of the opera is taken from the inexhaustible treasury of Russian folk lore. Sadko himself (to be sung here by Edward Johnson) is a wandering guslee player of Novgorod who wins as his bride the daughter of the sea king Morskoi and dwells in a splendid palace of white stone. A spectacular feature is the scene in the under-sea abode of Morskoi, with its illimitable possibilities of submarine effects. This, by the way, is not to be confused with the "Sadko" presented here some years ago by the Diaghileff Ballets Russes. Thirty years before composing the operatic "Sadko" Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote a tone poem on the same subject. It was to the strains of that marine and submarine orgy that the Diaghileff dancers disported themselves. Mr. Gatti has allotted the direction of this prominent novelty by the seductive Russian melodist to Tullio Serafin.

Turning to the revivals, the youngest of which is all but nineteen years old, we find again an antidote of pure melody ad-

(Concluded on page 142)

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▼

Les Fleurs d'Ybry
(The Flowers of Ybry)

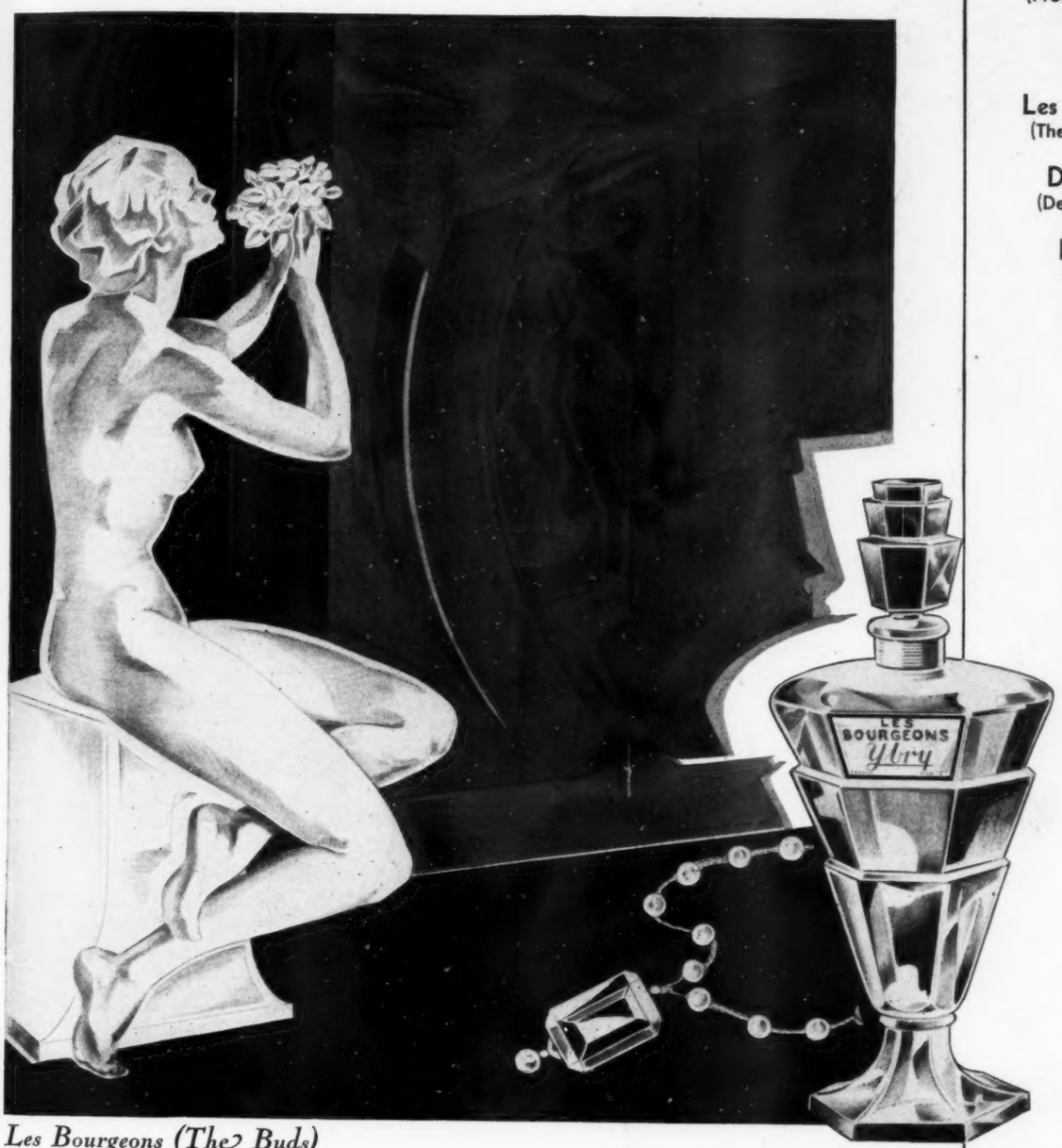
Desir du Coeur
(Desire of the Heart)

Femme de Paris
(Woman of Paris)

Les Bourgeons
(The Buds)

Mon Ame
(My Soul)

Devinez
(Guess)



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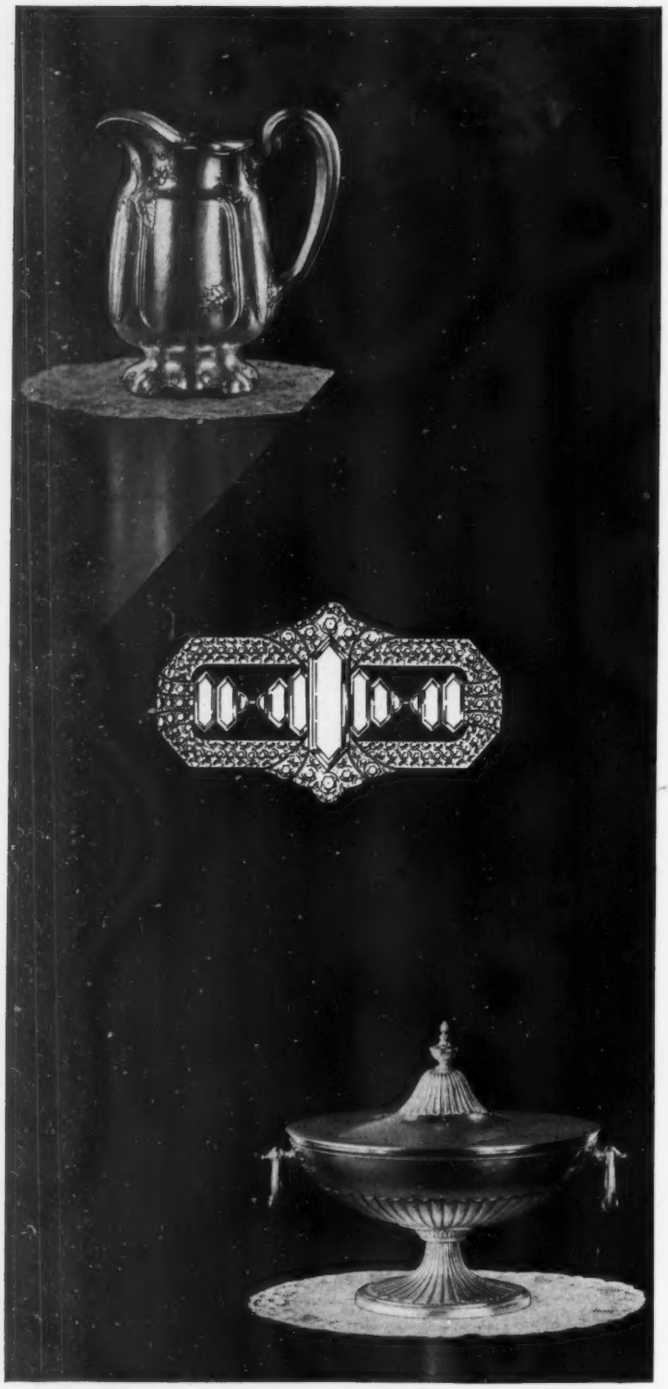

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THE COMING SEASON AT THE METROPOLITAN

(*Concluded from page 140*)

ministered after the would-be jazz of "Jonny spielt auf" and the highbrow aridity of the greatly intending and devastatingly boresome "Fra Gherardo." For, from "Don Giovanni" to "The Girl of the Golden West," not one of these operas but offers, whatever its other qualities may be, a large measure of old-fashioned tune. It may be tune of superlative quality, as in the case of "Don Giovanni," or tune somewhat frayed and used and debased, as in that of "The Girl of the Golden West." Nevertheless, tune it is, obvious and unashamed, and we shall see whether a public that had no use for the divers modern fashions of a Krenek and a Pizzetti will feast itself with the old-time avidity at the melodious fleshpots so lavishly set before it.

"Don Giovanni"—it is a sobering reflection that a rising generation of operagoers may have to be introduced to that masterpiece of masterpieces, that opera which used to be as daily bread and which the shrewd Max Maretzek once pronounced the best box-office attraction after "Il Trovatore." But it actually is a fact that "Don Giovanni" has not been heard in New York in over twenty-one years. Then it was revived at the Metropolitan under the direction of that vaunted Mozart specialist, Gustav Mahler, and with a cast that included Antonio Scotti as the rakehelly hero; Feodor Chaliapin as the wily servant, Leporello; Emma Eames as Donna Anna, the great lady of Seville whose favour the Don craves; Johanna Gadski as Donna Elvira, the amorous woman whom he has cruelly deserted; Marcella Sembrich as his coquettish peasant flame, Zerlina; Alessandro Bonci as that Don Ottavio of suave lyric airs to whom the proud Donna Anna is affianced; and Robert Blass to embody the avenging Commendatore, slain by the Don while defending his daughter's honour, speaking to the slayer from his stone effigy in the cemetery at night, and stalking a living statue into the Don's last supper party to seize his host with an inexorable handclasp and hurl him to the inferno yawning below. In later performances of this same revival, Rita Fornia appeared as Donna Elvira and Geraldine Farrar as Zerlina, and Mr. Blass was transferred from the austerities of the Commendatore to the very different functions of Leporello.

AND now, after a whole generation has come of age, Metropolitan patrons will revel once more in the melodic wonders of the Don's duettino with Zerlina, "La ci darem la mano"; the "Trio of Masks" and the minuet in the grand fête, at Don Giovanni's house; a quartet and a sextet that is bound to stir the votaries of "Rigoletto" and "Lucia"; and such arias in varying mood and style as Donna Anna's "Or sai chi l'onore," Donna Elvira's "Mi tradi," Zerlina's "Batti, batti" and "Vedrai carino," Don Ottavio's "Dalla sua pace" and "Il mio tesoro," the champagne song and the serenade of Don Giovanni himself, and Leporello's catalogue song, in which he unfolds to Donna Elvira the one thousand and three conquests of his libertine master in horrifying array. This approaching revival will take place under the leadership of Mr. Serafin, and the cast is to include Miss Ponselle as Donna Anna, Mme. Rethberg as Donna Elvira, Mme. Fleischer as Zerlina, Mr. Gigli as Don Ottavio, Mr. Pinza as Don Giovanni, Mr. Ludikar as Leporello, and Mr. Rothier as the Commendatore.

"Fidelio" will return less as a revival than as a resumption, having been absent from the repertory for only one season. It is to be hoped that the misguided recitatives added by Artur Bodanzky for the centenary revival of March 1927, will be omitted when Beethoven's only opera is presented again. It is easy to foresee Mmes. Kappel and Fleischer and Messrs. Laubenthal, Schorr, and Bohnen as the chief singers.

Donizetti's humorous "L'Elisir d'Amore" was a prime Metropolitan favourite in the days of Caruso, who played Nemorino's drunken scene in side-splitting fashion and ravished all ears with an irresistible revelation of voice and art in the famous romanza, "Una furtiva lagrima." It happened to be Nemorino that Caruso was singing in Brooklyn on the night when his mortal illness declared itself. His first Metropolitan successor in the part will be Mr. Gigli, who triumphed in it summer before last at Buenos Aires.

"Luisa Miller," though, strictly speaking, a revival, will be virtually a novelty. It belongs to that one-time Verdian "irredenta" from which Mr. Gatti-Casazza eleven years ago rescued "La Forza del Destino." Only those of us whose memories run far back into dim and distant decades of the last century can remember a performance of "Luisa Miller" in New York. However, it has recently won great favour in Germany, where the post-war Verdian revival is still in full blast. And doubtless it will be appreciated here when produced with Mr. Serafin as musical director and Miss Ponselle to sing Luisa and Mr. Lauri-Volpi to impersonate Rodolfo. The plot of the opera is taken from Schiller's bourgeois tragedy, "Kabale und Liebe," which figured notably in the repertory presented here by Max Reinhardt. Rodolfo, son of Count Walter, refuses to marry the Duchess of Ostheim because he loves Luisa, an old soldier's daughter. Luisa, in order to save her father from imprisonment by the irate Count, writes a letter declaring that she has cared only for Rodolfo's station and riches and is ready to elope with Wurm, the Count's evil steward. It is only when Rodolfo and Luisa have drunk poison together that the dying girl reveals her fatal ruse.

THE new attempt to establish Charpentier's "Louise" in Metropolitan favour will find the charming Lucrezia Bori cast for the rôle of the Parisian "midinette," which Mary Garden "created" for New York and Geraldine Farrar formerly portrayed at the Metropolitan.

As for the resuscitation of "The Girl of the Golden West," we owe that phenomenon to the exuberant Maria Jeritza, whose penchant for the rôle of Minnie has long sufficed to keep the Belasco-Puccini melodrama before the public of her domiciliary Vienna. Here the fair-haired and athletic soprano will have as chief associates Mr. Martinelli in the Caruso rôle of Dick Johnson and Mr. Tibbett in the Amato rôle of Jack Rance.

The company which is to interpret these seven novelties and revivals and the forty odd repertory works which will be given also in the course of a New York season of twenty-four weeks is largely made up of familiar singers. However, certain well-known lyric names are absent from the roster, conspicuously those of Feodor Chaliapin, Titta Ruffo, and Florence Easton.

Of several new singers engaged the best known are Elisabeth Ohms, a dramatic soprano from Munich; Antonin Trantoul, a French tenor; Edward Ransome, an American tenor; and Tancredi Passero, an Italian bass. Mme. Ohms, who is the wife of Leo Pasetti, the famous scene painter of the Munich opera houses, is esteemed especially for her Isolde and her Kundry.

M. Trantoul has had experience not only at the Paris Opéra Comique, but as a singer in the Italian language at La Scala in Milan. Mr. Ransome, under the name of di Renzo, has had operatic experience both in Italy and in New York. Mr. Passero is regarded as one of the foremost bassos of the Italian stage.

It is hardly necessary to point out that Mr. Bodanzky, who came to the Metropolitan fourteen years ago, has resigned from that institution to devote himself exclusively to the concerts of the Society of the Friends of Music, making way for Josef Rosenstock from Wiesbaden as Mr. Gatti-Casazza's German conductor.

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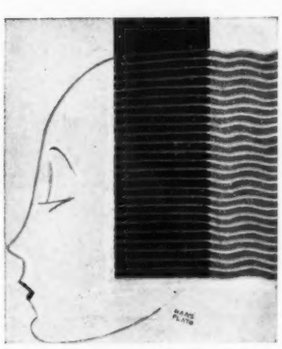

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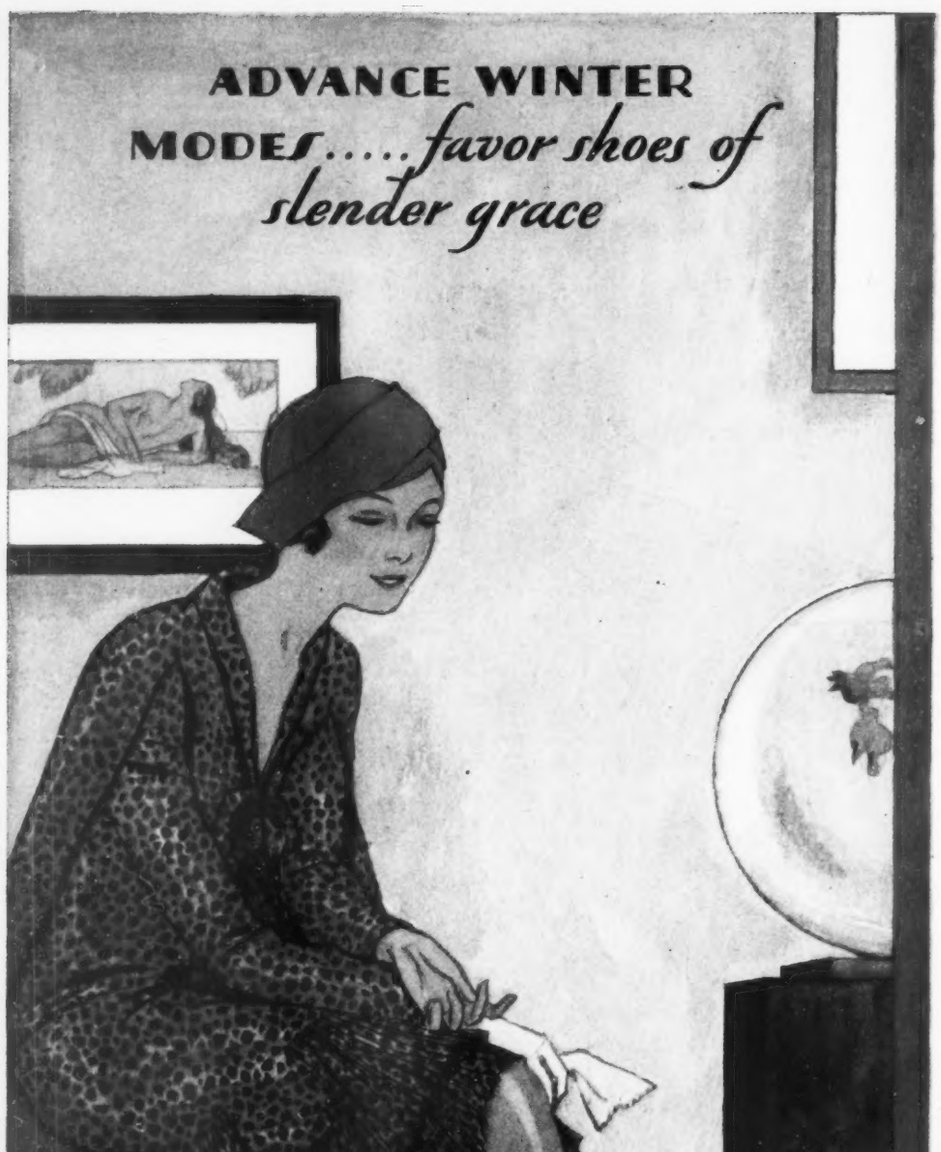

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ARCH CONFORMER

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 75*)

have been necessary. The last thing he wanted to do under the circumstances was to send her to the bottom; and his aim, therefore, was to do her all possible damage short of that. Orders to this effect were impressed on Gunner Ducket, the gunner's mates, and all their men.

Also the Captain realized that *The Solemn League and Covenant* was racing ahead, with more sail than was wise, to get a chance to perfect those fighting preparations which, caught unawares as she had been, she had had no time for. It was not like her saintly Ironsides to shirk a fight, while they could have little hope of out-sailing a more modern craft such as *The Happy Return*. To harrass rather than to destroy her was, therefore, the Captain's plan. In pursuance of this object he satisfied himself with keeping close at her heels for a little while and, through the good markmanship of his musketeers in the maintops, picking off the helmsmen one after the other. Soon he had killed four relays of these. With the death of the fifth, the helm being momentarily left unmanned, her sails lay aback and she ran into the wind.

This gave the Captain the opportunity of running athwart her stern, raking her fore and aft, and thus getting once more to windward of her. He was in a position to pour into her another broadside, sweeping her across decks and bringing down her mainsail. To this she replied by a broadside which disabled the Captain's mizzen-mast, tearing gaps in his bulwarks, killing five of his men, and severely wounding others. Screams and pitiful groanings began, then, to blend with the roaring of the cannon, the sound of the rising wind in the sails, and the inspiriting strains of the music, which continued manfully through all the welter and the wild work on both sides.

DOWN in the cockpit the surgeons were already busy with their saws and tourniquets. Legs and arms were falling into the sawdust, while men with broken jaws and protruding entrails were lying about in helpless agony. Among the surgeon's assistants, the readiest and the calmest was a tall olive-skinned lad, no other than Gaya, whom both Dionysus and the Captain had sternly warned to keep down below, away from the fighting, where her brave spirit had at first urged her to rush in.

The sails and rigging of both ships had by this time been torn and rent. As the Puritans showed no signs of giving in, but were evidently more and more warming to their work, the Captain decided that the safest plan, bloody as it might be, was to board her. To this end he ran athwart her bows and caught her with grappling irons, directing Dionysus with a batch of men, daggers in their teeth and cutlasses in hand, to leap aboard by her jib-boom. As his ship wore around to her side, he himself, waving a huge battle-axe and almost drowning all other noise with the roar of his savage laughter, sprang into the main rigging. In a moment he and a company of choice desperadoes were down on the deck, smashing right and left among the pikes and swords fiercely uplifted to receive them.

Like two tornadoes he and Dionysus with their men swept into a veritable inferno of fighters no less determined and ferocious than themselves. For a while the deck was a jostling mass of men so closely packed as scarcely to allow play for any weapons but daggers and hands at grapple with throats, and murderous fingers gouging out the eyes of their opponents. Men fell to the decks, their faces savagely ground to pulp under the heels of great sea-boots. Two wide-mouthed guns in the roundhouse called "murtherers" belched out death to friend and foe alike in the waist, till Dionysus and his men broke open the doors and killed the gunners.

The Captain, roaring like a bull, clove heads right and left with his monstrous axe, driving his foes before him to stand at bay against the bulwarks or to take refuge down the hatchways, continuing the action on the lower deck. On the side of the Saints was a man almost as huge as himself, with wild white locks, who answered his berserker laughter with fierce objurgations from the Bible that sounded like monstrous oaths. The fanatic light on his face was reflected on the faces of his sturdy companions, who came with savage hymns on their lips for battle cries. To his side suddenly dashed a form strangely out of place in all that welter, a tall lovely girl, with her bodice half torn from her white shoulders and her bright gold hair flying like the locks of a celestial fury.

"Father!" she cried, "I will die with you."

At that moment Dionysus swept out, sword in hand, from the roundhouse, where the guns and the gunners were silenced forever. As he caught sight of the girl, his eyes filled with a terrified surprise in which was blended a strange joy; for a moment he stood still, his sword almost falling from his hand. Recovering himself, he rushed upon her. Seizing her by the waist, he flung her across his shoulders, and, whirling his sword about him like a circle of flame, he hurled aside all opposition and dashed with her down a hatchway. The door of a small cabin lay open. Crying, "I will save your father," he thrust her in, turned the key in the lock, and dashed again on deck. But it was too late for him to keep his word. The stern old man whom he had defended that night on the Portsmouth Road lay on the deck, already dying. It was not the Captain's axe but a chance bullet that had brought him down. His dying eyes looked up at Dionysus, and recognized him.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed.

Dionysus hastened to bring her to the dying man.

"I was too late," he explained simply. She let him take her by the hand and lead her onto the deck, in a dream.

As she threw herself on the old man's breast, her gold hair fell like a mantle over them both. Thus, heart to heart, father and daughter made their last farewells in a great hush of awed wild faces. With the fall of their leader, the fight had ended, and his men stood in a maze about him. Captain Thunder stood over him, too, with a curious pity on his stern face.

The dying man motioned that he would speak. His fading eyes sought Dionysus.

"Young man," he said at last, "I must leave her in your keeping. It is God's will. In God's name I charge you . . ." His voice failing, the Captain answered for his friend.

"Your daughter shall be safe in our hands," he said. "The daughter of so good a soldier is sacred to all true men. I am grieved to the heart by this. Die in peace, my brave friend."

THEN no one spoke again. In the silence there were to be heard strange splashings about the sides of the ships, and here and there sinister triangular fins showed above the level of the water. The fierce scavengers of the sea were gathering for their fearful task.

At last the Captain said:

"Mr. Lancaster, take this lady to my cabin till her comfort can be provided for." Tearless, with one long look at the noble face, she suffered Dionysus to lead her away. In the Captain's cabin she sank down, looking before her in a trance. Dionysus knelt before her, softly took the hem of her dress, and kissed it reverently.

"Lady," he said, "I am your servant as long as I live."

At length she smiled on him gently and touched his shoulder with her hand. Thus, as it pleased him to think, with that involuntary accolade she made him her knight. Quietly he left her alone; and, as he went, he suddenly reflected how strange it was that he had no knowledge of her name, nor aught whatsoever concerning her, and how little important such matters were.

As he returned to the Captain, he caught a glimpse through all the confusion of another beautiful face. Gaya threw him a proud glance from her dark flashing eyes and disappeared in the crush of men labouring to clear up the tangled wreck-

(*Continued on page 146*)

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THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 145*)

age of fallen spars and torn canvas and all the ugly débris of the battle. The glance wrung his heart and troubled him, too, with the realization of an old masculine dilemma concerning the multitude of beautiful women on the earth, and the complex nature of love, and the many fashions of loving.

But with such men's work going on around him, these might well seem troubadourish matters to engage him, more suited to a boudoir than to these blood-stained, battle-scarred decks. All about him brave, sorely wounded fighters, fresh from the surgeon's knife, writhed in their agony and faced the reality of physical pain with what courage they might, solaced by unlimited rum, which, in some cases, started them singing old sea-songs in a half delirious mirth. It was a wild scene, but the Captain and his officers were rapidly reducing it to order. In a remarkably short time shattered spars had been replaced, new sails bent, decks cleared.

The dead, stitched in canvas with cannon-balls at their feet, returned to God who made them, in graves fathoms deep in the turquoise water, with brief obsequies of a high-hatted Puritan divine in one ship and a surpliced chaplain pattering King James liturgy in the other—all except the old Puritan commander, whom it was the Captain's design to bury on the island, where under waving palms his grave may be seen to this day.

Chapter XI.

CONCERNING THE LADY CALLIOPE YORK

PRESENTLY the two ships were sailing back to the island side by side. By sunset they dropped anchor together in the little cove, where, as the Captain had early made it his business to learn, the greater part of the treasure still lay. Awaiting the morrow, he placed *The Solemn League and Covenant* under a strong guard with his first mate in command, having temporarily put half the crew in irons under hatches; for they were a dour, determined lot of men, still quite capable of giving trouble.

Such matters he was accustomed to dealing with, but there was another matter on his mind that had troubled him a great deal more as he had himself rowed across to his own ship. That beautiful young creature in his cabin! Another woman on his boat and another acquaintance, it would appear, of his young friend Di. Bless the boy! How many more women would he have aboard before the cruise ended?

So, as Di met him at the gang-plank, he took him aside.

"I must have a word with you, my young friend," and he led the way to Di's cabin.

"Now, Di," he said presently when they were seated, the Captain seeking comfort in the big pipe which was always somewhere in his clothes, even in battle. "Who is the lady this time? Beshrew me, but you won't be satisfied till you have filled the ship with women."

"I know scarcely more of her than you do, sir," Di answered; and then he told the story of his adventure on the Portsmouth Road. He added that he had formed some suspicion from the half-spoken utterance of her father on that occasion, that they were fleeing from the gallant pursuit of some nobleman of the Court.

The Captain mused a while, and then he slapped his knee.

"I believe I have it!" he said. "I believe it was the Duke of Buckingham!"

"The Duke!"

"Yes! I gave it no thought at the time. I took it for one of that gay gentleman's jests. Just before we sailed, he drew me aside and said: 'Talking of that mermaid in amber, Captain, there is a young lady on the high seas with the most beautiful golden hair in the world. Before she sailed she ran away with my heart. I want it back again but I want her still more. If you should chance to meet her, present her with my homage, and bring her to Whitehall along with the treasure.' Then the King called him and no more was said. I laughed, thinking it, as I said, one of his Lordship's jokes. But, damme, I believe he meant what he said . . . and," the Captain paused, while his face grew grim and he brought down his great fist on the little cabin table, "so my lord would have made Richard Thunder his pander." He ground his teeth at the thought. Then he said:

"Di, my lad, courts are dirty places, and I am glad to have you safe here with me on the sea. Yonder poor lady! If that is really her story, she need never fear Whitehall again."

Now this intuition or deduction of the Captain was not merely near the fact, but the very fact itself. The young lady at the moment occupying his cabin—with Phineas Elderberry, it may be added, on guard against inquisitive astrologers and the like curious masculine impertinents—was the Lady Calliope York; and her father was a cousin of Lord Fairfax whose daughter Buckingham had married; her mother, whose name she bore, was of an old Cavalier family.

It was a part of Buckingham's versatility, which occasionally got him into trouble even with the easy-going Charles, that, in spite of all his worldliness, there was something other-worldly in his complicated nature. Something, curiously enough, of the mystic and the poet had prompted him in his laboratory to seek the philosopher's stone, and had also, strange as it may sound, led him to take an interest in the spiritual doctrines of the Puritans, and had made him an advocate of religious toleration, and even a friend of the saintly Richard Baxter. His profligate life and his brilliant courtly gifts of every kind, which earned him the description of the Alcibiades of the seventeenth century, have obscured all the better sides of his character. The world has forgotten his good-nature and his generosity, for instance, and above all, that oddly consorted religious instinct which impelled him, two years before his death, to write "A Short Discourse on the Reasonableness of Man's Having a Religion."

One would hardly have expected that from the author of "The Rehearsal," that witty play which was imitated both by Fielding and Sheridan; but such was the paradox of Buckingham's nature, which made him almost as much at home in Puritan conventicles as at Whitehall. In both places an extraordinary charm such as has seldom been recorded of any human being made him welcome and exerted its invincible magic. Had not his wife, Mary, daughter of the Puritan soldier, Lord Fairfax, so surrendered to its disastrous spell that she had fallen in love with him at the very moment when the banns of her intended marriage with the Earl of Chesterfield had twice been called? Even after all his heartless treatment of her, it is significant to remember that he had a Fairfax for his biographer.

IT WAS during one of his excursions into Puritan theology, then, that Buckingham had met Calliope York and her father at one of those secret meeting-houses where even after the Restoration surviving Saints of the old Cromwellian breed dared to meet and combine religion with desperate politics. Her beauty had immediately determined him to win her, reckless of consequences. At first he had gone to work gently, displaying the finer sides of his nature, and he had won at least her gratitude by protecting her father against the prosecution that menaced him for his well-known activities in the recent "Troubles."

It must be said also, that while her father was wrought of the rough uncompromising material which had made the stern Commonwealth men victorious, she herself had inherited no little of those aristocratic qualities for which the Fairfaxes, in spite of their adherence to the Puritan cause, were distinguished. The Fairfaxes, first of all, were ladies and gentlemen; and there was one famous poet, the translator of Tasso, in their

(*Continued on page 148*)

ONE HAPPY CHRISTMAS "EVE"

meaning your wife, SIR ADAM, with the silver gift you give her

Being one of Eve's daughters her feelings and instincts are just as feminine as the curl of her hair or the curve of her mouth.

So it's simply feminine and natural that she should adore nice things. Pretty clothes, so that she looks nice to herself . . . and to you. A table that smiles and sparkles with radiant silverware . . . for her . . . and for you, too.

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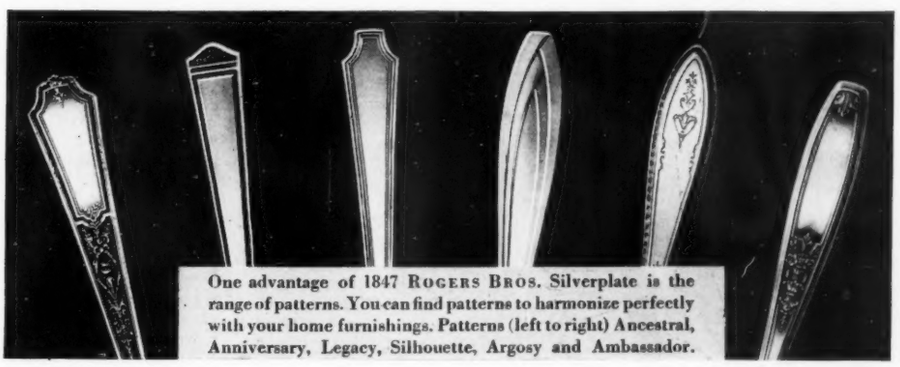

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"You just know she wears them"

THERE WAS A SHIP

(Continued from page 146)

family. Courtly accomplishments, therefore, were far from seeming so evil to her as to her father, to whom all forms of beauty and art belonged to the devil and all his works. When a worldly aunt of hers, secretly won over by Buckingham, had suggested presenting her at Court, urging that her appearance there would greatly contribute to the safety of her father, she had ventured for once to oppose his will and go.

That one experience was her last; for while she felt the charm of all those gay lives in that temple of pleasure and had been made dangerously much of even by His Majesty himself, the essential purity of her nature divined the corruption that underlay it all. The strength of will which had made her oppose her father brought her back to him unscathed. After that, Buckingham used all his arts in vain. When at last he threw off the mask, and threatened the ruin of her father unless she became his mistress, there was nothing but flight left for both of them. That attempted abduction which we have seen on the Portsmouth Road was Buckingham's last card. His last, except his enigmatic hint to Captain Thunder.

AS SHE sat in that worthy's cabin, still numb with the death of her father, to whom for all his sternness she was deeply devoted, she felt, too, a curious sense of safety. She had divined the rugged integrity of the Captain at a glance; and as for her young knight of the Portsmouth Road, she had seen, too, that while he belonged to the Court, he was not of it. In her thoughts also, it may be said, his good looks were certainly not against him.

Her own beauty I have only ventured to hint at, thinking that maybe the reader familiar with heroines would not merely be able to, but might prefer, from those hints to paint her picture for himself, having observed in my own reading that laborious description of beautiful faces seldom avails aught, seldom leaves any impression whatsoever. Only a rare occasional master can express in words the living miracle of a supremely beautiful woman. Alas! I am not one of those masters.

Though Calliope York is as real to me as the woman whose hand I kissed before taking up this pen, her beauty had that immediate conquering, ensorcelling quality which so overwhelms one in its completeness, so dazzles one with its radiance, so sets one a-dream with its perfume and music, that one scarcely can see the details of it, realizing, too, that it is not merely those details that account for it—any more than the strings of an instrument account for its music—but some mysterious magic of vitality, some idiosyncrasy of the inner being, transfiguring those details and merely using them for their external expression. I know well enough the height of her strong lissom body, her broad boyish shoulders, sheltering beneath them her full deep bosom, her slim waist, her swift straight limbs, her rounded arms and her long fine hands. I know to a fraction the length of her nose, straight as that of some statuary goddess, yet slightly full at the end and even a trifle tip-tilted it may be; I can see so clearly as I write, the long firm mouth with the dimpled corners, and the long rounded chin poised so perfectly on the marble throat.

I know the exact length and weight (Troy measure) of her hair that seemed made of solid gold and rippled like the river Pactolus. I know her brow, hardly broad enough to hold her large hazel eyes, far apart from each other, serious as starlight, yet with a glimmer in their depths of unused fires and shy waiting laughter. If I add that her skin seemed made of the ivory of water-lilies, and that her voice was sweet and deep as that of a bird that breaks one's heart in the twilight, what does this catalogue of her external beauties avail to recreate that living presence, that lovely apparition of flesh and blood which was on earth for a space with Dionysus Lancaster and filled his days awhile with mysterious joy?

No, after all, the reader must imagine Calliope York for himself as she sat in the Captain's cabin, calm in her beautiful young strength, gazing out at the sun setting over the lonely wastes of sea. By the Captain's orders, all that a mere man could do had been done by his steward to turn a near-by cabin into a boudoir. There all her woman's belongings had been brought, so that she had been able to restore a seemly order in her apparel and restrain with golden pins that flying hair. Thus the Captain found her, when, shy as a boy, he returned to his cabin, to pay her his respects, supported by Dionysus, and to do what a rough sailorman might to reassure her, and make her feel at home on board.

In this he succeeded so well—having contrived to hint, too, that if she had any enemies wheresoever or whosoever they were, he Richard Thunder would make them his own—that, for all the sorrow of her father's death, she slept that night with a feeling of security to which she had long been a stranger, surrounded though she was by all those uncouth, lawless men in so deserted a corner of the world. As for Dionysus, it was long before he slept, as any who heard the muted strings of his violin playing some of Purcell's airs might have testified. For his heart was troubled not only by visions of golden hair and hazel eyes, but also with those dark eyes of Gaya's which had sent him such glances of proud anguish across that tumult of struggling men.

It hurt him, too, to think of her compelled to lie in hiding that night among rude sailor fellows, while the Lady Calliope slept like a young queen with guards at her door. His heart grew soft for her, and he determined to make her what amends he could for that indignity to her darling womanhood. "Two loves have I of comfort and despair," a certain poet, Will Shakespeare, had written; and thus Dionysus found himself face to face with a dilemma which has kept many a man awake before his time, and since.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCERNING THE TREASURE AND OTHER MATTERS OF MOMENT

IN SPITE of that sentimental dilemma which had thus kept him awake and sent him to his violin in the small hours, the sun hardly sprang out of the sea next morning with a greater hilarity than Dionysus sprang out of his bed. The decks were still glittering with dew like a maybush as he blithely emerged from his companionway, to face the Captain, who was already there before him. Never was such a morning for radiance and singing of birds in the high woods surrounding the cove.

The whole world seemed to be made of light and rejoicing, and shoals of gay fish flashed through the rainbow deeps of the crystal-clear water. Far below, on bosses of coral, sea-fans blue and orange and sea-flowers of indescribable hues waved at the mouths of mysterious caves winding beneath the white floor of coral sand, across which uncouth crustaceans moved stealthily and green water-snakes glided for covert in shadowy crevices of the rocks. Had a mermaid with her golden scales and amber hair and turquoise blue eyes risen out of the deeps singing her siren song she would have seemed no more surprising than the rest. It is to be feared that Dionysus would have forgotten his dilemma, and the Captain have found it necessary to bind him to the mast. Instead he led him to the stern of the boat and pointed where down below the rudder was another glimmer.

"Look, did I say true?" said the Captain.

There was something there whiter even then the coral sand. Dead men's bones for a certainty! Ribbed recumbent forms and eyeless skulls, and near by drifts of gold pieces on which the rays of the morning sun danced softly. There too loomed a huge dark hulk, broken here and there, but for the most part still keeping the shape of a Spanish galleon by reason of the strength of its stalwart oak.

(Continued on page 150)

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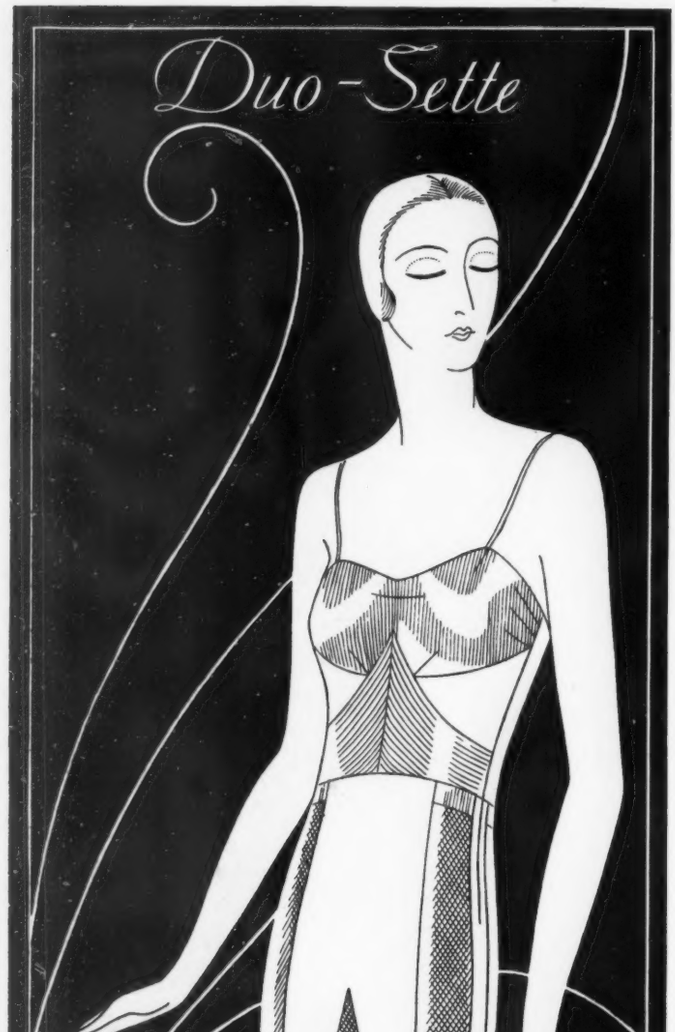
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THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 148*)

And then the Captain told him a story which was at that time on the lips of all who sailed the Western seas: how certain merchants of Lima in Peru, hearing of the King's exile, how he wandered from court to court a houseless, penniless man, and hearing too of his concealed loyalty to Holy Church, had fitted out a ship of seventy brass guns. They had loaded her with gold doubloons and pieces of eight—thirty millions of Spanish dollars, no less, the story ran—and sent her out with the swinging of censers, and sacred banners, and rolling of organs, and solemnly chanted prayers, and benedictions that filled the city of Lima with blessed sound and perfume, that she might bring this succour to the exiled prince, and that the King might come to his own again. But months and years had gone by and that vessel had never reached its destination, lost somewhere in the wastes of the sea.

Many a mariner had come home with stories of having sighted her sunken deep among dangerous rocks, but no one had given them credence. The Captain, however, driven out of his course one day by adverse winds in a barque too small for the adventure, had, so he believed, found her at last.

IT WOULD appear that those Puritan Saints had stumbled on her, too. Had not the Captain thus come upon them so opportunely, they would have made away with all that treasure that belonged to his Sacred Majesty, as, after his first fantastic statement in the King's workshop at Whitehall, he had confided to the King's private ear.

What wonder if the Captain's heart was merry as a boy's, as with Dionysus he gazed down into that bright water upon that royal hoard.

"We must begin this with music," he suddenly called out. Presently the musicians emerged on deck with their instruments, and the rocky island echoed to "Lillibullero" and other sprightly strains to which the Cavaliers had gone to battle. Immediately the whole ship was in commotion, and the work of the day commenced. The great slings for hauling up the treasure were rigged up, and the divers had soon donned their gears. The bulwarks were crowded with eyes watching them moving heavily about the seafloor or disappearing within the hull of the sunken ship. One of the first hauls was a brass cannon; whereat the Captain let out one of his great laughs, for did not this confirm the story of the seventy brass cannon! In the exuberance of his heart, and to hasten on the work, he announced that he believed it would be in accordance with the desire of his master the King that he should distribute a bounty to all his men when the work was done.

Also he added that the men of *The Solemn League and Covenant* should not go unrewarded. He had set them to the work also, under the surveillance of armed guards; for the first work he had given them to do was not pleasant to brave disappointed men as they were. It was to carry over to *The Happy Return* all the treasure already salvaged by them. Others he employed to spike all their guns and to bring over and cast into a heap on the quarter-deck all their weapons of whatever kind.

So the work went on blithely. Breathlessly, with wide eyes, the onlookers watched, dangling from the slings ingots of gold and bars of silver. Sometimes a cry would go up as some stout leather bags, rotten with the sea water, would burst, and a shower of gold pieces would go glimmering down again around the heads of the divers. It was like a dream from some Arabian tale. Had there been a miser aboard, he would surely have gone lunatic and plunged into the sea. There were eyes on deck that watched it all with an ugly gleam, the eyes of the Astrologer; and his eyes were furtively fixed too on another gold, the hair of the Lady Calliope. Standing near the Captain, she also, for all her sorrow, was drawn by the strange spectacle. Gaya's sad eyes were watching, too; and, as those gold pieces fell glimmering down, who knows but that her bosom felt the weight of those other gold pieces that had filled the hollow of her breasts to overflowing that night on the Surrey heath.

For two days the salvaging of the treasure went on. Whether or not it was the authentic cargo sent out by the loyal merchants of Lima, it was evidently of immense value. The Captain made no attempt to count it, for, after several halcyon days, there were signs that he did not like of doubtful weather; and he was anxious to get home as soon as might be. As fast as the King's hoard was hauled up dripping out of the sea, he had it packed in chambers which, knowing the work before him, he had had specially constructed at Deptford under his own cabin, with stout oak doors fortified with iron and bulkheads of unusual strength.

As he smoked his great pipe at evening, he sat above such undreamed wealth that might well have made another man turn pirate. To guard it he had for sentinels those men among his wild crew whom he had specially selected before sailing with this very purpose in mind. To Dionysus, unused to the power exercised by a commanding will, it was surprising that, with so many lawless men on board with such overwhelming temptation before their eyes, there was no attempt to storm the cabin and seize control of the ship. But he would have been a strong man indeed who would have dared head such a mutiny. The Captain, accustomed to rule and cow such inchoate elements, never gave the matter a thought. At last the work was done, and nothing remained but to dispose of *The Solemn League and Covenant* and its crew and to set sail for England.

Here it must be reluctantly said that, although in the service of the King, the Captain, from early experience, had a certain sympathy with Puritan doctrines and sympathy, too, with those brave unfortunate men who were thus outlaws of the sea for conscience sake. Therefore, he had determined to give them back their ship and their freedom and leave them to seek their fortunes as they might. It was a generosity rare in that day, or perhaps in any day; and there were men aboard *The Solemn League and Covenant* who realized the nobility of such clemency, as will hereafter be seen.

The Captain's rugged nature, as I hope is becoming evident to the reader, was full of unsuspected delicacies. One expression of those surprised the Lady Calliope on the afternoon of the day before that on which they were to sail for England. Everything was in order. The treasure was safely stowed and guarded. The men of *The Happy Return* had already been given their bounty along with an additional ration of rum; and the ship was filled with gay sounds of content, murmur of rough songs, and touched strings. The Puritan ship was in its subdued way rejoicing, too, for the Captain had kept his word. Both ships were to set sail with the morning breeze.

IT WAS two hours before sunset that the Captain spoke to the Lady Calliope of her father's grave. He had made it his especial care. Two of his trusted men had dug it in a secluded valley shaded with palm and so protected it with rock that nothing short of a convulsion of nature could shake the old Cromwellian out of his profound sleep. The ship's carpenter, who was something of a stone-mason too, had been given his instructions. So the Captain spoke to the Lady Calliope, and said that if it were her pleasure to step on shore and see how her father rested, a boat was in readiness and Mr. Lancaster would be her escort. Calliope's eyes filled with tears as the Captain spoke, tears of gratitude for the strange kindness of that big hirsute man even more than for her father; for her sorrow for him was deeper than tears.

Immediately she stood up to her young lissom height, saying: "Captain, I am ready, and I thank you with all my heart."

She and Dionysus were rowed across to the island and were lost together among the palms.

(*Continued on page 153*)

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 150*)

When at length they came to the grave, they found above it a stone roughly lettered with these words: "*Here rests David York, a brave man, and loyal servant of his country and of his God.*"

Calliope and Dionysus knelt down together before it a little while; presently her hand stole into his; and their eyes sought each other and rested together for a moment. Then they rose and they walked in silence back to the shore. Before they came out of the covert of palms, Dionysus stayed her a space, and their eyes met again.

"Lady," he said, "forget not that I am your servant as long as my life lasts."

And presently her deep bird-like voice answered:

"He gave me into your keeping, and I am content."

Then they returned to the ship and the night fell.

During the dark hours the wind rose. The stars were clouded over, the booms and yards rattled, the ship moved uneasily in its sleep, and there was a pitiful moaning all about it that told of coming storm.

The day broke with a lowering look, but the boatswain brought other news to the Captain as he was moving about in his cabin, preparing to go on deck. *The Solemn League and Covenant* had vanished in the night. And almost at the same moment the helmsman brought the Captain a curious paper which he found nailed above the binnacle as he came on duty. It was made of circles and strange hieroglyphic signs. The Captain could make nothing of it, but, Dionysus entering his cabin at the moment, he showed it to him.

"Why! It is a horoscope!" he said laughingly.

Even the courtiers dabbled in judicial astrology in those days, and so he was able to make something of it.

"Our fate is written here," he said presently, amused and interested; "but I am not learned enough to understand it all. This much I can make out. The planet Mars appears to be against us; he afflicts, as they say, the lords of the angles, and threatens the moon. The meaning appears to be that we are in danger from enemies, possibly pirates."

"The astrologer will understand it," said the Captain; "bid him come here."

THE boatswain went in search of the astrologer. After a while he returned with the news that that learned man was not aboard.

The Captain and Dionysus looked at each other.

"Why, of course, it was he who made this and left it for us. One of his queer jests, I suppose," said Dionysus.

"But what does it mean? And where is he?" asked the Captain.

Dionysus smiled and shrugged.

"Probably he felt he was not appreciated on this ship," answered Dionysus, "and he has been appointed astrologer to *The Solemn League and Covenant*."

"You are talking nonsense, Di," said the Captain.

"Not at all," answered Di. "Did it ever occur to you that that astrologer fellow was no fool?"

"I gave him little thought," said the Captain.

"I am inclined to think it would have been better if you had," retorted Di.

"Nonsense!" laughed the Captain. "We are well rid of him anyhow."

"Maybe," said Dionysus.

Then they went on deck, and the anchor was raised, and the sails were filled, and *The Happy Return* started on the journey home.

"Back to England so soon!" said Dionysus like a disappointed boy. "Why I have known nothing of the sea. We must take another voyage together, Captain."

"Have patience," said Captain Thunder, looking up at the sky. "I am afraid that we have not done with it yet!"

And so, with her sails filled, *The Happy Return* leaned over and dashed along through the water, already throwing up foam from her bows.

CHAPTER XIII.

OFF THE COAST OF "BARBARY"

THIS story which I have undertaken to tell is far from being at an end. If I am ever to finish it, it will be necessary for me to deal summarily with certain transitional parts of it, so that I may have space for the narration, with adequate fulness, of those other parts which more directly concern what we call "the human interest"; that is, the various ups and downs of the several heroes, heroines, and villains involved. Therefore, I shall deliberately rob the reader of a vivid description of the very inopportune storm with threats of which the Captain had been disquieted. A storm in that quarter of the world mariners, from the days of the Phoenicians until now, have always feared; for the seas about the northwest coast of Africa are dangerous with capricious currents and incalculable winds. The Captain was particularly concerned when, after weathering the storm, he found himself out of his reckoning, and much nearer to those narrow straits, known to the ancients as the Pillars of Hercules, than he had expected to be.

He had been at the wheel himself through the night and could not account for his position—till a suspicion came to him that perhaps the compass had been tampered with. By whom? It was Dionysus who had been by his side throughout the gale who suggested an explanation. The Astrologer! It was all too likely that that man of science knew the simple trick of deflecting the compass. As the suspicion grew into a certainty, the warning of that horoscope came upon the Captain with a significance he had not previously given it. "Possibly pirates!"

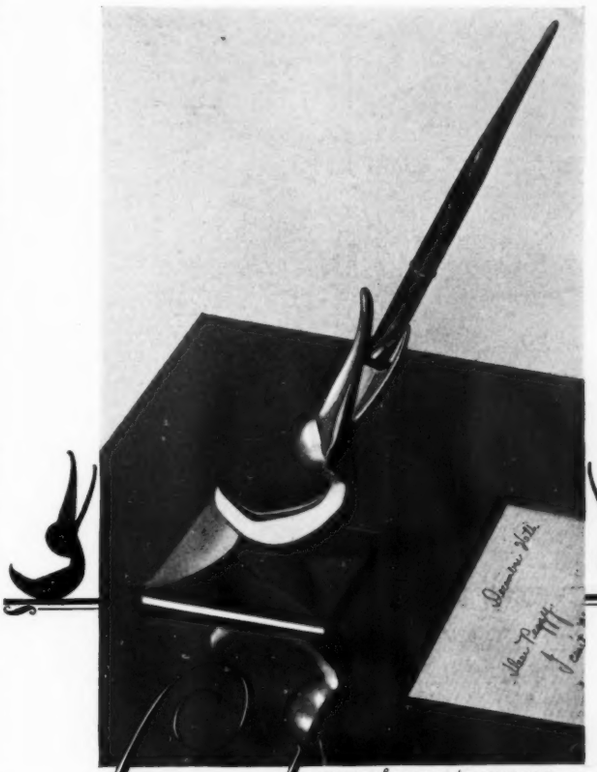
There needed no knowledge of the stars to realize that there were even greater dangers than cross-currents about the mouth of those perilous straits. The Captain had sailed through them many a time, and had, indeed, had an experience off the coast of Barbary, as it was then called, which he was not anxious to repeat, particularly with those two women passengers aboard and all that King's treasure. To be captured by the pirates of Algiers was in itself a fate to shrink from; but it was made the more terrible from the fact that that pirate republic, as virtually it was, with a Dey for its head always at the mercy of his janissaries, was winked at by all the trading countries of Europe.

In fact, it was one of those infamous institutions which the still greater infamy of trade has always countenanced and still countenances under other disguises, even at the present day. The mercantile jealousies of England, Holland, Spain, Venice, and even America supported it by lavish tributes to the Dey, because it was a useful agent in their rivalries. The nation that could afford to pay most tribute was free of the Mediterranean; and from the days of Queen Elizabeth the crowned heads of Europe had sent flattering embassies with letters and gifts to the Dey. Many of those disgraceful letters are still extant. Therefore, the hope of its victims being ransomed was very small, with the result that great European ladies were to be found in the harems of the Dey and his great officers, while European nobles were chained to the oars of their galleys, or worked under the lash in their quarries.

THE richer nations, such as England, had consuls in Algiers who were able to give a precarious protection to their compatriots; but captives belonging to poorer nations had seldom any other hope of escape but death. Even "the most favoured nation" was never secure from the vacillations of some specially masterful and ferocious Dey, pampered into arrogance by the evident fear of his power, which caused Algiers to defy the whole of Europe for four hundred years. Detestable renegades of all nations, who had forsworn Christianity and donned the turban of Mahomet, assisted by wealthy Jews, were there, too, to counsel their Turkish and Moorish masters. These were more to be

(*Continued on page 156*)

Well! WHAT SORT OF CASSOWARY MIGHT THIS BE?



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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for November 1929

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1—Dog Show under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Boston Terrier Club, Los Angeles, Calif. To continue through November 2.

Horse-racing under auspices of Maryland Jockey Club, Pimlico, Md. To continue through November 13.

Eleventh annual Autumn dance of Greenwich Village Post, American Legion, Hotel Astor, New York City.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2—Annual Débutante Ball, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Wedding of Miss Dorothy Elbert Wilmerding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert F. Wilmerding of Flushing, L. I., to George E. Hughes in Flushing.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Albert William Putnam at the Apawamis Club, Rye, N. Y., to present their daughter Miss Elizabeth Putnam.

Fall race meet of the United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, L. I. Second meet on November 5.

Football—Cornell versus Columbia at Ithaca, N. Y.

Harvard versus Florida at Cambridge, Mass.

Pennsylvania versus Navy at Philadelphia, Pa.

Princeton versus Chicago at Princteon, N. J.

Southern California versus California at Los Angeles, Calif.

Hunt race meet of the Cheshire Fox Hounds, farm of W. Plunket Stewart, Unionville, Pa.

Hunt race meet under the auspices of the Genesee Valley Hunt, Genesco, N. Y.

Wedding of Miss Marion Duvall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Post Duvall of Pikesville, Md., to Charles Bingham Penrose, 4th, in the Church of St. Mark's-on-the-Hill, Pikesville. Reception to follow at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bingham Penrose, 3rd, in Baltimore.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3—Dog Show under the auspices of the Boston Terrier Club of Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4—Twenty-fifth annual Autumn Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. To continue through November 7.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5—Formal opening for the season of the Club St. Regis, Hotel St. Regis, New York City.

Wedding of Miss Barlow Humphreys, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gustavus Humphreys, to William Stocking Gould, jr., in New York City. Reception to follow at Sherry's.

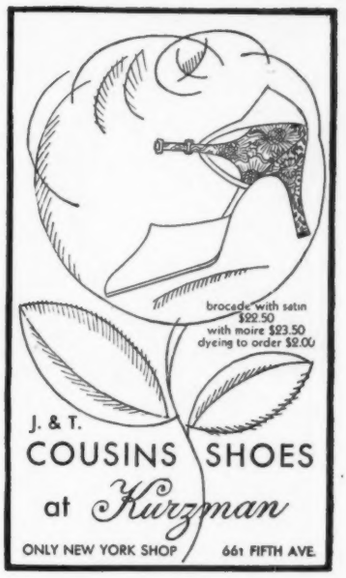
Chrysanthemum exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, Philadelphia, Pa. To continue through November 6.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6—Luncheon at Sherry's by Dr. and Mrs. Linsly R. Williams of No. 130 East Sixty-seventh street, for their débutante daughter, Miss Mary Hathaway Williams.

Hunt race meet under the auspices of the Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn. Second meet on November 9.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7—National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. To continue through November 13.

Luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Laurimore Phillips of No. 116 East Fifty-third street, and "Laurimore," Plandome, L. I., at the Colony Club, New York City, in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Jean Phillips. (*Continued on page 188*)



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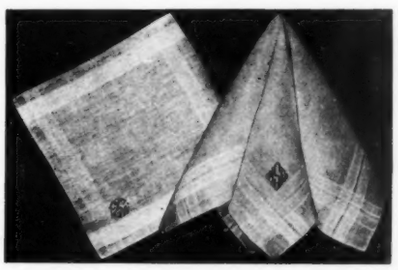

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THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 153*)

feared than the Moslem barbarians themselves.

Of all these conditions Captain Thunder was well aware, for had not he himself spent two years in captivity, the slave of a renegade Irishman and his wife, with a cannon-ball welded to his ankle? But it was certainly not from fear of another captivity for himself that on the morning after the storm he scanned the still uneasy sea about him as he once more set his course towards England. He confided his fears to Dionysus, and confided too his plans in the event of trouble. He had hardly expressed those misgivings when they were confirmed.

The man from the masthead reported sail directly in their course from the northwest, and almost immediately after reported sail from the east. Soon it was apparent that the vessels from the northwest were frigates but little smaller in size than *The Happy Return;* and soon it was seen that the sail from the east was another large frigate, with two galleys in its wake of at least sixty tons each. The situation had the look of a concerted plan. At once the Captain gave orders to Gunner Ducket to run out the guns and have the decks cleared for action. As he gave this order, he gave orders, too, for more sail; for his spy-glass had already told him that if those were enemy vessels, the superior speed of *The Happy Return* would be her best protection.

No man loved a fight more than Richard Thunder, and to fight against odds was after his own heart. But the thought of those two women and all that treasure bound for Whitehall made him reluctantly realize that he might be compelled to choose the path of safety. To have to seem to play the coward—is there anything harder, and braver for a brave man to do?

On came the frigates from the north. One of them tacked; and it became evident that they were acting in consort, their plan being apparently to force him to sail between them. The Captain thereon hoisted the English colours, but there were no answering flags from the two oncoming ships. Both were close in by now, and it was clearly to be seen that their decks also were cleared for action. A motley savage-looking crew swarmed at their bulwarks. Suddenly the guns of the more northerly vessel belched their fires.

THE instantaneous response of Gunner Ducket proved to be one of the great glories of his life, to be talked of for years after in Deptford taverns. The discharge of his broadside was followed by a great crashing and rending; and, when the smoke of it had thinned away, it was seen that the enemy main-mast had gone by the board with all its smothering tangle of sails and cordage. More even than that, her jib-boom had been blown into the sea with all those useful sails that are like a for'ard rudder. It was evident that this particular enemy vessel would give them no more trouble. For some time she would have enough troubles of her own to attend to.

"Bravo, Ducket!" shouted the Captain. "When we reach home, the King shall hear of this." And Ducket's shipmates backed the Captain's tribute with a broadside of cheers as thunderous as that which had done the enemy such exhilarating damage.

The cheers had scarcely died away when it became evident that the fight was far from ended. The vessel to the southward had been rapidly approaching; and, as its guns gave voice, the men of *The Happy Return* realized that the enemy had his Ducket also. Not only did their mizzen-mast come tumbling over their heads, but alas! in that hour of his glory poor Ducket received a ball in his thigh, which not merely put him out of action but necessitated his wearing a wooden leg for the rest of his life. The loss of the mizzen was a small disaster compared to this. As the Captain saw his beloved gunner carried down to the surgeons in the cockpit, the misgiving that had oppressed him all along that he might have to adopt that alternative plan which he had confided to Dionysus was deepened.

With a roar of rage, he himself personally directed a broadside against the enemy vessel, which, while it did considerable damage, did not prevent a quick answer which made rents in the hull of his vessel perilously near the water-line.

Turning his eye to the eastward, he saw that the great frigate, which meanwhile had insolently run up the pirate flag of Algiers, was fast gaining on him, while the attendant galleys, their rowers bending under the lash of their masters, were diverging to starboard and larboard with the evident intention of boarding him on both sides of his vessel at once. Swinging round, he poured a broadside into the oncoming vessel; but beyond killing some of the rowers it apparently did no great damage. The magic of the unerring eye and hand that should have directed it was lost to him, its possessor writhing in agony under the surgeon's saw. By this the great frigate with the Algerine flag had come near enough to rake *The Happy Return* fore and aft with a volley that carried away her bowsprit and made another hole in her side nearer to the waterline.

THERE was no time for further hesitation, and when the Captain saw that he must either surrender or sink, he gave orders for the guns to stop firing and in a loud voice spoke to his officers and crew:

"Men," he said, "if I know you aright, there is not a man aboard who would not fight to the death against these heathen barbarians; but there are times when brave men must feign surrender so that they may conquer later on. So it is now. If His Majesty, whom we serve, were here with us now, he would understand that in this moment we serve him best by ceasing to fight so that we may live to fight for him another day. We may still hope to save his treasure, which else were at the bottom of the sea. Therefore, for a little while we must accept captivity; but, as your Captain, I pledge you my life and honour that it shall not be for long. I have myself been a captive in this city and know it well, and you can trust me to keep my word.

"For a little while we must go in chains and bear many stripes; but I shall be your Captain still, and shall hold everyone of you in my care. I shall be faithful to you. Be you faithful to me, and ere long we shall fight our way to freedom, come back safe to England, and all of you shall go with me to the King's Majesty; and be sure that you shall all be well rewarded at his hands. Now let us all, like brave men, accept this bitter hour and laugh as I do in the face of our foes."

Thereon the Captain let out one of his great laughs which resounded across the sea. As he laughed, all his men laughed with him and raised their hands and waved their weapons in assent. As the roar of this strange merriment swept over the enemy fleet, it so filled them with wonder at such behaviour in defeated men that their guns ceased also.

"One more laugh to show what Englishmen are made of," cried the Captain, and again an even greater roar of laughter went up sweeping over their foes. Then in the silence that followed, the Captain called through his speaking trumpet to the Algerian admiral, whose frigate was but a short distance away.

"Come aboard," he called, "and take us before your Dey, and you shall account to him for this attack upon a friendly nation."

IN their turn the Algerian crews sent up a savage laugh as they ferociously shook their weapons. The Agha with his chief men had himself rowed across to *The Happy Return;* and the Captain ordered a gangway to be let down for him while he and his officers stood together awaiting him on the quarter-deck. The Admiral was a large man, splendidly dressed in Turkish garb, and he moved with great dignity of demeanour. His handsome hawk-like face wore a curious smile, as though he was gravely amused at the challenge of the Captain's laughter. As he stepped on to the quarter-deck, the

(*Continued on page 158*)

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THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 156*)

Captain and he gravely saluted each other, and a young Greek interpreter at his side spoke for him.

"Captain," he said, "we have an old Turkish proverb that the world belongs to him who possesses courage with wisdom; and I would add that he who possesses laughter in addition is sure of Paradise."

The Captain bowed and smiled his strange smile that always reminded Dionysus of the smile on the face of some gigantic idol; and he in his turn replied in terms of compliment.

"Your Excellency," he said, "surrender to a noble enemy has something of the sweets of victory; and when that noble enemy knows, too, that the vicissitudes of fortune are matter of laughter rather than sorrow, the face of an enemy is hard to distinguish from the face of a friend."

The Agha bowed again, and it could not fail of observation to those about them that the two big men had taken an immediate liking to each other.

"I will not ask for your sword," said the Agha. "You shall give it to the Dey himself; and so far as lies in my power, I will make this turn of fortune as little evil to you as I may. But the future is not in my hands. Like yourself I am but a sailor, doing the command of the Dey and his councillors we call the Divan! When we reach the shore, my power ceases. To them has been brought the news that your ship holds much gold and silver and jewels, and another kind of treasure still nearer to the heart of the Dey—that is, two of the most beautiful women in the world."

"Two!" exclaimed the Captain, in affected surprise, as he and Dionysus exchanged a rapid glance. "I know of but one—a noble lady given into my keeping, and the ward of his Majesty the King of England, who will exact terrible reprisals should a hair of her head fall to the ground."

"The Dey is a wild lover of beautiful faces," answered the Agha, "and it is for him to answer."

It must here be explained that before the fight Dionysus had locked Gaya in his cabin and she was still, to all appearances, a beautiful gipsy lad. His heart sank for her sake as he heard the Agha's words, and his mind sought swiftly some way of protecting her.

The Captain having given his word that his men would offer no resistance, the Agha turned to one of his officers with the orders that none of his men were to come aboard save a steersman and men to manage the sails. Otherwise the vessel was to remain uninvaded till Algiers was reached. Then, he intimated to the Captain with a deprecatory spreading out of his hands, the command would be no longer his. The English flag still waved from the mast-head as the combined flotilla moved together towards the pirate city. The Agha had appeared not to notice it, for he was a Turkish gentleman with no desire to humiliate the brave Captain more than need be; and, as the Captain had said, England was technically a friendly nation with His Majesty's consul installed, in somewhat precarious safety indeed, in an old palace granted to him for his lodging.

AS the ships sailed on, the Captain and the Agha sat together in the cabin, the Captain calmly drawing on his great pipe, and the Agha drawing on his nargilhay which had been brought to him. They might easily have been mistaken for friendly host and friendly guest. Meanwhile, the Lady Calliope kept the seclusion of her cabin, the Captain having done his best to reassure her and she having met his reassurances with the high courage of her blood. Among these reassurances the Captain had told her that as the business of the Algerine freebooters was mainly a trade in ransoms, neither her honour nor her life were in danger so long as there was money in England to purchase her freedom. For answer she had drawn a long dagger from her bosom, and the Captain had patted her shoulder with a great paternal hand.

As they smoked in silence together, the Captain turned to the Agha with his strange smile.

"Your excellency seems to have been well-informed about us and our cargo," he said. "Is it permitted to ask how your information came?"

"There is no reason why I should not speak," answered the Agha, "for you will see for yourself as soon as we land; and we Turks, though we make use of them as all governments must, have no respect for traitors." He paused a moment, and then added:

"You had on your ship a man who reads the stars . . ."

The Captain wagged his head over his pipe.

"It is enough," he said; "it is as I thought."

Then they smoked on in silence till the Agha spoke again.

"We have," he said, "in our city a gate called Bab-el-Oucb. Above it are set large hooks of steel on which traitors are thrown . . ."

"Traitor's Gate," interjected the Captain, thinking of the Tower of London.

"So," nodded the Agha, "and there all traitors come in the end, however they may prosper for a season."

The Captain moved his head in grim satisfaction, and his face hardened. "Be sure that here your renegade will come at last," said the Agha, with a kindly sympathy, "and there for three long, lonely nights, maybe four if he is very strong, he shall have nothing else to do but to read the stars to his heart's content."

The young Greek interpreter, who was the go-between for this interesting conversation, winced at the fearful picture thus smilingly made by his master, who, observing his horror, turned to him in jocular fashion:

"You have seen them, have you not, Philemon?" he asked.

"I have, your Excellency," answered the youth.

"Be warned, my lad, for it is not a comfortable end; but you must remember too that the end of those who suffered by their treasons was not comfortable either. They never thought of that as they betrayed others to the bastinado or the strangler's cord. The scales of Allah are just, and weigh our good and evil deeds to the last grain of sand. Allah-il-Allah!"

MEANWHILE, with the steady summer breeze *The Happy Return* and her consorts, as the Captain jestingly dubbed the Algerine fleet, sailed steadily on through a golden afternoon, with the lion-coloured hills of Africa on their starboard bow. Here and there were little white towns framed in vivid green foliage. At length, as the setting sun was beginning to throw violet shadows across the mysterious land and deepening the turquoise of the sea, they rounded a broad shoulder of deeply wooded headland. The city of Algiers, a sudden vision, as it seemed, of white marble came in sight.

The Captain and the Agha had come on deck; and Dionysus, whose splendid young manhood had evidently won the Agha's admiration, stood with them. In the interval he had been with Gaya in his cabin, and I must keep for a later moment the scene that had passed between them. Now his eyes were taken with the enchanted spectacle before him. It was like a picture from books of Eastern travel—voyages to the land of Prester John, in which his boyhood had delighted. Sweet odours from orchards of lemon and orange came floating to them from the land; and the city itself was like a white triangle of close-packed houses set in gardens climbing the hillside, with its base on a fortified sea-front and its castellated apex surrounded by giant palms. It was like a vision of Paradise; and it was hard to realize that here was that hell-upon-earth dreaded by mariners and merchants for three hundred years.

As Dionysus gazed upon it, he forgot all its peril in its dream-like beauty. Here was foliage his eyes had never seen

(*Continued on page 164*)

THE BITTER-SWEET PHRASE

(*Continued from page 107*)

think that she was jealous. Her hair was rather lovely, but her face was simply the face that belonged to the young girl of 1929. One of a type. Christina honestly believed that she and her contemporaries had been far more sharply differentiated from one another than were the flappers of the present day.

At twelve o'clock she said to David, casually: "What about it? I've had a good many late nights this week, and I half thought of being a good little girl and going home early."

"Not as early as this," he protested. "It'll be amusing now. People are beginning to arrive."

They were, and presently Christina saw a couple she knew.

"Hallo, Tim and Susan!"

"Hallo! Come to our table and have a drink after this dance."

Christina nodded.

Tim and Susan were young and cheerful people; and somehow she felt that it would be an agreeable change to sit down and talk, rather than to dance on and on.

"By Jove!" said David suddenly. "Look over there!"

Knowing, by an unwelcome instinct, where it was that she was being told to look, Christina at once turned her eyes to the table at which sat the Greta Garbo girl with her elderly protectors. Tim and Susan had stopped in front of the little group and were eagerly talking and gesticulating.

"They know her," said David. "Isn't that splendid?"

"Certainly, if you say so, but quite why?" said Christina, in a voice that delicately hinted at a little amusement.

"Oh, well, you know—" he had the grace to be rather confused, she was glad to notice. "It seemed a shame that a girl like that shouldn't be having any fun. Now she can, anyway, dance with old Tim."

Christina was far too well experienced in the ways of men not to understand what David really meant; and, seeing that the thing was inevitable, she was far too wise not to fall in with his wishes tactfully and graciously.

"Dancing with old Tim will be terribly nice for her, certainly; but we might as well let her have the advantage of the best dancer in the room," she said lightly. "I'll get Susan to introduce us."

"That's a good idea," David replied.

As though he hadn't thought of it himself from the very first possible moment!

Susan performed the introduction in the off-hand manner that was fashionable in her set.

"Christina, this is Marigold. These are Christina and David, Marigold. Christina paints marvelously, and David is frightfully shy, but dances too divinely. Oh, and those are Marigold's uncle and aunt, over there, looking awfully like Bateman caricatures. Sorry, darling, but they really *do*, you know."

"I betted they were an uncle and aunt," David said proudly. "Shall we dance?"

"Rather."

Marigold's voice and manner were not nearly so unsophisticated as her youthful appearance had led Christina to expect. Her frock wasn't particularly unsophisticated, either. Its mauve chiffon petals suited her slimness and her bunchy, fair curls quite remarkably well. She danced with David. Christina danced with Tim. Susan, after hovering vaguely near the uncle and aunt, was rescued by a man whom Christina did not know.

THE dance seemed to be a very long one.

"It's getting too full," Christina complained.

People who had been at the theatre were arriving, and the floor was no longer uncrowded.

Christina could only catch occasional glimpses of David and his partner, but they seemed to be dancing well together; and the girl's face was usually upturned, as though she were listening to her partner.

When the last encore came to an end, Tim and Christina went back to David's table.

"I've got a splitting headache," said Christina abruptly. "I really think I shall have to go home."

Directly she had said that, she regretted it. What could be more banal, more entirely obvious, than the age-old feminine plea of a headache? It was as bad as saying outright that she was feeling jealous. Fortunately, Tim wasn't at all a subtle person. To him, a headache was a headache, and nothing more. He said: "What rotten luck!" and recommended aspirin.

"Aspirin and bed," said Christina. "I've been feeling terribly short of sleep, lately."

That, at least, was true.

When David and Marigold joined them, Tim, as she had intended, took the initiative for her.

"Christina's feeling a bit off-colour. Headache or something. I've advised a taxi, followed by aspirin and the pillow."

"Really, Christina? I'm so awfully sorry. Of course, I'll take you home, if you think that's the best place for you."

"Thanks frightfully, but I'd simply hate you to come away on my account, David. Truly, I should. It's just the sort of horrid sick headache when one doesn't want to speak or be spoken to. I've been afraid it was coming on, all the evening. If you'll get hold of a taxi, I'll go and fetch my cloak."

David protested suitably; the girl Marigold condoled without any great appearance of concern; and Tim, with a parting, "See you later!" his particular catchword of the moment, went off to dance with Susan.

CHRISTINA hurried to the cloakroom. She stopped in front of the long mirror, on her way out, and glanced at her reflection.

Her blue and silver frock was a very smart one, and she certainly had a nice figure; but her slimness was somehow, indefinably, no longer the slimness of youth, any more than her smooth skin was the smooth skin of youth.

Before she had left home that evening, alone in her room scrutinizing her appearance most carefully, Christina had been really pleased with it, and had felt that all the trouble she took with herself was well justified. But now, after looking at the pale, and yet vivid, bloom on Marigold's face and hair and shoulders, she was no longer pleased. One might do a great deal; but, after all, it was only fake, when all was said and done. Marigold's youth had shown up the imitation for what it was.

With a tiny shudder, she hurried out.

David was waiting outside.

"I've got a taxi. Look here, do let me come with you."

Did he really want her to say yes?

Christina hesitated but shook her head —temporizing.

"I want to do exactly what suits you best. Of course, I'd *much* rather come with you, but if you feel you'd really be better alone, I don't want to butt in. Say which you truly prefer," he urged.

Unreasonably or not, Christina felt that settled it.

"I'd really rather you stayed here. I shall shut my eyes, in the taxi, and keep perfectly still. It's the only thing for these heads. Good-night and thanks awfully. I'm so sorry for breaking up our evening like this."

"My dear, as if you could possibly help it! I'll ring up tomorrow morning—late-ish, in case you're asleep."

He opened the taxi door.

"Oh, David," she threw it carelessly over her shoulder, "what was the girl like, by the way? Amusing?"

"Oh," his casualness was like a bad imitation of hers, "quite. Rather a dear I thought. Good-night, Christina."

"Good-night, my dear."

She saw him go indoors again as the taxi jerked and started. "Well," thought Christina, "that's that."

She had always been very quick at taking up her cue and never, since the real and disastrous love-affair that had wrecked her, emotionally, in her twenty-

(*Continued on page 162*)

Perfume delicately paints an unseen portrait on the air, invokes a fragrant image that, to others, is one's very self. That yours may be lovelier still, I have created my four fragrances . . . individual, varied and ever responsive to the mood . . . Parfums A, B, C and N. You will wish, I think, to make one yours . . . At the better stores—L. L.

THE NEW FITTED SILHOUETTE DEMANDS THE *Singlette**

Hips *have reappeared and must be firm and sleek beneath the frock.*

Waistlines—*now slightly defined and almost normal—must be firmly sheathed.*

The Bust *must be high and gloriously rounded.*

The Singlette*—being *underwear*—gives the figure a lovely easy appearance, yet the concealed girdle coaxes it into the shapeliest and slimmest silhouette! Before she tries on the season's fitted frocks—the smart woman *first* chooses the Singlette.*

In 30 cleverly designed styles: $3 to $25
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". . . because you love nice things"

VAN RAALTE
295 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
* an exclusive VAN RAALTE creation.

THE BITTER-SWEET PHRASE

(*Continued from page 161*)

seventh year, had she allowed an affair to drag on, once the glamour of it had departed.

She was experienced; and she knew that, although David himself was not yet aware of it, this was the beginning of the end.

He was, definitely, attracted by a girl.

"It was only a question of time. I always knew it would happen," Christina told herself drearily. "The wonder is, really, that I ever attracted him at all."

She reached home, and went slowly to her room, feeling terribly tired.

It would be dull, when David no longer rang her up on the telephone daily, or took her out, or danced with her through a whole evening. It made her realize that soon she could no longer depend upon being attractive to men.

For a few days, it almost seemed as though Christina had been morbidly and ridiculously pessimistic.

David was as he had always been, since he had first fallen in love with her.

But Christina knew.

The indefinable difference was there.

What she did not know, just in those first few days, was whether David was, or was not, seeing anything of Marigold.

SHE was enlightened within a fortnight. One night, at the theatre, with her old friend Laurence Field, she saw David, with Marigold.

"Isn't that David, over there?" Laurence innocently enquired.

"Yes. He's just this moment caught sight of us."

"Who is the girl?"

"I only know her as Marigold. We met her one night with Tim and Susan."

"I like her hair," said Laurence, with the air of one drawing attention to a discovery of his own.

Christina smiled with a fine-drawn hint of sarcasm.

"And do you like the way it's done? *À la* Greta Garbo?"

"Very much, indeed. It suits her particular style, and her extreme youth."

"Yes," said Christina.

Laurence Field, she noticed, didn't say that she ought to try that style of hairdressing herself.

All the same, she did try it, that evening, brushing the dark hair behind her ears, pulling it a little forward over her temples, and allowing the ends, for she had begun to grow it, to fall upon her neck. They would need curling, of course . . .

It wasn't very becoming, she felt. Her face wasn't round, like the girl's face, and her forehead wasn't smooth enough to give that ingenuous expression of candour that brushed-back hair should impart.

When next she saw David, he at once referred to his evening at the play with Marigold; as though to show her that he did not feel in the least guilty about it.

That was always one of the early stages in the ancient comedy of off with the old love and on with the new, Christina's experience informed her.

She would make it easy for David on the whole, she decided; but she was "minding" more than she had expected to mind, though perhaps not quite so much on account of David as on account of what he represented to her of her own waning power to attract, and be attracted by, youth.

"Marigold—I've never heard that girl's other name yet, by the way—is quite decorative, in her own way. Is she intelligent?"

"Oh, yes, very. You must meet her again, Christina; I'm sure you'd like her awfully. She's read quite a lot. In fact, she's keen on books, and things like that. I'm sure she'd love your paintings."

"You must bring her along to have a look at them, some time," said Christina, careful not to make the invitation a definite one. She continued her catechism.

She and David had always enjoyed discussing other people, and were in agreement on the characteristics most requisite in a fellow creature.

"Is she clever?"

"I think very, in her own way. She can do all sorts of things, marvellously, dancing, and skating, and tennis—the aunt told me about that—and she plays the piano almost like a professional. She just hears a thing once, and then she gets it by ear. You know the kind of thing."

"Yes, I know. How amazing," said Christina coldly.

"She dresses rather well, I think, don't you?" David enquired, ostentatiously off-hand.

"I've only seen her twice, but she looked very nice both times. Of course, she's pretty."

"I think she is."

David's attempt at a dispassionate manner was not very convincing.

It was evident that he thought Marigold the eighth wonder of the world.

It would really be quite amusing, thought Christina bitterly, to see if he would admit any deficiencies in her at all.

"Most important of all, David, has she got any sense of humour?"

Christina knew that she had, somehow, conveyed in her tone the implication that she did not think this likely.

Perhaps that was why David hesitated before replying.

"Of course," he said at last, "it naturally rather depends on what you mean, by a sense of humour. Personally, I should say she most certainly has. She was as quick as lightning, onto every point, in that show the other night."

"I didn't think the show terribly funny, David; and I've heard other people say the same."

"What sort of people?" David asked rather incredulously. "Your generation or my generation?"

He had said it in all unconsciousness, but Christina knew that this was the end.

IT WASN'T so very gradual, after all. Christina, of course, made it easy for him; and he several times told her what a splendid pal she was. With very little encouragement, he would soon be asking her sympathy in his affair with Marigold.

Christina did not permit that. It would have hurt her vanity too badly.

She conveniently developed influenza and could see nobody. David telephoned once or twice, sent flowers once, and then was heard of no more, except indirectly.

Then someone told Christina that he wanted to marry Marigold; and that she wouldn't say "Yes" but hadn't said "No."

Christina told herself that she really didn't mind, very much. She had never expected David to want to marry *her*, naturally. Only it was impossible not to miss the gratification of his attentions, the excitement of daily letters, frequent expeditions, and constant telephone calls. Her life had been built up round those trivial, emotional excitements; and now there was nobody left to supply them.

"Your generation, or my generation?"

She kept on remembering those words.

However valiantly she might pretend, she was not one of the generation of today. And they knew it. So well did they know it, indeed, that, like David, they innocently took it for granted that she, too, quite accepted the fact.

Her fortieth birthday came. *Forty.*

Actually, forty-one wouldn't be so bad. All women knew that. Forty was the Rubicon.

Laurence Field, who never forgot her birthday—she had seen to it, however, that he didn't know exactly which birthday it was—sent her a book, and some flowers, and asked her out to dinner.

Again, Christina put on her blue and silver frock. She had very few evening dresses, for she never made the mistake of sacrificing quality to quantity. One might do that at twenty, or even at twenty-five. Not afterwards.

It was the first time she had been out in the evening since her influenza and the dreary period of convalescence that had succeeded it.

Christina, with a flash of humour, could not help feeling that although David had been so charming, it was really a relief not to have to live up to his youthful energies. Laurence wouldn't want to dance with her between the courses, nor

(*Concluded on page 164*)

a Vital Message
to women who refuse to surrender to the years!

INSTEAD of spending hours before the mirror or lying awake nights worrying about your looks, please spend five minutes reading the message on this page. It is written not to entertain or amuse you. Its purpose is to help you retain or regain the charm and loveliness of youth—to tell you how Helena Rubinstein preparations and methods can solve once and for all time all your beauty problems.

If you have been experimenting with numberless creams and "panaceas"—resulting in discouragement and disappointment, turn now to the preparations of Madame Rubinstein and let the creations of an acknowledged authority charge your skin with new life—renew its fine youthful texture—mould the contours of your face and throat to their former delicacy. . . . Or if you are standing at the threshold of life, with the priceless heritage of youth still in your possession, safeguard it as your greatest treasure. Never barter your loveliness for the sake of cheap cosmetics. Let nothing touch your skin but the creams and lotions which Madame Rubinstein says are scientifically correct *for your particular needs.* . . . The following is a

BASIC BEAUTY TREATMENT
For the Mature Skin

CLEANSE with Water Lily Cleansing Cream, the luxurious, rejuvenating cream. (2.50)

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TIGHTEN the contour with Georgine Lactee—a muscle-tightening balsam, to be patted in briskly. Firms the contour. (3.00)

NOURISH with Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros) to correct lines, ward off incipient wrinkles and replenish the natural oils of the skin. (1.75)

FINISH with Skin Toning Lotion Special—a refreshing, mildly astringent tonic. Closes the pores. Prepares the skin for make-up. (1.25)

For the Younger Skin

CLEANSE with Water Lily Cleansing Cream—loveliest of cleansers—(2.50). MASSAGE with the cooling and nourishing Novena Cerate (2.50). Before powdering, PROTECT the skin with Water Lily Foundation; causes makeup to delicately adhere. (2.00)

PERSONAL CONSULTATION—If you live near one of Madame Rubinstein's Beauty Salons, drop in for a confidential conference. Or you may receive careful and complete instructions by mail if you will write to her personally.

Helena Rubinstein cosmetics preserve your beauty as well as enhance it, for they are born of the same scientific genius as her marvelous preparations.

Personality Makeup

As a foundation, to make your powder and rouge adhere through a strenuous day or a gay evening, use WATER LILY FOUNDATION CREAM. Gives a satin-smooth surface. (2.00). For your powder, choose VALAZE NOVENA POWDER if your skin is dry, or VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER if normal, or oily. Both are fragrant, clinging, and come in all the new tints. (1.50 to 5.50) . . . Or POUDRE ENCHANTÉ, the most exquisite powder in the world. (3.00)

For the glow of color that enlivens and glorifies, you should adopt VALAZE ROUGES: Red Raspberry for daytime or vivid Red Geranium for evening—in compact, (1.00) or *en crême* (1.00 to 5.00); Crushed Rose Leaves for a natural, unobtrusive loveliness—in compact only. (1.00)

To add the dash of provocative allure, use WATER LILY LIPSTICK, exquisitely soft, perfectly indelible; will not change color. Ruby for day — Cardinal for evening; smartly enameled green, black or chinese red cases. (1.25)

Exquisite Christmas Gifts

What marvelous gifts they make—these Helena Rubinstein powders, rouges, lipsticks, compacts, beauty boxes . . . Room here to show only one—the BEAUTY BOX, a compact, luxuriously built traveling case, containing an ample supply of wondrous creams and lotions to make the most arduous journey a tour of pleasure and delight. (27.50)

Send for illustrated booklet showing other Beauty Boxes (5.50, 16.50 and 45.00) or ask to see them at the nearest Salon or dealer.

"There is so much to tell, so much to tell," exclaimed Madame Rubinstein when asked what preparations to mention on this page. "The Basic Beauty Treatment first and foremost of course—no woman should be without it. But also, I have developed a scientifically correct preparation for every possible beauty need. A complete list is available in my booklet 'The Secrets of Beauty' (which I shall be glad to send on request) but here I can mention only a few."

For Sagging Contours

At night after cleansing with VALAZE WATER LILY CLEANSING CREAM (2.50) apply the tonic rejuvenant EAU QUI PIQUE (3.00) if your skin is oily; or VALAZE EAU VERTE (3.00) if your skin is dry. Follow with VALAZE GEORGINE LACTEE (3.00) to tighten the muscles and tissues; and finish with VALAZE EMAILLINE (1.75) a bracing astringent cream.

For Dry Skin and Lines about the Eyes

If your skin is dry, wrinkled or lined about the eyes—nourish the tissues with VALAZE EXTRAIT, the Anti-Wrinkle Lotion. (2.50)

For Oily Skin Blackheads and Large Pores

Use VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS (1.00) a delightful, cleansing wash; or VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE (1.00). VALAZE LIQUIDINE (1.50), a special lotion, removes all "shine."

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Portrait in Silk

Crepe Morro

A subdued bloom and firm, flat rib, give this pure-dye Canton a distinctive beauty—a beauty that is now serving to enhance the new afternoon and evening silhouette

A Haas Brothers Silk

Produced by Haas Brothers Fabrics Corp., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE BITTER-SWEET PHRASE

(*Concluded from page 162*)

to go on somewhere else the moment dinner was over. She wouldn't have to appraise herself, furtively, against younger women, in terms of David's admiration for a pretty complexion, a slim figure, bright hair . . .

Laurence Field admired feminine charms, but he thought that "modern girls all looked alike." He would have held it no compliment to Christina, to class her among them. She was quite sure that it had never even crossed his mind that she could wish to be so classed. The curious but restful thing was that, with him, she didn't.

As usual, Laurence called for her. He was so old-fashioned that he would never ask a woman to meet him at a public restaurant.

"What a lovely frock," he said, evidently not realizing at all that he had ever seen it before.

"I'm glad you think I look nice."

"You always look delightful, Christina, even when you're not feeling your strongest. I'm afraid flu has rather taken it out of you, hasn't it? There's a pathetic, and most becoming, pallor about you; and your eyes look too large for your face. I'm going to be unselfish and take you home early tonight."

He really was very nice.

He had, as usual, selected a restaurant where the cuisine was excellent, and there was no orchestra.

"This won't be too dull for you, will it?"

"Oh, no, Laurence. I like it."

"I know you really enjoy dancing till about three o'clock in the morning," he said with an indulgent smile. "Though I'm not at all sure it's good for you. How's that dancing partner of yours, by the way?"

"David? Oh, he's very well, I believe," she returned carelessly. "I haven't seen much of him lately. I believe he's very much taken up with a young thing called Marigold. I don't know whether it'll come to anything."

"Really? Is that a fair-haired girl we saw him with at the theatre some time ago? I remember noticing her."

"Yes. She's pretty," Christina compelled herself to say.

"Is she?" he remarked thoughtfully. "I'm afraid I shouldn't know her again if I saw her. Young girls all seem to me to belong to very much the same type nowadays. However, I do remember that I thought your friend David had got hold of something rather attractive. Perhaps I was biased, though—"

"Biased? Because 'gentlemen prefer blondes,' do you mean?" said the dark-haired Christina, laughing.

"Because I hoped that Miss Marigold mighty occupy some of Master David's spare time, and leave you more freedom. I know you've been extraordinarily kind in letting him go about with you; and that's meant that I haven't seen quite as much of you as I should like. I've missed you, Christina."

"Really, Laurence!"

She felt startled by the earnestness of his tone. David, though charming, had never been earnest.

"Of course, I know it's perfectly natural that you should want to do all the amusing things that one *does* do, at your age. I suppose I really owe it to the flu that I've been lucky enough to get you to myself this evening."

"Laurence, how ridiculous you are! As though I didn't love coming anywhere with you . . ."

Christina stopped, for she was actually out of breath, in the grip of a strange emotional spasm.

"That's very sweet of you," said Laurence Field gravely. "But you mustn't think, my dear, that I don't realize the gulf between your generation and my generation."

Christina, hearing once more the phrase that had been ringing in her mind for days, knew that this time it was not the end, but the beginning.

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 158*)

before. Not a tree he knew; and this alone gave him a strange thrill, as though he had suddenly passed out of the common world into some world of the poet's imagination. Fearless, as he had been born of fearless sires, his zest for new experience in strange lands made him indifferent to all but the coming adventure. After all, there could be nothing to face to which his youth and strength could prove unequal—no chains he could not endure. With elation his eyes took in every feature of the scene: the little harbour bristling with masts, enclosed in a long semi-circular promontory of forts on rocks, at its point a tall tower, and within, minarets and the domes of mosques; narrow streets like crevices between houses that seemed like palaces, streets down which, like bees from a hive, masses of white-clad figures poured in one undulating, agitated stream.

As the ships moved close in, salutes from a hundred guns from the girdle of forts roared and flashed fire and smoke, while from the far heights came also the flash and welcome of the Dey's own battery. As they moved in still closer, another even stranger roar smote upon his ears: the menacing roar of thousands upon thousands of human beings, turbanned men and veiled women, little children too, all swarming along the quays, crowding the house-tops, leaning from the windows, one terrible voice of ferocious welcome to the ships that were bringing home the captured infidels, with their gold and silver and jewels, slaves for the market, women for the harems. Again the guns belched forth; and a great barge rowed by slaves, on whose shoulders the impatient lash fell with ghastly reiteration, shot out with gaudily clad officials to greet the Agha.

The time of the Englishmen had come, and their fate shrieked and grinned at them with a diabolical ferocity of hate which might well have cowed the stoutest heart.

Swiftly the friendly Agha wrung the Captain's hand by way of assurance and farewell.

"Remember," he said quickly through his interpreter for whose faithfulness he relied on those steel hooks on the Gate of Bab-el-Oucb, "all I can do I will. But silence for my sake as well as your own."

The Captain's strong hand returned his pressure, and then he and all his Englishmen awaited the event with calm faces, in which curiosity had taken the place of all other feelings—except, maybe, contempt for all this roaring mob that called the false prophet Mahound their Lord.

(*To be continued*)

SICILIAN SONG

I KNOW the breath
Of my desire
Can never blow
The ashes
Of your heart
To fire—
And yet, I think,
The night-cold stones
Of an orchard wall
Do not resent
The almond blossoms
When they fall.

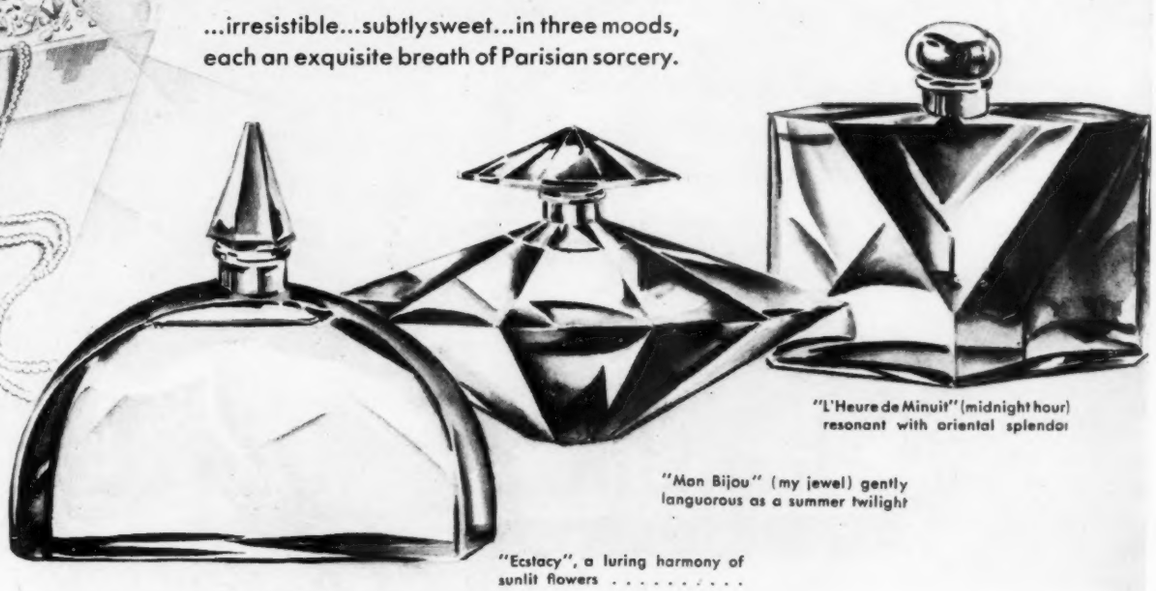
Hudson Strode

A New Perfume"

So unusual...Rare...Tantalizing so limited in quantity that like precious pearls and stones it is sold ONLY in Jewelry Stores.

PARFUM DELTAH

...irresistible...subtly sweet...in three moods, each an exquisite breath of Parisian sorcery.



"L'Heure de Minuit" (midnight hour) resonant with oriental splendor

"Mon Bijou" (my jewel) gently languorous as a summer twilight

"Ecstacy", a luring harmony of sunlit flowers . . . . . .

ALL the feminine grace of this season's mode is expressed in a gown of the new georgette for evening . . . soft and clinging . . . with those delicate nuances of line that distinguish the Franklin winter collection.

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WHY ARE EXPATRIATES?

(*Continued from page 99*)

English politician, are heaped with honours, surrounded by pretty women, and are finally rich. Beyond fifty, a French actress, an Italian or Spanish woman of the world, are belatedly celebrated; their salons are sought after; their invitations highly prized; they have accumulated riches in money or credit.

But I should like you to tell me just what a belle from the other side of the Atlantic is at these canonical ages. "A grandmother! Horrible!" very justly exclaims Mrs. Dodsworth. She is not slow to perceive—to the honour of the psychological sense of Sinclair Lewis—that in Europe a grandmother is in no way distinguishable from a young girl—except, perhaps, that her skirts are shorter, her hair more bleached and she has more men about her. The American woman knows how to keep young physically, but that in no way deceives younger generations. Age is at the same time both invisible and evident.

Society in the United States is divided into thousands of clans; women of thirty are excluded from the twenty-five-year-old group. Nothing is more close than the world of the débutantes who hold in disdain the old women of twenty-five. In Europe, on the contrary, Americans forget that they have finished their lives too soon by dint of overwork and that they are unwanted. Here women are entertained, whatever their ages. "Within three days," said Dodsworth of his wife, "she had twelve men to play with." And he adds wittily: "Europe is the place of last shots." America has beauty parlours, but Europe has something better. Being herself an elderly person, she has the respect and the taste of age. "No one is a prophet in his own country," says the adage. That is true, if the prophet have a past and if his country be New York.

Europe is a white-haired lady; her pleasures are made to be understood and appreciated after forty. Conversation, good living, tranquillity of the mind, acquaintance and disdain of one's neighbours, the indulgent smile of the egoist; in a word, the life of society, suit her. I am a great admirer of America and in Europe I always take her part with violence, but one must admit that social life there is far from being as agreeable as it is elsewhere. A witty woman of agreeable conversation is a rare product taking centuries to develop, whereas it is not difficult to be what the newspapers call by the frightful name of "social matron."

One can appear every day in the column of Social Activities and yet not be a woman of the world. Activity is all very well, but in these things, passiveness is still more important. The most elegant and agreeable salons owe their existence less to the presence of a certain number of personages than to the absence of certain others. To be exclusive is not to admit, but on the contrary to exclude many people. This leads us direct to snobbery. There are many amateur snobs in America; but I affirm that all the born snobs, all the professional snobs, will come to Europe.

Duchesses have, for retired American business men eager for high life, a sure fascination; they do not fail to frequent the Fairs of Continental Vanities. "I have made the most terrific hit with Lady A . . . ," declares Dodsworth, not without satisfaction. Whatever may be said about it, the unfortunate results of so many unions between the Old and the New Worlds have in no way diminished their vogue; quite the contrary. In principle and *à priori*, mothers and fathers continue to consider all young Continentals fortune hunters and worldly swindlers, but these suspicions eventually do not last. European men know how to speak to women; it suffices for one of them to notice the dress Mrs. Dodsworth is wearing for her to succumb to his new attractions. "American husbands are never thoughtful . . . business and golf . . ."

HENRY JAMES in "The Ambassadors" has very shrewdly observed the attraction which the sophisticated European woman exerts over American men. She is not the fatal and ridiculous woman of the films. The novels and plays of New York willingly expand on the dangers to which she exposes young men just out of the university; but they pass over in silence all the perils an American avoids by confiding his happiness to women of the Old World whose very laws are made for men, against women.

These relations between a man and a woman, so complex, are simplified by Paris, "that feminine and flirtatious refuge from reality," the Paris of divorces, the Paris that with her old and sceptical hands applies balm to the disillusions and sentimental sorrows of Americans. Without reaching actual rupture, there are the thousand nuances of separations—amiable, friendly, tender, indifferent, or hostile—between husband or wife, in which Europe almost always intervenes, as a confidante in tragedy. The summer trip on the Atlantic is the truce of husbands and very often these holidays overcome friction and prevent bruises. Accord is brought back through vacations, just as is the case with States in their armed warfare. At the bottom of many American expatriations there is a heart story.

The trip to Europe depends upon the age at which one undertakes it. There are dangerous ages. Sometimes one is encouraged and sometimes one is disapproved of. Babbitt would give his allegiance to parents who send their daughter to a boarding-school in Versailles to have her become an accomplished young person who later will be an ornament to the country clubs. Babbitt would envy that same person when, married, she went to Vesuvius to spend her honeymoon ("If she desired Europe, he could master it and give it on a plate of gold," says Dodsworth); but later Babbitt would be full of blame if his fellow citizen left her husband to live over-seas and become what Sinclair Lewis drolly calls "the modern American woman with fancy European improvements."

WHEN Lewis here speaks of improvements, he means to make fun of superficial European veneer, made of modes and vanities. What solely is interesting is the profound, human reasons which determine the transatlantic exodus of a part of the intellectual élite of the United States. An advanced American magazine edited in Paris, *Transition*, a little while ago asked this question, among others, of its little group of readers: "Why are you here in France?" I followed their replies attentively, and they can be thrown into three groups: The first denies that there is in the United States an intellectual life which satisfies; the second, more numerous, flees from Puritanical conformity; the third is composed of voluptuaries united under the cynical banner: "Wherever I am well off, there is my country."

"There is no intellectual life in the United States." This statement, which appears to me false, I have answered elsewhere. I am certain that there is in America an intellectual life as profound and as intense as anywhere else. As to the predominance of material things in support of a practical and rapid industrial civilization, with all its disadvantages, that is not a phenomenon peculiar to America but to the whole world. One should not confuse intellectual life with that intellectual, literary, and artistic fermentation which characterizes Paris.

Ivan Bede writes harshly: "There is such a mass of activities in America, with such a lack of understanding and taste, that it ruins anyone as easily affected as I am." "Americans of the Middle West interest themselves in nothing," writes Sinclair Lewis.

It is not merely a visit to the tomb of Verlaine, of Baudelaire, or of Byron which is lacking in the itineraries organized for the Grand Canyon. It is not merely the intellectual chatter of the cafés, so like those of the porticoes of ancient Greece, which is lacking in Detroit or in Cincinnati. It is the slower rhythm

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WHY ARE EXPATRIATES?

(*Continued from page 166*)

of life, conducive to profounder thought; the restrained and reasonable way of things, a more direct contact with people more individually characterized, from smaller countries; in short, a past replete with history, a past still so recent, an atmosphere where dwells the individual presence of great minds who breathed there but yesterday.

Wordsworth sings that the joy of living is in those affinities which conform our new life to those things already existing. Above all, the light air of individual liberty. There is no question here of political liberty; that derived from laws is found more perfect in the United States than elsewhere. But we are concerned with that escape fron social conformity which is the result of a Puritanical civilization. There we have the true, profound cause of nomadism, of the American exodus. The American tends to escape it as a prodigal son, an adolescent keen on a new future, tends to escape from his family. "Your parents' home is never a place to work," replies Gertrude Stein. (In a word, she is proud of being born an American; but not less happy to live a Parisian.) Robert MacAlmon adds: "I prefer Europe to America because there is less interference with private life here." Harry Crosby is despairingly more frank: ". . . because I detest perpetual hypocrisy; because outside of America nothing recalls my childhood." Pierre Loving considers travel a natural exercise of liberty.

These intellectual Americans have not come abroad to do wrong secretly; to belong to what Lewis so drolly calls "The Salvation Army of Compulsory Sin." They have come for negative reasons, so as not to be obliged to do what their circle calls "good"; that is, so as not to be obliged to bow their modern souls, their complex minds, their sophisticated hearts of 1930, to a standard of moral life fixed years, even centuries before, at the time of the pioneers. They want modern virtues and not what Madame de Sévigné calls "austere, ancient, and coarse virtue." This need of fleeing social constraint—Freud would say escaping censure—is the basis of this need for flight. Before the bench Americans all have the same answer: "I went to Europe to have a new life . . . a new self . . . not worry any more about duties . . ." "A new honeymoon! Eloping!" cries Mrs. Dodsworth.

This resurrection, this rejuvenation which they expect at the other side of the Atlantic (before it is too late), is not only the effect of that human mirage which makes us believe that we could be happy wherever we are not; it is the desire to bring to light, to give air to that other suppressed part of human nature which remains in darkness under the exterior pressure of our surroundings. Each one of us is dual. The sad have gay impulses; the avaricious have prodigal hours; the most edifying heroes sometimes feel like criminals; Dr. Jekyll is at night Mr. Hyde.

This has always been so but modern writers, from Dostoyefsky to Proust, in making us aware of it, have taught us no longer to be ashamed of it. Only, it is impossible that our circle, accustomed to believing in that side of us which we present to them, should suddenly be faced with the other side and revise their judgment. That would be the crumbling of credit, the ruin of all society. And as modern man, liberated from the fear of phantoms, tends to realize himself completely and intends to live integrally, it is natural that he search for a new setting and a new road for this self which he has just freed.

That is why I attach a symbolic importance to the Bradley Martin masked ball, after which the master of the house left America. Mr. Bradley Martin wanted to disguise himself; that is, show American citizens another personality than the true one. It shocked, as we know. And I can well imagine Mr. Bradley Martin ending his days in Europe, eternally disguised in token of his liberation.

THIS fight against conformity, the need to push back the necessary boundaries of social constraint, leads a woman to love, to free love, so severely condemned in America; and a man to idleness. In Europe they call a man who does not do military service a deserter; in America (as in Russia) work is king and it constitutes a sort of military service which lasts for life. When they asked the Nordic Dürer why he lived in Venice, he replied: "Because here I am considered a gentleman, at home a loafer." (Besides, it is because Americans come to rest in Europe that they have a tendency to consider Europe as a place where one does not work.)

This word "gentleman" leads incidentally to snobbery. Let us devote a few more lines to it. In certain countries strangers are willingly considered exceptional creatures. "A strange lord," as one says in Southern Asia, as in the Spain of Cervantes—memories of an era when all strangers were rich. It is all the more flattering as many flee America through a desire to be "exclusive." "I know only two classes of people who hate their own race, who travel principally to get away from them: that is, the Americans and the Jews," writes Lewis.

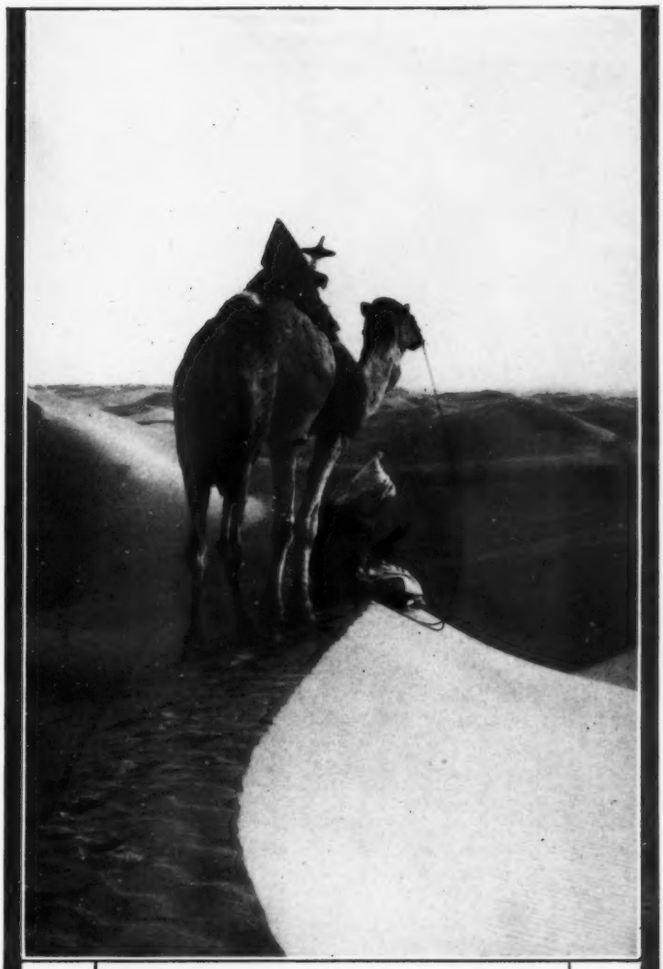
A nation that exports only wealthy tourists and not emigrants who come to compete with national labor (as was the case with Frenchmen who travelled in Italy or in Spain in the seventeenth century and the English who travelled in France in the eighteenth century) enjoys a consideration which reflects upon each one of its members. An American in a little town in Ireland or in the south of France is much more than a *principe* in Naples. He is the equal of the "Milord" of a century ago. His Broadway twang appears to be a divine speech; and the natives among whom he has settled would have to know English to understand what other travelling Americans are perhaps saying of this "Milord": "What a bounder! Why are Americans whom one meets abroad so impossible? There are no such persons at home! etc. . . ."

LET us now examine the attitude of the voluptuary. Americans are often compared to the Roman legionaires; in which case, Europe would be their Capua. The character of a Yankee refined by the old Continent is the favourite hero of the books of Henry James: man of the world, well-groomed, with local habits (a pointed beard in France, port wine in silver cup in Scotland, "old country squire" style, etc.), lover of antiques, of gardens, polyglot, passionately fond of ancient music, "delicate, voluptuous, idle swallow," exclaims J. E. Blanche, who, for the past thirty years, has been their favourite painter.

We find that type of American just as intact as in the pages of Mrs. Wharton, in Fiesole, in Capri, at Bayreuth, rue du Bac. Flight from the struggle for life. European snobbery. "Lady Ouston had many resolute opinions about the bad manners, illiteracy, and money grubbing of the U. S. A. She had been born in Nashville, Tennessee." These are the very first to complain of their ex-compatriates: "Such voices, like brass horns; such rudeness and such lack of reticence, and such material ideals! . . ." Many young expatriates, in spite of their anarchistic appearance, are just like that.

Leigh Hoffman, also replying to *Transition's* inquiry, says: "I live in France because I prefer to live with the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of friction." Listen also to these formulae which reek of Oscar Wilde a mile off: "America needs a gospel of laziness . . . I like Paris because Paris practices her sins lightly, like her religion." These people have looked upon all the canvases of the Old Masters—at least all those pronounced authentic by Berenson—all the landscapes from the Escorial to Sans Souci; they have breathed the roses of Ispahan and the hyacinths of Haarlem; they have listened to the organ of Notre Dame and to the call of the muezzin in Constantinople. They know that the grace of a city is fugitive, often difficult to grasp; that all true European values are secret and lowered in key; they pro-

(*Concluded on page 170*)



A Sahara Sunset
Burning Up the World

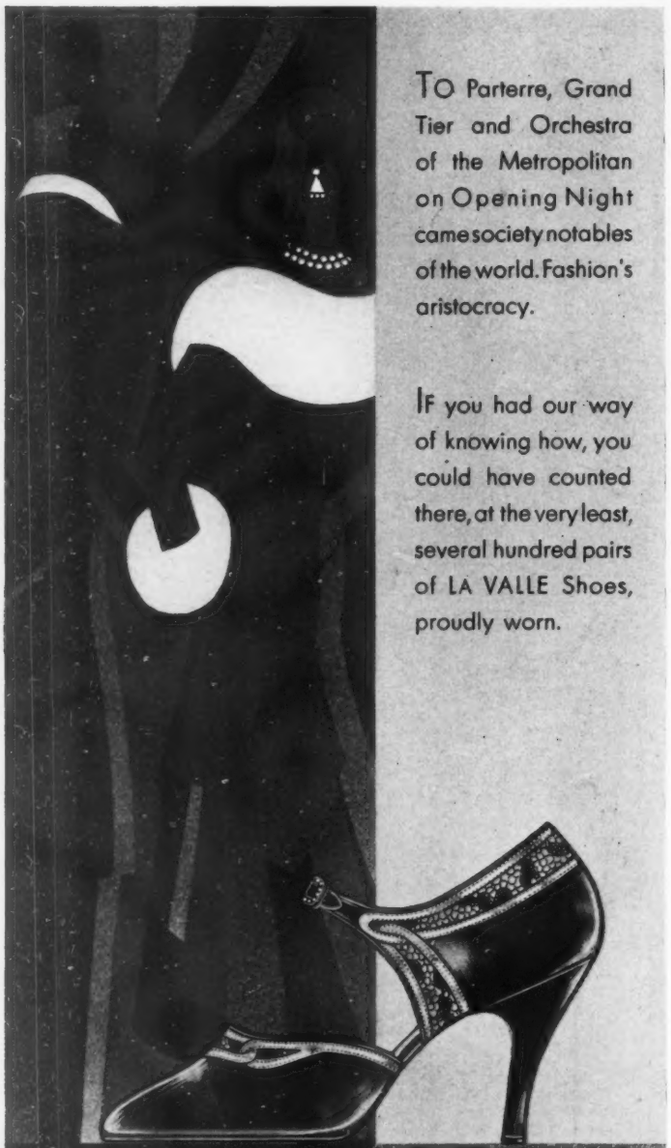
YOU'VE done everything? ✱ Not unless you've pushed off in a 12-wheeled Renault into the sun and silence of that sea of sand... aloof, horizonless, lit with the pale mirage, sown with the sudden gardens of oases. ✱ A striped tent spread with gorgeous carpets, chickens roasted with olives and lemons and peppery herbs... kous-kous, the national dish, a feast in itself... coffee for gods, red grapes as cold as frozen rubies. ✱ Moonrise and music... the pulse of tomtoms and the clicking bracelets of slim dancers.

North Africa is yours today . . . the playground of the international set who camp in the desert, motor along the perfect roads, that people the forty-six smart "Transat" hotels, Moorish palaces with French chefs. ✱ Take the *"Ile de France"*, the *"Paris"* or the *"France"* across "the longest gangplank in the world"... FIVE days in France afloat . . . French cuisine that doesn't merely aim to be, but is . . . a crowd too sophisticated to consider any other crossing... calling at Plymouth, England... then le Havre and the boat-train waiting, three hours to Paris... overnight to Marseilles... twenty-four hours by a French Liner across the sapphire Mediterranean to Algiers.

Those who demand the maximum of gayety in the minimum of time take one of the Mediterranean-Moroccan Cruises of the "France", leaving New York, Jan. 11, Feb. 12, Mar. 15 and Apr. 25.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City



TO Parterre, Grand Tier and Orchestra of the Metropolitan on Opening Night came society notables of the world. Fashion's aristocracy.

IF you had our way of knowing how, you could have counted there, at the very least, several hundred pairs of LA VALLE Shoes, proudly worn.

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EVERY LA VALLE SHOE is expertly and entirely made by hand in the finest custom manner.

The originations of this master craftsman are purchasable in almost every fashion center.

Your inquiry is invited

BROADWAY NEW YORK

WHY ARE EXPATRIATES?

(*Concluded from page 169*)

claim that Paris is not the Ritz and that the year 1928 was excellent for white Burgundies.

The moralists are right in attaching great importance to the liquor problem. Alcohol is but a symbol. Prohibition is but the image of Puritanical constraint, of the pressure which society brings to bear upon the individual. The speakeasy is to me a new event, a formidable turning-point in American history. For the first time the individual is defending his rights and is facing an anonymous collectivity out of which law is born. Never does this appear to me more evident than when I see Americans claim, above all, the right to drink on boarding boats.

Liquor, in reality, does not produce that explosion of well-being, that liberation of a man's entire self, which one sees as soon as a steamer has passed Nantucket Lighthouse. The etiquette of the bottle is a vaster banner, that of a recent need for an anti-social liberty. What stops at the limits of territorial waters is national law; on the other side is the universe. Mr. Lansing Warren, replying to the questionnaire, says: "I like to be well installed when drinking my liquor; I prefer good liquor to bad liquor, at a reasonable price than at an exorbitant cost." One of the characters of Dodsworth, after placing his country above all else, puts these conditions before returning there to live: He would be contented there "if we got rid of prohibition, so that a man could drink a glass of beer instead of being compelled to drink gin . . . if there were a lot more cafés and a lot less autos . . . if neighbours didn't spy and gossip, if one worked less, et cetera. . . ."

THIS need to be elsewhere is the greatness and the misery of modern man. "All expatriates," again says Lansing Warren, "will admit that when in Europe the U. S. A. is best, and when at home there is no place like Europe. This psychology has made the fortunes of the steamship companies." It is the "I can neither live with you nor without you" of the ancients brought up to date. If Berenice Abbott resides in Paris, it is, she answers not without humour, that she understands her country better judging it from afar. And likewise Harry Crosby, because living in Europe: "New York remains for me the city of The Thousand and One Nights." Leigh Hoffman is without illusions. The Europe he loves will soon enough be as unlivable as America: "The combined forces which drove me from my country will prevail here too."

"Paris and London have become two of the nicest American cities," writes Sinclair Lewis, who has grouped under the Pickwickian name of Perspectivers those Americans who are ashamed of these hidden epicureanisms, who apologize for living abroad in this way "in order to get a better perspective of America," some of whom, he says, "have been getting that perspective for sixteen years in Paris."

The article in an American magazine, in which the comical series of American exiles in Paris files past the Café du Dôme, was written by Lewis in 1925. It seems to me like a first draft of the fine novel "Dodsworth," which might have been named "Babbitt Abroad." A group of young men in flannels, in Oxford trousers, believe they are discovering Paris. They are merely replacing those of their elders who, fifty or sixty years before, came to experience the same thing, taste the sweetness of European life and fill the gaps which death had made in this legion which has been called "the Old American Guard" of Paris.

Its spiritual head, my old friend Walter Berry, lover of old books, admirer of the manuscripts of Proust, pretty women, and rare bibelots, collector of incunabula as well as of Picassos, and who seemed to step out of a novel of Henry James, alas, is no longer of this world; Harry Lehr, who, with Mrs. Moore, amused all Paris society for twenty years, has just disappeared, as also Ambassador Herrick and so many others. They themselves had come to take the places of Franklin, Gouverneur Morris, Henry James, and Whistler, old expatriates. There is, therefore, nothing new in this flight of Americans to Europe unless it be the proportions it is assuming. To leave America, as did Mr. Bradley Martin or J. J. Astor twenty years or more ago, had a bit of defiance in it; it was Byronian, noisy, spectacular, aristocratic.

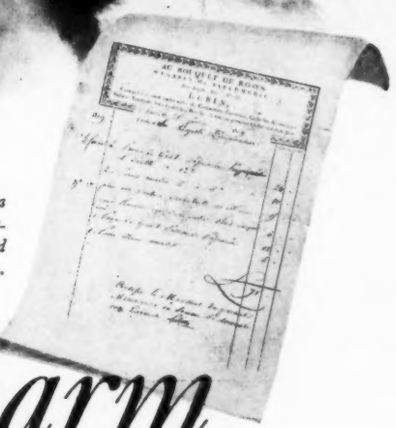
Today this transatlantic migration has become democratized. There are not boats enough to transport those who set forth. We have seen that the tourists now number more than three hundred thousand. Those in whom we are here interested, Americans residing abroad, based upon the latest statistics, number four hundred thousand, and this figure does not include travellers. It is in Europe that the best of these new Wandering Jews settle (seventy-seven thousand approximately). The greatest number live in France (twenty-six thousand); then comes Great Britain (eleven thousand); Italy (ten thousand). As a set-off, the Soviet régime can have little attraction for Americans since in Russia they number only one hundred and fifty.

Are these exiles happy? Yes, most of those I have met, I might even say all, have found in Europe what they came in search of. Ex-Captain Thomas of the *S. S. Paris* confided to me on my last crossing: "Believe me, who am somewhat of a confessor of all these pretty Americans who have been crossing on our line for the last twenty years, I can assure you that every woman who comes to Europe is lost to America!" If these women are lost, it is undoubtedly because they have found in the Old World the happiness they were looking for.

It is true that they will find it more easily than will a man, than will a virile American man. Sinclair Lewis has clearly perceived in the man of action that boredom with life which gets hold of him in Europe: "Why had he ever gone abroad? It had unsettled him . . ." "My mind is kind of sickly. What the devil was it that hit me?" asks Dodsworth, that industrial lion whom they locked up in a cage of *dolce far niente*. Europe is dangerous for such natures. When provincial American judges declare that "Europe ruins American homes," they are not wrong; it is true that one could say as much of the automobile, of the cocktail, of dancing . . .

Personally, I haven't much sympathy for these expatriates. I like people to be what nature made them. I prefer the average American, with his checkered shirt, his round face, and his twang, to the "imitation frog American," as says Lewis, with his house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, his ancient *boiseries* and his candle-lit dinners, disguised as a Louis XV. *grand seigneur*. I find uninteresting the New Yorker who knows my tongue too well, who expresses himself slowly, as in books, and whom I can see when I wish.

I prefer my far-off comrades of Gramercy Park; I prefer those great hordes of humanity who cross Brooklyn Bridge at evening, as sung by Whitman, who are unaware of the rest of the world and its pleasures. Let my American friends come to visit me in Paris, I shall be happy to see them. But if they decide to stay here, they become less dear. Parisians, after so many others, they lose their prestige with me. I often feel like going to live in New York, to take a place they have left vacant on the other side of the Atlantic.



Reproduction of a bill of sale for Parfums Lubin ordered by Josephine.

Did Josephine's PERSONAL *Charm*

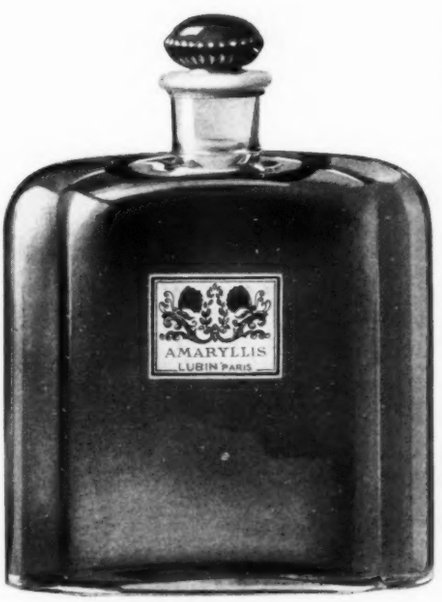
delay the fate which Napoleon decreed?

IN a lifetime of quick decisions, Napoleon experienced a peculiar lack of his usual autocratic dominance when he faced the task of divorcing his wife, Empress Josephine.

Great was the lady's personal charm and beauty, and difficult indeed must have been the responsibility which Napoleon imposed upon himself.

An interesting relic of that gripping chapter of history, and accenting the traditional charm of Josephine, is the bill of sale for purchases of Parfums Lubin, by the Empress of France, which is yet treasured in the archives of Parfumerie Lubin in Paris.

For nearly two centuries the royal families of many countries have recognized the artistry of Parfumerie Lubin, and many of them have publicly rewarded this skill by their royal favor. Through the changing times, Parfums Lubin have held their place as the choice of women who have a flaire for the better things of life and who make no compromise with the excellence of personal flower-odeurs.



AMARYLLIS . . . breathes an exciting scent which is reminiscent of old France; of love and romance; of royalty and chivalry.

This odeur perfumes an entire series of toiletries.

Parfumerie
LUBIN *Inc.*
6 WEST 48TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Taking the terrors out of TRAVEL

WHAT is worse than the way you feel after a night on the train?

In most cases, the way you look.

The picture above shows you how skilfully an Oshkosh Trunk takes care of those articles of haberdashery that make all the difference between freshness of appearance and that "just off the train" look.

It is only one of several thoughtful and ingenious contrivances that are a perfect godsend on long trips. And (give this fact more than a passing thought) Oshkosh Trunks are *built right.*

We cordially invite you to write us, addressing 540 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, for a booklet that mentions in surprisingly moderate language some of the virtues of Oshkosh Trunks which we have not space to touch on here.

It is called "Your Home Away from Home." Naturally enough, we hope it will persuade you to buy an Oshkosh Trunk. But it contains suggestions that you will find useful whether you buy one or not.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th St., New York City

This Oshkosh Golf Bag and Duffle Bag are built of Oshkosh-Cord duck. They are positively the most durable ever made. The Golf Bags come in a variety of sizes for men and women, and are priced from $15 to $30. The Duffle Bag comes in three sizes with zip fastener and solid brass padlock.

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 112*)

"You're supposed to hit it, or else dodge," said the champion. "We will now try guile instead of brute strength."

He served again, reducing the speed so much that the ball was plainly visible but putting such a terrific cut on it that Jerry, swinging desperately, missed and broke his bat against the wall.

"3-14," said Mr. Pell. "I forgot to say that I am giving you 14."

Despite this huge handicap, the match ended in fifteen minutes. Jerry had only served three times, Mr. Pell conceding this privilege to him on the next to last point of each game.

Jerry could hardly walk out to the dressing-room when it was all over. He had a rising bump on his head from his collision with the side wall, and what seemed to be a fractured hip from a similar collision with Mr. Pell.

Mr. Pell did not limp, however. He remained in the court to practise with a professional and the ball darted and spun around the walls so fast that Jerry's eye could hardly follow it. It looked to him like some very beautiful feat of Oriental magic done by great acrobats. It was faster than any stage juggling he had ever seen; but he supposed that the Maharajah who once lived in the Taj Mahal might have had jugglers as quick, or nearly as quick, of eye and hand as this cheery, genial racquets champion and the professional player who darted with him in an intricate step dance around the court.

NO GAME is faster than racquets; none more supremely skilful. But Jerry watched for only a moment and then hobbled out to a bench in the locker room and lay flat on his back with one hand on his bruised forehead and the other against his throbbing hip.

"I'm not going to play Mr. Pell again," he thought despairingly, "not even when I'm eighty-two and he's a hundred! It's not possible to beat these New Yorkers at their own games. It can't be done."

The quest of art was somehow even less satisfactory than the pursuit of racquets. In summer vacations in Maine Jerry had achieved rather pleasant results in water colours—sweeping, impressionistic seascapes in green and grey. He knew they were amateurish but they somehow contented him.

Now he had to draw from plaster casts at the Art Students' League; he knew that good drawing is the basis of all good art, and he struggled along until he was admitted into the life class. Drawing was not his forte. The models were phlegmatic ladies from Scandinavian countries; he found it impossible to translate their plump pink contours to drawing paper with charcoal.

"My water colours looked as if a pretty good artist had done them when drunk," he confided to Wee. "But my nudes look like the efforts of small boys on barn doors. Even if I could draw a creditable nude, who would want the picture of a Swedish chambermaid surprised in the bath?"

"Zorn made even *that* beautiful," said Wee.

"Well, I'm going to leave art in the lurch. I'm not going to take it up again till I can see a breaking wave and some sea-gulls again. Or a lighthouse. Lighthouses are the easiest of all buildings to draw, and gulls are the easiest of birds."

"That sounds like Palm Beach to me," said Wee.

"No. I didn't mean it to sound like Palm Beach. No great painting has ever been made at Palm Beach, I am sure. Maine is what I want—and how can I go to Maine in the middle of winter?"

"You can't, very well. I just couldn't spare you, Jerry. We are going to have our housewarming party next week, you know."

"For a flock of night birds? Our regular flock?"

"I've invited Boxy, if that's what you mean." Wee's tone was stiff. "And the Major, and Alice Thorpley, and Jeff Cubitt. I'm sorry his wife has left him; I rather liked her."

"He isn't sorry. He isn't imaginative enough. He hasn't *any* imagination, Wee; I'll bet you he'll marry another woman just like her. That's all divorce does for boobs."

"Jeff isn't a boob. He is one of the most interesting talkers I know."

"I'm speaking of divorce," Jerry said. "It seems to me you don't gain anything by swapping one orange-lipped wife for another one—or by trading in your real estate husband for a stock-broker."

"Well, it's a change."

"Not enough of a change. Thank God I don't want to divorce you, and you haven't said anything about divorcing me. But if I should divorce you and get a beautiful South Sea Islander, complete with island, there might be something in it. At least, I'd have a change. And you'd get some real variety if you married a Czecho-Slovakian nobleman instead of me. But what would you get if you took on George Hamill or Sam Purvis for a second husband? That's the trouble with modern divorce, Wee. It's so unimaginative. I know women whose first and second husbands are so much alike that they roomed together in college. What's the use of swapping one old car for another one?"

"The new man might be a little different," said Wee. "He might have sung in the Glee Club instead of rowing on the crew."

"A fine lot of good that would do! Here we are among people who are just as promiscuous as cats in a backyard. Good morning, Mrs. Grimalkin, and how is Tom? Oh, didn't you know I had to divorce Tom and I'm Mrs. Gilbert Micely now? Tom has married Pussie Yardley, and they are very happy up the Hudson in her family house, The Rattery, you know. Cats in an alley, Wee. Don't let's be cats!"

"Certainly not," said Wee.

Jerry's increasing dislike for all her new friends disturbed her more than she cared to show him. She telegraphed to Boston to George Hamill, urging him to come to the housewarming and bring Sam Purvis and Eph Smith. She did not want the Freddy Wilsons, but she summoned them by telephone out of their nest on Cow Lane and was relieved to hear that Frederica Wilson could not come. Freddy was so much more amusing when poor, dowdy Frederica had to stay at home with the babies. Two babies in twelve months! It was almost indecent. But Wee had a moment of honesty in which she told herself that every Boston woman used to have babies just as fast as that or faster.

"And," said Wee to herself candidly, "it's a damned good thing to do."

IT WAS curious how often she swore, she thought. In the old days she used the short ugly words whenever necessary, but now she used them automatically, without thinking. They had become worn coins in her vocabulary; they meant nothing at all. Instead of bringing real relief at some crisis, they had lost all their force.

She went out and bought herself a hat. In her darkest moments, in Boston, that act had been symbolic. Once—it was the most criminal act in all her life—she had been so goaded, so thumped and punched and beaten down in spirit by Uncle Roger that she went downtown and bought a twenty-five dollar hat with money belonging to the St. Botolph Lend-a-Hand Society, whose treasurer she was at the time. She had paid the money back into the Society's treasury five days later; but the memory of that embezzlement could make her blush and feel shivery even now. Yet the hat had helped! She had put it on and walked home down Beacon Street and across Exeter to Marlborough, hoping that people would notice it. And they had. Three old ladies had stopped to comment on it. A red hat with a large feather—a symbolic hat!

She bought another symbolic hat now. She brought it home to the Archduke—well, thank God, the Archduke wouldn't be home in one more week—and tried it on before the coffin-shaped glass.

"Lousy!" she said, and took it off and let it fall on the floor. Then she kicked

(*Continued on page 174*)

Lucretia Vanderbilt suggests her luxurious aids to beauty...

EACH of these luxurious toiletries is delicately scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt perfume. And each is encased in a lovely container of rich blue and silver ... designed by a Parisian master ... and fully worthy of its precious contents.

A PERFUME ... intimate, seductive, daringly youthful ... extracted from rare flower oils that, like old wine, have been aged for years. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills: $4 and $6. In my new purse size, encased in soft leather: $2.50.

A FACE POWDER ... soft as mist ... made from a formula once reserved for French and English royalty ... and only recently discovered by me. In White, Ochrepink, Rachel and Natural. Price, with downy velour puff, $3.00. Refills with puff, $1.50.

A DOUBLE COMPACT ... fluffy powder in four flattering shades ... rouge of satiny smoothness ... and an unbreakable mirror. When opened, the thin metal case discloses its entire contents to view. Price, with metal mirror and two wool puffs, in sheepskin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50¢.

A TRIPLE COMPACT ... identical with my double compact ... except that a dainty lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

A LIPSTICK ... chic and witching ... in Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbrite ... the last-named changing upon application from orange tint to vivid red, depending upon skin texture. Price, $1.00. Refills, 50¢.

GO to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster ... and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 114 Grassmere Avenue, Fairfield, Connecticut, mentioning dealer's name and address, and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

Lucretia Vanderbilt

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

*Customer's Name*_____

*Address*_____

H. B. Nov.

Sometimes husbands must be *mothered*

"STRICTLY between ourselves, Alice, sometimes the only way to handle these obstinate men is to treat them as you do a child—simply give them what's good for them.

"For instance, I knew that coffee at dinner was keeping John awake, but he just talked about business strain and refused to admit that coffee affected him at all.

"Finally I asked Uncle Walter, who is a nerve specialist, about it. Uncle Walter said to give John Kaffee Hag Coffee. 'He won't notice any difference,' he said, 'but it won't hurt him. The caffeine is taken out of it.'

"Well, my dear, I did it, and John never noticed the change. But after a week he began to notice that his sleep had improved, and remarked on it. Then I told him the reason. Now we're never going to have anything but Kaffee Hag Coffee again."

Try Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is *real* coffee, with 97% of the drug caffeine removed. You will delight in its flavor and cheer at every meal and it will not affect sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, dining-cars, restaurants everywhere. Sold by all dealers in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve the full aroma in all its original freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1950, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).
(Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name_____

Address_____

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

MARRIED MONEY

(Continued from page 172)

it under the bed—the *art moderne* bed. How tired one gets of *art moderne!* There wasn't too much of it in the penthouse anyway. Just a touch, here and there. Like the room she had arranged for Jerry. A library, a study, a den. No, not a den. She remembered the rotten little den at East Newton. A stinking little den!

Jerry hadn't seen his new room yet. He hadn't been allowed to go to the penthouse at all while the painters and plasterers and plumbers were walking round in it, like people in a slow-motion movie. But Jerry would like his room. Cork walls and an aluminum ceiling. The last word!

Jerry would like his room . . .

Damn it, Jerry wouldn't like his room—he wouldn't like it at all! Jerry would have really liked something dark and comfortable and stuffy. Cork walls and an aluminum ceiling. Lily Damfreville said it was the last word . . .

Wee flung herself face down on the bed, writhed to one side and then the other, and tried to make herself comfortable. It couldn't be done. Damn it, why did she feel so queer?

THE housewarming party was a huge success.

Not only were Jerry's Boston friends present, looking very neat and serious in their shawl-collar tuxedos, but his father came over from Philadelphia; he had just discovered such a perfect Botticelli for a friend that he had felt it necessary to travel with it. And Frederica Wilson came after all, in a very dowdy red dress indeed; and Jerry was delighted to see her, too, and paid such marked attentions to her during the evening that Wee had to tell him twice that Alice Thorpley was all alone and bored.

Even Eph Smith was stunned by the room with the cork walls and the aluminum ceiling; and Sam Purvis had brought Jerry's trophy oar all the way over from Boston in the baggage car and insisted on hanging it over the little, high fireplace.

"It fairly *makes* the room," said Pat Damfreville kindly.

There were divertissements after dinner; Boxy Keck performed his astonishing version of Pagliacci, with Lily Damfreville at the piano; and then a singer from the Metropolitan—Jerry never did hear her name—sang several airs; and then she and Boxy gave the whole of Cavalleria Rusticana, taking all the parts in the most surprising way.

Major Steele-Bright wandered about all evening looking far less melancholy than usual. A thought had struck him; and it was obvious to Jerry what it was, though the Major did not put it into words. Having no place of his own in which to entertain, the Major was preparing to entertain—and be entertained—in Wee and Jerry's penthouse every night.

So, quite evidently, did Jeff Cubitt, and Alice Thorpley, and Boxy Keck.

They all went away at last; and the host and hostess sat down on the great sofa in their living-room.

"We've come a long way," Wee said.

"A long, long way."

"I want you to be happy," she said.

"I am happy," said he.

"I thought so—I really made myself think so—until Frederica Wilson came tonight."

"My God!"

"Oh, I don't mean what you do, Jerry. I don't mean that you care about her. But you care for all the things she stands for."

"Which are?"

"Don't pin me down, Jerry. You know exactly what they are."

"Well, what if I do?"

"Suppose I lecture you a little," Wee said. "That's a Boston expression, not a New York one. But I'm going to lecture you, anyway. Everything that's happened is just what you wanted. You wanted to get away from small things in Boston, didn't you? You wanted to get me away from them, too. Well, it's all come true. Here you are, with the biggest city all around you. If you want books or art or music, they're all here. If you want finance, it's only a few minutes away by subway. If you want anything the world has to offer, just press a button for it, Jerry. Don't scowl at me. I'm giving you everything I've got."

"Except yourself."

"What do you mean by that?"

Jerry blushed and wriggled. "I didn't mean to say that," he said nervously. "I have you—all of you—and you're the sweetest thing in the world, if only—if only . . ."

"Please try to explain."

"I am, darling. It's only the things around you I mind. We have no business to be here, Wee. We ought to be out in Cow Lane this minute, living with young people just like ourselves—the nicest people there are. Your money is nearly all gone. I can't imagine where it's all gone to, really. But that German yacht you want to have built—that seventy-five metre auxiliary schooner—will just about finish it. And the Palm Beach house. Wee, we can't afford to build a Palm Beach house. I told Mr. Wyeth so. He was very nice about it, and he said he would find us a little cottage there if you want to go down in February. He knows that we're fakes, you and I—fake millionaires, fake spenders, false alarms."

Wee was either laughing or crying. He was very near her, but he couldn't tell which.

"We're out of our class," he said. "We ought not to be buying wine by the quart, but we're buying it by the jeroboam! That's a great joke on me, isn't it? We've got four or five toadies attached to us. I'm through! I loved this party tonight. It made me feel like Otis Skinner in *Kismet*. A beggar with the wealth of Haroun al Raschid for one night! It was grand, Wee—more fun than I've ever had. But it's the end. I don't care if it's selling bonds or fishing flies out of inkwells or acting as messenger boy, I'm going to get a job tomorrow and start earning some money for you."

She was laughing. It was the first time in weeks that he had seen her really laugh.

HE DID not meet her eye. Tomorrow morning he would go humbly downtown and start selling bonds all over again. He would go around from office to office begging his friends to buy. He would go downtown in the reeking subway and come back in it at night. His teeth would rattle together as the fast elevator in some office building made its jerky ascent from floor to floor. He would get to know hundreds of the houris who sit at office gates. They would say to him, "*Oh*, if you had *on-lee* come yesterday, *Mis*-ter McCoy, he *would* have been here, but *to-day-ee* he called up to say that he had been *un-expectedly* called from the *cit-ee!*" And sometimes, perhaps, once or twice a week, one of the men he hounded would mumble an ungracious consent. And these would be the great hours of victory, the shining moments when Jerry McCoy, aggressive young bond salesman, would know that he was no mere spectator of the New York game, but a worthy player of the great financial game.

"Jerry," said Wee, suddenly, "don't you ever notice anything? You're blind. You're blind as a bat. I know that we are running through our million dollars pretty fast, Jerry, and I know you are all hot and panicky about it. But—Jerry—but—do I have to tell you? Do you want it in words of one syllable? Or in writing? Very well, then, my dear friend. When you see a young married lady lying down a great deal, and not feeling in absolutely robust health in the early mornings, and beginning to change the style of her clothes, and—"

"Oh! Oh, my dear!" Jerry dropped to his knees beside Wee and buried his face against the edge of the sofa.

"Don't sell bonds," said Wee. "There's a little stranger coming in five months. I have given you so many hints for a week. Didn't you see me counting on my fingers? Didn't you hear me say that I didn't think I could go to Kiel to see the yacht next May?"

"I'm a fool," said Jerry. "In fact, I am

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MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 174*)

a bigger fool than I thought. I'll sell bonds, believe me. I'll sell them by the hundred; see if I don't. If we ever needed money, we need it now."

Wee had stopped laughing and was looking at him in wide-eyed incomprehension.

"You seem to have forgotten all about the deed, darling," she said. "There's *another* million due us when the little stranger arrives. You needn't worry about making money, Jerry. We've got a sound, profitable business right here at home."

DR. IRVING GORDON was a most romantic looking man. He was tall and very dark, with curly black hair on his head and the back of his fingers and wrists. His white teeth glittered as he advised Wee to lead a simple, restful life: to lie down for an hour every afternoon, to eat simple, nourishing foods, and to get plenty of sleep.

Wee broke all these regulations so quickly, so sweepingly, that it seemed hopeless, after a month or two, to go back to the beginning and lead an existence so absurdly different from the normal course of life in New York.

Once she whispered to Jerry: "Just for the shock to Uncle Roger, I do hope it's going to be twins."

Twins! Two million dollars instead of one million dollars! Jerry gasped. He counted up on his own fingers. How quickly this child—these children—had started to come into the world. What had the deed said? "And for each such child the sum of one million dollars as hereinafter provided shall be paid by my trustees." Paid to Jerry and Wee!

He leaned nearer to her and whispered in her ear.

"One child will do. We don't want to be hogs!"

Except for that short conversation, the whole subject was taboo.

Wee was not feeling very well. In fact, she had been feeling surprisingly unwell for many weeks before she went again to Dr. Gordon.

"Less dancing and more bridge," he said. "We doctors can do nothing, you know. I earn my fees entirely by giving excellent advice which nobody accepts."

Wee laughed, and said that when she was reduced to bridge she would send for him. He was the best player in New York, outside of two or three venerated professionals and a famous society gambler or two. But he smiled and said he would come at any time, knowing that the invitation would never arrive.

Wee did not sit after dinner stitching tiny white garments, nor did she encourage Jerry to read aloud the powerful New York editorial pages or Count Keyserling's lugubrious prose. She went out to tea and to dinner every day: and she maintained her touch with all the good restaurants and with Nevada Finn.

PERHAPS it was her father-in-law's doing. For one reason or another, Wee began to receive invitations from the old, old New York families who have been prominent for years. And Wee charmed them, there was no doubt of that. She was such a strange blend of Puritan and Bacchante—half a magnificently reared Boston young woman, half a butterfly of New York's gayest world.

Elderly men with beautifully groomed hair and hard, intelligent faces, began to pay her marked attention. And Jerry was a magnet for them, too. His manners were excellent; he heard their stories to the end and laughed huskily in the right places.

They dined one evening with the Walter Emerys. It was a party of eighteen, neither too large nor too small for the Emery dining-room. Their house was one of those large ones so rapidly being replaced by apartments on Fifth Avenue facing the Park.

"And what do you hear from your dear father?" Mrs. Emery said to Jerry.

She had placed him on her left at dinner, and he was nervously coping with a squab.

"He has gone back to France," Jerry said.

"His visits are so fleeting," said the old lady. "He loves the south of France so much better than New York. And I do not blame him. On the contrary, I envy him his ability to go from place to place sketching all the pretty bits."

"I think he is painting very little," Jerry said.

"That is a pity. He had a genuine talent, as Frank Duveneck and John Sargent always said."

"He is not very well," Jerry remarked. "Even a very little exertion tires him. He spends his time selecting pictures for his friends."

"How charming! But your father always was charming. He was a great beau of mine, you know."

The old lady smiled, and talked vivaciously about New York in the 'eighties and 'nineties, when things were so different and life as she knew it was so much more dignified and agreeable. Jerry looked at the superb Italian fireplace behind her, and looked at the well-bred, elderly faces around the table. How hard and glossy were all the shirt fronts—the faces too.

He felt pleased by the stateliness of this dinner. Course followed course with slow precision. The four footmen received imperceptible signals from the butler—a thin, distinguished butler, who hovered eternally around Walter Emery's chair.

Walter Emery was the last of the Bourbons, Jerry knew—the last of those privileged, happy, powerful old men of the 'nineties, whose lives were above all the laws except the laws of finance, of politics, and of food. Mr. Emery had a round, rubicund face. There was power in it, though. He looked like Marshal Joffre; the thin, solicitous old butler behind him looked a little like Woodrow Wilson. Jerry smiled. It was pleasant to know that there are still homes like this in New York. Pleasant to be admitted to them for one's father's sake. He looked admiringly at old Mrs. Emery. How superbly straight she sat, despite her seventy years. How gallantly she wore her great, square-cut emeralds and that incredible rope of pearls!

WEE drew him aside in the huge drawing-room, after dinner.

"My God!" she said. "Isn't this terrible? Let's get out of it as quick as we can."

He frowned, and then smiled at her. Perhaps she was feeling ill. But her looks belied it. She was all slimness, all vivacity and charm, in her newest dark red gown.

"What did you mean, 'terrible'?" he asked, later in the car. Wee had left among the first. In fact, she had left indecently soon after dinner, Jerry considered. "I thought it was a most interesting dinner," he said.

"Pokey! Dull! Impossible!"

"Dull! Do you know that Mr. Emery was once Senator from New York, and also in one of President Roosevelt's cabinets?"

"You bet I know it," said Wee. "He told me the most boring stories about it. He may have been important once, but he's burned out like an old bulb. Why, Jerry, he's just like those old fossils at Beverly Farms and Pride's Crossing. No, he isn't. He said a couple of very clever things; but it was like sitting next to a mummy, just the same. How did you like the lady mummy, darling?"

"I admire Mrs. Emery very much."

Wee said nothing more until they arrived at the Colony. It was a little early for Nevada Finn's. They were to meet Boxy and Alice at the Colony and go on to the Club Finn at twelve.

"Give me a drink, Boxy," said Wee. "I need something to brace me up. Oh, don't be silly. A lot of other women have had babies before now, haven't they?"

Boxy poured two fingers of Scotch from his gold flask—a present from Jerry and Wee. She sipped half of it, and poured the rest into Jerry's glass.

"I didn't mean to be coarse and shock you," she said. "The less we mention the functions of nature the better. That's

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MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 177*)

Uncle Roger's line, Jerry. Drink his health, won't you? It's all right now. I'm feeling like myself again."

"What hurt your proud spirit, my dear?" asked Alice Thorpley in her slow drawl.

"I'll tell you at Nevada's," promised Wee.

They took a table near the wall, where the crush was least troublesome.

"I've seen old-fashioned life in New York," said Wee. "I've been to the kind of dinner you read about in Dickens and Thackeray. And it was wonderfully like the most exalted parties in Boston—the very best dinners and balls, you know. Oh!"

"Tell us if you must," said Boxy Keck.

"When I remember the large dances in Boston," Wee said, "I have a clear picture of an immense ballroom painted a cold merciless blue—a room with a floor as hard as iron, and funny little round boxes for the dowagers, and an orchestra playing a funeral dirge in slow waltz time. And the women! The women look as if they had found the cleverest little sewing woman imaginable to come by the day and make over last year's gowns. And the men—can't you just *see* the men, Jerry dear?"

"I'd like to see them—I would, indeed!"

"Well, the students are pretty darned nice," admitted Wee. "But what about the older ones, who have been so fearfully busy as trustees that they haven't really cared to keep up their dancing? The ones whose white gloves smell powerfully of gasoline?"

"I know," Jerry said. "And what do we see here? A lot of fat, bloated animals—a lot of big hay, grain, and feed men dancing with girls who haven't enough clothes on! And among them are some of the nicest people in New York. The ones who look tired out, I mean. The ones who are entertaining out-of-town cousins or customers, who just must see the night life."

"Hear, hear!" said Boxy Keck.

"Jerry, darling," Alice Thorpley drawled. "How you do run on! What makes you so peevish these days? Here you're a famous man—you've got a great big bottle of wine named after you. Waiter, please fill the gentleman's glass, and mine too."

THE enormous bottle was lifted, tilted, and put back in its pail. Badge and emblem of Nevada's hospitality, the jeroboam had been quickly copied by all other night clubs of the best kind. But at Nevada's it flourished best. Hardly a man, under the blaze of those compelling blue eyes, dared to proclaim himself less than an emperor—an emperor who bought wine by the gallon, instead of the measly quart. Laughingly she told Jerry that she would have a jeroboam engraved on her personal letter paper—and a jeroboam carved in gleaming, polished granite over her grave.

"Your name is in *Variety*, and in Walter Winchell's column too," said Boxy. "You are what I predicted—a famous man. As Alice says, what makes you so peevish? Can't you smile?"

"I'm peevish chiefly because I can't get Wee to go home," said Jerry. "Only an earthquake or some other act of God would persuade her to leave this filthy den before three o'clock in the morning."

But Jerry was wrong. Hardly were the words out of his mouth before Wee was standing up and flattening herself against the wall. Three ugly, grim-faced men in sack suits—men who had not taken the trouble to remove their derby hats—were talking loudly to Nevada Finn in the centre of the floor.

"All right, all right," said that lady in shrill tones. "Why can't you try to be gentlemen, you big clowns? Make a fuss? You bet I won't make a fuss. Back home we don't waste powder on vermin like you; we use the toe of our boot. Wait, can't you, while I make a little speech to my jests."

Then, turning with a gesture of the beautiful, sweeping kind used by Mme. Roland, when she addressed the revolutionary mob in Paris from the scaffold, Nevada Finn spread both her arms wide and addressed the whole room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said. "I regret to inform you that these three handsome boys are officers of the law; at least two of them are detectives and one is a fat slob from the District Attorney's office who is trying to grab a little cheap publicity for himself at the expense of a working girl. Not one of these three boors has any manners, as you will have noted from the fact that they probably eat at home with their hats on."

All three men at this point removed their headpieces, and one of them placed his heavily ringed fingers on Nevada's bare shoulder. She recoiled as Mme. Roland may have shuddered away from the coarse touch of the executioner. Then she used by a natural coincidence, practically the same words.

"Liberty! A lot of fine things are pulled off in the land of liberty. America is the sweet land of liberty, as we were all taught to sing in school when we were kids and didn't know any better. If there is any crime committed in this place tonight, it is the crime of putting the padlock on it and preventing refined people from spending the evening in a refined way. Say, smarty, tell me one thing."

She hissed this question into the Assistant District Attorney's ear, and he looked up at her with surly interest.

"Where'd you get your evidence? You haven't been here yourself, but somebody's been spending the government's money or you would never have dared to be so coarse. Who's the Judas? Oh, I know! I see him now!"

She ran across the floor directly toward Jerry who leaped to his feet, upset a chair, and flattened himself out next to Wee against the wall.

"I'm not the Judas!" he bleated grotesquely.

"*You!* I'm not thinking about *you*," said Nevada. "I'm looking for that little sawed-off, dislocated, double-jointed, dissipated, disappointed, tin-horn sport who calls himself Bogan. Where is he? The man who was here all the time asking for so much service! My best customer! There he is trying to hide behind Mr. Ginsburg and Mr. McCoy. No wonder he tries to hide behind refined people, like you, Mr. McCoy, and you, Mr. Ginsburg. He's a federal agent—a rat! Come out where I can look at you, you rat."

Mr. Bogan advanced with exactly the manner of a man trying to tiptoe around an infuriated wild animal. After passing Nevada, he placed himself carefully behind the three raiders.

"You lay off Mr. Bogan," advised their leader. "When he gets evidence, he gets it right."

Nevada laughed. It was a hearty, glorious, warlike laugh; the laugh of a Texas ranger facing innumerable foes, or of General Custer making his last stand.

"He has been my best customer all season," she said. "He spent several thousand dollars of Uncle Sam's money in here; the taxpayers ought to be delighted he drank so much wine. Well, ladies and gentlemen, this concludes our entertainment for tonight. You will now pass out quietly, leaving no articles in the seats and remembering to take any revolvers, shotguns, spare tires, or babies you may have checked with the gentlemanly attendants in the cloak rooms. I wish you all health, wealth, and prosperity, and beg to remain, yours till hell freezes, Nevada Finn!"

She motioned to her orchestra leader to start up the band and sang defiantly as the guests filed shamefacedly to the door. What she sang was "The Prisoner's Song."

"Oh, I wish I had someone to love me;
Someone to call me their own."

JERRY woke at last, swimming up into consciousness from under wave upon wave of sleep.

He did not know the time. It might be midnight; it might be five o'clock in the morning. All he knew was that the windows were still dark, and that Wee was shaking him with her small, firm hand.

(*Continued on page 180*)

MAKING MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN LOOK GIRLISH

Made This Woman Rich and Famous

The Unique Mabie Discovery in Instant Complexion Clearing That Is Inviting the Attention of Beauty Experts the World Over..

OF ALL the developments of the last few years in beauty science none is probably more definitely inviting the attention of the world's beauty scientists than the unique discovery of instant complexion clearing recently demonstrated by Beatrice Mabie, internationally noted skin culturist.

This is because it *instantly* corrects the three skin imperfections that beauty experts agree no woman can display and still claim youth. By finding their sources and a simple way to correct them, their discoverer became rich and famous —one of the most noted beauty experts in the world.

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Under this method, without the use of bleach or chemical, and with as little bother as the application of an ordinary cleansing cream, the three common signs of fading youth are instantly banished.

For instance, a mottled skin may be instantaneously given an appearance of ivory flawlessness. No delay, no question—you see the result instantly.

Unevenly tanned—or naturally sallow or spotted skins—are likewise instantly given the appearance of flawless uniformity, both of texture and of color.

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What It Is

First demonstrated publicly only a few months ago in the smart New York Salon of Beatrice Mabie, its interesting discoverer, the use of this unique creation is rapidly spreading from one end of America to the other. Women are flocking to its use.

It is called "LUNA" and is utterly different in formula, action and result from any other method heretofore known. In appearance it resembles a superlatively fine greaseless cream. Exquisite and delightfully intriguing to use.

It contains no bleaching agents, but acts on entirely new principles. One application lasts one whole day, or one whole evening. Complete directions come with it.

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The treatment under the identifying name of "LUNA" is obtainable now at toilet goods counters in most department and drug stores throughout the United States...also, of course, at Beatrice Mabie's New York Salon. The price is one dollar for jar as illustrated. If unable to obtain locally, use coupon below for mail supply from Miss Mabie's manufacturing laboratories in St. Louis.

Corrects These Tell-tale Conditions of Middle Age in 1 Minute

MOTTLED SKIN
is given flawless appearance in precisely one minute.

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are instantly concealed: nose shine instantly banished.

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no matter of how long standing are instantly concealed.

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615 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
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MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 178*)

"Wake up, Jerry! I say wake up! The party's begun!"

Suddenly all his sense came to him, and he was out of bed at one bound. He jiggled the telephone for what seemed like many minutes before central's sleepy voice said, "Number, please."

He couldn't decide, for a nervous second, whether to call Miss Macmillan's Maternity Hospital, or the garage where the cars were kept. It was Wee who told him. "Send for the car, Jerry," she called. He gave the garage number. There was no answer for a long time. "They do not answer," said central.

"They must answer," replied Jerry, furiously. "It's a garage with all-night service."

"Bzz — bzzz — bzzz!" went the tiny voice of the telephone in his ear. At last its incessant calls brought a garage attendant — a new man, apparently, who couldn't get Jerry's name nor his address. Jerry spelled his name. "Mr. J. M-c-C-o-y!" he shouted. "McCoy! Do you get me? McCoy!"

"Mr. Moy?"

Jerry slammed the telephone back on the hook, after a good deal more of this conversation.

"We'll take a taxi," he said, and used the house telephone, shouting through it for the janitor.

"Ah'm sorry," came a fatigued Scandinavian voice. "He seeck. Doctor told him not to get oop for *anything!*"

"Well, get me a taxi at once," said Jerry savagely. "Get it yourself. I don't give a damn if you are in bed! My wife is— my wife is very ill. I must take her to a hospital at once."

"You want an ambulance, Meester?"

"A taxi, I said!" snapped Jerry; and turned back from the telephone to Wee.

"Shall I send for Doctor Gordon at once, darling?" he asked, trying to keep his voice steady.

Wee was at her dressing-table, completely dressed and with her hat and overcoat on. She was calmly powdering her nose.

"Call Miss Macmillan," she said. "Tell her we'll be there in a few minutes— as soon as you're dressed."

The reply from the private hospital was quick and professional. "We'll be waiting for you, Mr. McCoy," came a nasal, Prince Edward Island voice—the universal voice of the trained nurse.

Jerry flung off his pajamas, and pulled on his trousers, wrong side before. This had to be corrected, and before he had corrected it and found a shirt and a coat, Wee was ringing for the elevator. Her face was white, but her eyes shone.

Her self-possession was in striking contrast to Jerry's frenzy. She used her lipstick while she waited. Her hand was shaking, he could see. Why didn't the elevator come? He pressed the button a long time, and then shouted angrily down the shaft, thirty-one stories, before it came. The Sunbeam car was not waiting below, and there was no sign of it in any direction. The janitor's wife had not left her bed. Another maddening delay took place before the elevator boy could whistle up a night-hawk taxicab.

THE cab seemed to be one of those very early Battle of the Marne models, with a fatigued engine and no springs at all. It jolted, and bounced, and clattered; and its speed seemed to Jerry to be the slowest he had ever known.

"I wish you'd be just a little bit calm," said Wee. "Why can't you find something more interesting to talk about than the year this cab was made? Jerry, I think dawn in New York is a wonderful thing, don't you? See the colours of the sky. A little wind at this hour always seems to blow the night away. I've noticed it so often, coming home from parties. It's the voice of the city whispering."

"Is it?" Jerry's voice was dull and strained.

"Jerry, do you think New York is still green under all this gray asphalt? No, that can't be. But I think the roots of the grass must still be there, waiting for the time when all this cold, dark, artificial stone will crack and split and let the green things through. And there are brooks still running under the pavements, Jerry. Somebody once told me there's a little brook under the Harvard Club which just *won't* be killed. They can't quite kill it, and some day—some day it will run out in the sunlight again, when all the buildings are gone."

"Mm-mm," he said, teeth clenched.

"I think it's up to you to amuse me, and not just make queer noises in your nose while I amuse you," complained Wee. "But if you won't discuss dawn and green grass and brooks, you might at least tell me that you love me."

"I do. Of course, I do. Everything that's happened to me during this horrible night ought to convince you. What's the matter, Wee?"

"Nothing. But if this cab jounces again, I think I'll die. How can it bump so on a perfectly smooth pavement?"

Jerry banged his knuckles against the dirty glass window and shouted to the driver.

"It's Isidor Slutsky," said Wee, peering at the name on the license card framed in the cab. "That's not a very romantic name, Jerry; but if I didn't feel sure that everything is all right, I would stop and tell you, in front of Mr. Slutsky as a witness, that I've always loved you and have done all these things to you for your good. Oh, Jerry, that's true. I thought I could make you appreciate New York if I rubbed your nose in it hard enough. I don't think I'm thinking very clearly, Jerry. Instead of rubbing a puppy's nose—Oh!"

Jerry broke the jammed window with his elbow, and said to Mr. Slutsky in low murderous tones: "If you bump once more, I'll break your neck."

The driver stopped the cab, and seemed on the point of ejecting his passengers, but after one glance at Jerry's face and the breadth of his shoulders, he drove sulkily forward again.

"I'm sorry I yelled," said Wee. "I feel quite all right now. But this was rather unexpected, Jerry dear. It will cost Uncle Roger about six weeks' interest on our new million dollars. I'm sorry I said that. It was a joke in doubtful taste. Perhaps Uncle Roger isn't going to lose a cent. This may be—"

"May be what?"

"Our last ride together," said Wee.

AT MISS MACMILLAN'S door there was a short delay. Jerry had brought no money to pay the cab. Instead of borrowing from the trained nurse who opened the door, he told the man to wait. Then he went inside just in time to hear the nurse say: "You have come so much sooner than we expected, Mrs. McCoy, that I'm afraid we haven't a room for you."

Jerry dashed forward.

"My wife is starting to have a baby," he said, in tones whose quivering intensity made even Wee jump. "You must have room for her! You must find some place to—"

"*Please*, Mr. McCoy," said the young woman wearily. "Mrs. McCoy can just lie down here in the reception-room, where she will be quiet until we can make other arrangements upstairs."

"This is *murder!*" muttered Jerry, before he could check himself. Even at that moment he knew it wasn't murder to ask a patient to lie down on a large davenport in a darkened room on the ground floor of a house full of highly trained attendants. But somehow the long weeks of suspense through which he had passed, and the nerve-wracking mishaps of this night, took away all power of restraint.

He could not bear to look at Wee. He followed the retreating nurse half-way up the stairs, telling her in husky, agonized tones to send for Doctor Gordon at once.

"Shall I call his office?" he cried.

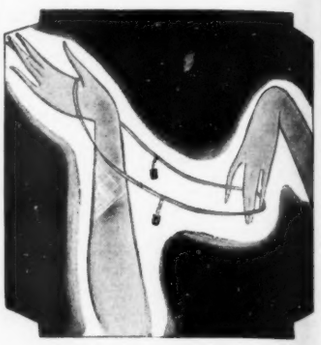
"Dr. Gordon would be at his house at this time. We will notify him as soon as it is necessary."

"It's necessary now!" Jerry said "Please, tell him to be here within five minutes."

"Now, Mr. McCoy," said the nurse. "Couldn't you go downstairs to the other

(*Continued on page 182*)

New Personal Belt



Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of pyroxylin especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price $1, three for $2. Write today.

Glen Marianne Shea

Beltx

If not available at your favorite store —Write Direct

GLEN MARIANNE SHEA,
Bell Telephone Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me_____BELTX personal belts for which I enclose $_____. It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. ($1.00 for one; 3 for $2.00).
Check Colors Desired ☐ Orchid ☐ Peach ☐ Flesh
Name_____
Address_____ 207-I

TEA AT THE RITZ

WHERE BEAUTY PAYS TRIBUTE TO CHARLES OF THE RITZ

THE enchanting youthfulness of appearance of those fascinating society leaders who daily have tea at the fashionable Ritz-Carlton in New York is the marvel and envy of all beholders. Yet the reason is simple. These exquisite women usually have arrived direct from an *apres-midi* visit to the famous CHARLES OF THE RITZ beauty salon.

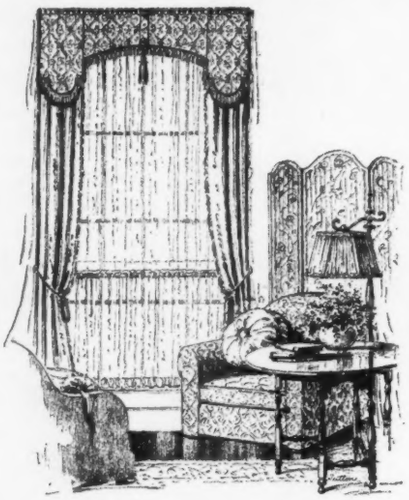
You can now accomplish for yourself at home the same youthifying and beautifying benefits till now exclusively enjoyed by CHARLES' personal patrons. CHARLES OF THE RITZ toiletries are now on sale at leading shops everywhere. With them come simple directions for CHARLES' own salon treatments.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ beauty creations include preparations for complexion, hair, eyes and hands; also exquisite make-up accessories.

Charles OF THE RITZ

The lovely CHARLES OF THE RITZ beauty creations, enclosed in exquisitely smart containers designed by a great Parisian artist, are seen today on the dressing tables of New York's elite.

Write to CHARLES for his valuable book *"The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty."* Address CHARLES OF THE RITZ, Suite 159-T, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City.



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Silky Sunfast Fabrics

Giving satisfaction for over 19 years at sunny windows, on furniture, etc.

The important part of your interior decoration is solved by KAPOCK. Its rich, lustrous texture, its exclusive, distinctive colorings make attractive rooms. Besides, it is the most *economical* fabric you can buy because of its known durability. Neither sun nor repeated tubbings can affect its guaranteed colors. This has all been proven by actual test in thousands of homes during the past 19 years.

Make sure it's KAPOCK—name is on selvage

See it at better dealers and decorators, or send 5c for sample to

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AQUAPRUF—KAPOCK, moisture pruf for shower curtains, used on boats for draperies—cushions, etc. No rubber to harden. Write for samples.

Wilkinson Art Quilts
Hand Made

This new Wilkinson quilt combines rich, lustrous rose velvet with delicate blue satin. The materials enhance charmingly the beauty of the hand embroidered design, and by their contrast give you really two lovely Wilkinson quilts in one. The velvet-and-satin idea is the season's newest mode, offered in your own choice of color-harmonies. The price is extraordinarily low—only $62.50 in this single-bed size—and brings you a life-time of beauty and enjoyment.

We suggest Wilkinson bedspreads, quilts, pillows, chaise-covers, bed-jackets and quilted robes as ideal gifts for Christmas and every occasion.

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Call the Wilkinson Representative in your city, or write direct to

WILKINSON SISTERS
America's original makers of fine quilts
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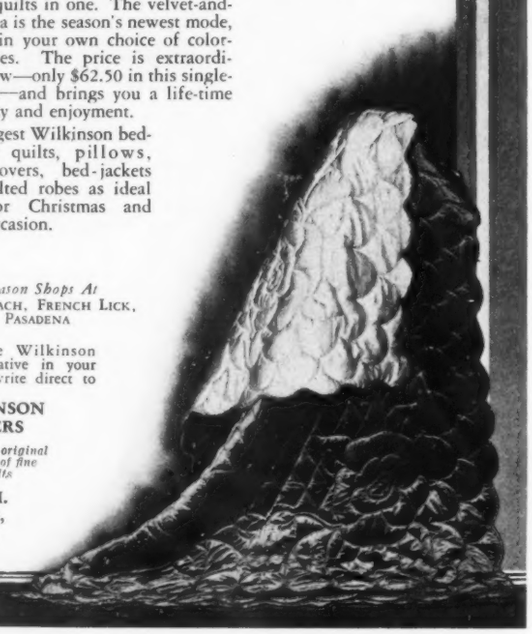


MARRIED MONEY

(Continued from page 180)

reception-room and read a magazine? Mrs. McCoy should be kept *very* quiet; perhaps she will take a little nap."

"A little nap!" said Jerry so loudly that another trained nurse came out on the landing and asked him, with caustic politeness, if he would please allow the other patients in the house to get their rest.

Somehow—perhaps five minutes later, or perhaps an eternity—Jerry found himself alone in a reception-room, staring at the front covers of the more uninteresting current magazines.

He could not sit down. Whenever the faintest noise came from the room across the hall, he went out and stood beside its closed door, afraid to listen and afraid to go away.

AN HOUR and a half passed. It was broad daylight. Once Jerry went out on the sidewalk and walked up and down, considering in his own mind what prosecuting attorney could best deliver Miss Macmillan and Dr. Gordon over to justice for the criminal neglect of his wife. He took no breakfast. He passed a hole-in-the-wall restaurant on Sixth Avenue and looked in and saw people feeding, and thought that the act of feeding would make him sick.

Then he came back just in time to meet a very smart cabriolet and to see Dr. Gordon enter the house. Jerry followed him, and the dark-haired, tired-looking doctor shook hands and listened patiently to his words. The words made no sense at all, but Dr. Gordon made a suitable reply and left Jerry in the hall while he went in to see Wee.

He came out after a long time, and advised Jerry to go to the Harvard Club for a swim, shave, shine, smoke, and breakfast. "There is no hurry," he said. "It will be several hours more."

Jerry instantly refused to go away. An obituary notice had formed itself in his mind, while Dr. Gordon was speaking.

> DIED—Suddenly, at Miss Macmillan's Hospital on West 57th Street, Mrs. J. McCoy, while Mr. J. McCoy was having a swim, shave, shine, smoke, and breakfast at the Harvard Club.

He continued to oscillate between the hospital and the sidewalk. He came in, at short intervals, for talks with Miss Macmillan and her staff. The talks were short; the nurses seemed to be very busy, very distrait. One of them told him that Mrs. McCoy was in very good condition, according to Dr. Gordon. Jerry hugged that scrap of information for a long time. Why had he ever been cross with Wee? Why had he ever said selfish, heartless things to her? He thought of the hidden lane in Concord. His eyes filled with hopeless tears. He knew how Wee must be suffering now.

THEY let him see her at ten o'clock. She was in bed upstairs, in a small white room. She had on a very pretty pink negligée, trimmed with maribou. Her eyes met his, and there was a smile in them—a tortured, dauntless smile.

"I'll fight and die for dear old Rutgers!" she said. "Wasn't that the favourite slogan of the Harvard football team?"

"It was," said Jerry. "Oh, my dear! Oh, my dear!"

He went out soon after that. A doctor in a short white coat practically pushed him out. The anesthetist, the nurse told him.

Dr. Gordon had gone to his house, presumably for a shave, shine, smoke, and breakfast. Jerry went down and forced himself to read a magazine straight through from the advertisement inside the front cover to the printer's name and address on the back.

It was not until eleven o'clock that he remembered that one of his duties, in fact his only duty, was to call up Aunt Carrie on the long-distance telephone. He shouted and roared to her for many minutes that Wee was in splendid condition and that everything was going most favourably. He heard Wee laugh faintly when these words came to her through the door of her room. He heard Wee's nurse say, "Quite the little optimist, isn't he?"

He became aware that he was simply an outsider; he became aware that he couldn't help Wee; he became aware that everything he did was either comically futile or broadly ridiculous—or both.

At half-past two that afternoon Wee's baby was born.

She lay flat on her back, with triumph in her eyes and a smile on her lips. The baby was incredibly small and had a scowling red face; he looked like a Roman emperor of the most depraved and cruel sort—Caligula, or Nero. But there he was—safely born!

Jerry walked away from the hospital with his head in the air. He was so transported that he could hear or see nothing. But a taxicab driver, parked in his cab across the street from Miss Macmillan's made him hear at last.

"Say, mister," he shouted, running up after Jerry and tapping him on the back, "just how much longer do youse expect me to wait?"

Jerry felt through all his pockets. He had no money at five o'clock in the morning, and he had no money now.

"SOMETIMES I wonder," said Wee, "if a penthouse is the very best place to bring up children."

"If that horse-faced English nurse drops little Terry over the battlements," Jerry said savagely, "I'll throw her after him before she knows what hit her."

"Battlements!"

"They ought to be battlements. Instead they're just concrete railings, so low I'm afraid I'll fall over myself. Why can't they give us big parapets, with arrow slits and everything?"

"Fire restrictions," said Wee. "Some silly law says the battlements can be only four feet high, I believe. I'm afraid of falling off, myself. But when you speak of Miss Cain dropping darling little Terence over the edge, it makes me positively ill."

"Darling little Terence must learn to take risks. He's a New York boy, you know."

"I wonder!"

"You mean to suggest that he isn't a New York boy? Of course, he is. He'll learn to dodge automobiles while he's still creeping; he'll shake a cocktail while other babies of his age are still shaking their rattles; he'll probably learn to make wise-cracks in that curious language of the great city—the slang I can never learn."

"I can't learn it, either," said Wee.

"You can't? Why, you're the hundred per cent., guaranteed, blown-in-the-bottle New Yorker."

"I am not."

Wee closed her eyes. Even the mild thoroughly familiar exercise of arguing with Jerry fatigued her.

"I love you, Jerry," she said. "If I felt just a little stronger, I'd get up off this sofa and kiss you. How hot it is! I didn't know New York could be so hot in May!"

"You are regretting," he said, softly, "the sturdy east wind from Boston harbour. Don't you miss it?"

"I'll be darned if I don't!" said Wee.

She opened her eyes and looked up at the shiny aluminum ceiling. It was breathlessly hot in the cork-walled room; but if the windows were opened on the southwest side, the hot gale blowing from New Jersey and West Virginia and Arkansas would sweep like a sirocco through the room.

"It's time to go away somewhere," said Wee.

"To Kiel, Germany," Jerry said.

"You mean about the yacht I wanted."

"Yes. Mr. Poop called up this morning to say that the owner has come down twenty thousand marks."

"Very good of him," said Wee, languidly.

"But you're in no shape to sail across the Atlantic," Jerry went on. "I don't suppose that even you would consider it a suitable excursion for a baby less than five weeks old."

"Why not?" said Wee, sitting up. "He's

(Continued on page 185)

Because it's Smart ... Fastidious ... Dainty

... Youth selects this new sanitary protection

KOTEX IS SOFT ...

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *In hospitals*—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.

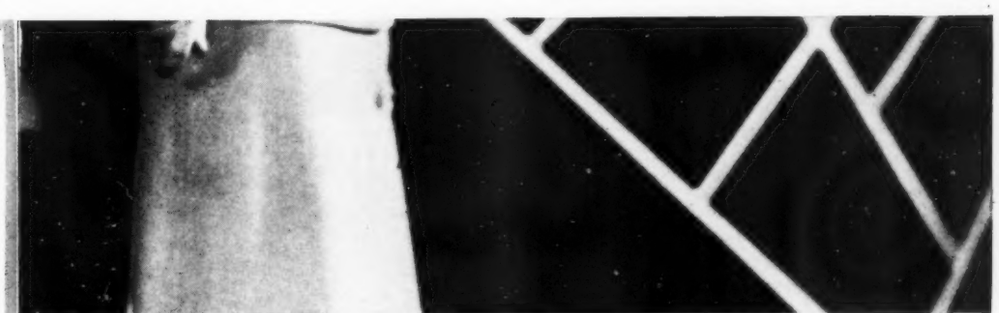
5 *Fastidious* . . . the sign of true daintiness.

6 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store; or singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co.
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

[*Prices slightly higher in Canada*]

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



SMARTNESS! Of course, you seek it. Every woman does. And smartness, in sanitary protection, naturally means Kotex. What else gives you that freedom and grace, that daintiness you insist upon at all times? No wonder youth has made Kotex the accepted sanitary pad!

"I want to feel fastidious even in unrevealed details," says an eastern college girl. "That's why I use Kotex. That's why my friends all use it, too. Oh, they have special reasons, of course. One prefers its marvelous softness. Another likes its surgical purity—a third is keen about Kotex because it deodorizes so effectively. But the thing that it signifies to all of them is perfect daintiness, fastidiousness."

Can you imagine any more eloquent tribute to Kotex than this? Surgeons in 85% of the hospitals in this country select Kotex filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for their patients! Not only for sanitary pads, but for all surgical dressings! This is the same, identical, Kotex-made Cellucotton.

The "standard of good taste"

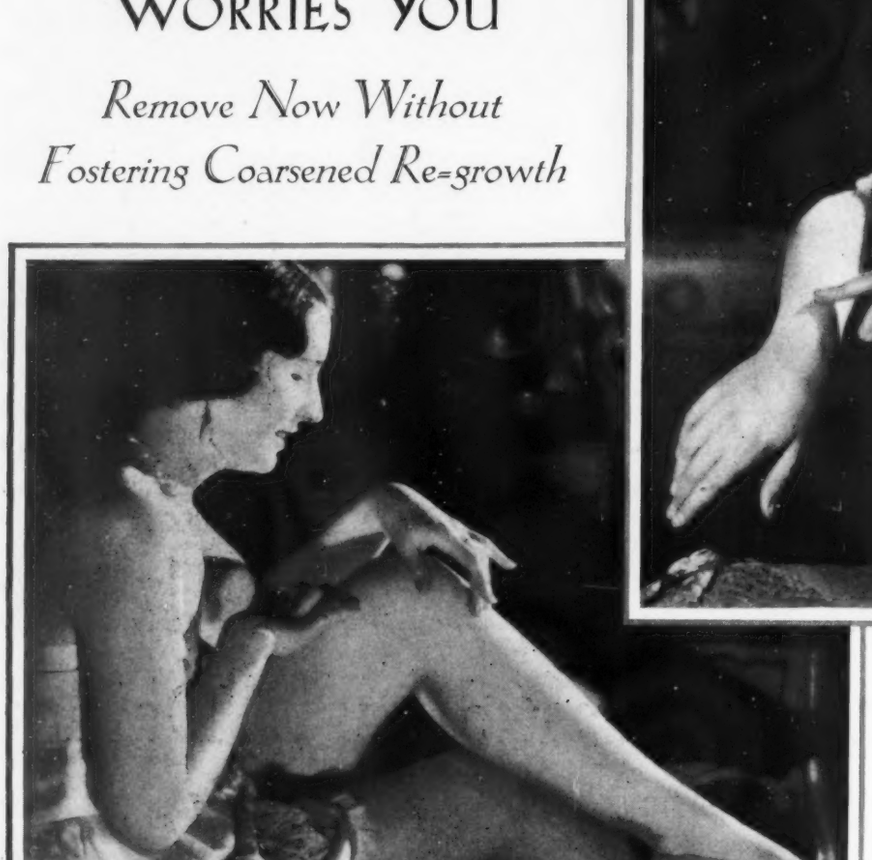
In an age when moments count, when the fuss and trouble of old-fashioned ways is unthinkable, Kotex has rapidly become the standard of good taste in sanitary protection. And it costs so little that it is now an unreckoned necessity.

Daughters, growing into young womanhood, take it for granted. Mothers—once they discover Kotex—wonder how they ever got along before.

It means new freedom, new activity, release from discomfort and self-consciousness. It means all the things listed here. Just read them over! Then, if you do not already use it, you'll want to buy a box of Kotex at once.

If Hair on Arms or Legs Worries You

Remove Now Without Fostering Coarsened Re-growth



By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms—hair-free as a child's.

A new discovery that not only removes arm or leg hair instantly but delays its reappearance remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called Neet—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 212

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly without fostering coarsened re-growth.

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 182*)

got the right blood in him on his mother's side. There were babies as young as he is on the Mayflower. Yes, and younger."

"It may be all right for dashing Puritan babies," Jerry remarked. "But half of Terry, you know, is plodding, unimaginative Celt."

"Aren't we the queerest couple in the world? If we met ourselves in a book, we'd say we were absolutely impossible."

"We aren't in a book," said Jerry. "We're in a penthouse on East Eighty-first Street, New York. And you're an adventurous, devil-may-care Puritan girl—and I'm a stolid, phlegmatic, Irishman. You're the life of any party; and I'm its curse. You're the star of every social circle into which you project yourself—except the Emery family, to be sure."

"I *like* the Emery family," said Wee.

"For the love of Heaven, when did you change your mind?"

"Oh," said Wee. "I had time to think of a lot of things, while I was flat on my back. Jerry, you were right about so many things—and I was so very, very wrong."

"Wee."

"Yes."

"I adore you—and you are *never* wrong."

She laughed softly.

"We've had two nice rides together, Jerry. Once when we went to Concord for the first time, and once when—"

"When we drove to Newburyport after the wedding?" Jerry asked.

"No," said Wee. "I meant our ride to Miss Macmillan's in the night-hawk cab."

"You were the bravest thing I ever saw. Three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage—that's what you showed—and it's the rarest kind."

"For men, maybe. But every woman has plenty of it," Wee said. "Having a baby is nothing—nothing at all! It's bringing up babies that worries me. Jerry, do you think the air is good in Central Park, where all those nurse-girls sit with the children all day long?"

"Carbon monoxide is the best gas for babies. Children cry for it! It's what comes out of automobiles; and it sweeps across the park in great life-giving clouds."

"I WAS right," said Wee. "It's time to go somewhere. But we can't bother about that, Jerry. I know where we're going tonight—to a wonderful new night club Boxy Keck has discovered. A black and tan!"

Jerry sighed. It was Wee's first evening out, and it would be spent in a black-and-tan cabaret. Trust Boxy Keck for that. He and Major Steele-Bright had been prowling around the penthouse for days. They had taken Terry's advent very calmly, now that Wee had come back from the hospital.

"In fact," said Jerry once, "I don't think they resent your baby at all, now you've got him."

Boxy Keck arrived punctually at seven for a cocktail before dinner; his little, pink eyes under their white brows registered extreme pleasure in Wee's restored health. Life would go on again, just as it did before this annoying interlude.

Jerry felt, bitterly and secretly, that it would go on even more hopelessly than before.

At precisely the same moment when Wee was worrying about the low parapets of the penthouse and the poisonous exhaust fumes in Central Park, Caleb Spinney locked his roll-top desk, put on his Mackinac straw hat, and prepared to leave his office on State Street, in Boston.

Before he left the outer room, where his bond salesmen sat, he stopped for a second at George Hamill's desk.

"What was that remark you made about Wee McCoy?" he asked. "The thing you said after you went to her housewarming in New York?"

"I don't remember," said George, blinking.

"I think *I* do," said Caleb, precisely. "I think you said her house was swarming with toadies, and knee-deep in champagne."

"I may have used some such expression."

Caleb passed on, without a farewell. Small politenesses, to him, were superfluous. The only thing that counted was the matter in hand. He walked firmly, but without needless haste, to his apartment on Mount Vernon Street, bowing his unsmiling and almost imperceptible bow to those friends whom he passed.

In the solemn Boston fashion, they gave almost invisible nods of their heads in return.

Caleb packed a small alligator-skin satchel, putting in a nightshirt, razor, toothbrush, and change of linen for next morning. But then, realizing that he might need full armour for his battle, he transferred these things to a suit-case and put in his evening clothes. He saved one dollar by buying a ticket on the 5:03 P. M. train, rather than the Merchants' Limited. He sat in his seat very quietly, paying no attention to his fellow passengers nor to the copy of the Boston *News Bureau* he had brought from the office. Few crusaders have looked as unmoved as he did. His face was mask-like behind his horn-rimmed glasses. But, like other Puritans before him, Caleb Spinney was going on a crusade.

He was not imaginative, and no enterprise of his needed a touch of dissimulation to give it savour. But this was the first time in all his well-ordered life that he had ever left his office and his home without saying where he was bound.

All his life Caleb Spinney had felt a strange sense of responsibility for Wee. The fact that his relation with her had never been more friendly made no difference. Under no conceivable circumstances could he have been called romantic or passionate. But he knew his mind. He had determined to rescue Wee from the life she was leading. He knew all about it. George Hamill's words, and two or three letters from Lily Damfreville, had given him a vivid picture of Wee's profligacy.

NOBODY in the train gave him more than a passing glance. His car was full of other impassive Bostonians, on business bent. But not a single passenger on the 5:03 train that day could guess that this middle-aged young man in the Mackinac straw hat and pepper-and-salt suit was bound on the most adventurous business of his life.

Caleb Spinney was pitting himself against the whole of New York. Caleb Spinney against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Caleb Spinney against all the pomps and vanities of Manhattan. Boston's ambassador! A Puritan on crusade!

He walked from the terminal to the Harvard Club and went straight to the dressing-room on the sixth floor. From there he called Wee's house. She was not at home. In flat, firm tones he persuaded her butler that he was a friend from Boston and wanted to join Mr. and Mrs. McCoy that evening.

"Mr. and Mrs. McCoy are at the theatre with friends," the man said. "Afterward they are expecting to go to the Club Afro-Americaine."

"I will go there," said Caleb Spinney. His blood was up, the same blood that hurled the British regulars twice from the ramparts of Bunker Hill. He put on his dinner clothes, blessing the inspiration that had led him to bring them. Without this badge of respectability and wealth he could not be admitted to the Club Afro-Americaine. Into his well-laundered shirt front he put three chaste little gold studs. He breathed on his large round glasses and polished them, and parted his tan-coloured hair in the middle. Then, placing his pigskin coin purse in his trouser's pocket, he walked determinedly out of the Harvard Club and took a bus, not a taxi, uptown.

It was dark in the Club, and the dark skins of its dancers made it more sombre still. Their clothes and jewels flashed through the murk. Caleb Spinney wished that the odour was not so piercing. It was an odour of sweat and musk that

(*Concluded on page 186*)

Evening slippers fashioned of moiré and satin in combination are featured by Andrew Geller. They may be tinted any delicate shade to match or blend with the loveliest of formal costumes.

Style Brochure on Request

Andrew Geller

exquisite footwear

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The correct hosiery shade for wear with the aristocrat of the mode—Black

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SILK STOCKINGS
"That are Superior"
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Dean's

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EVERY SOMMERS SHOE IS DESIGNED TO MAKE THE FOOT LOOK SMALLER

UNIQUE

Gorgeous brocade . . . discovered abroad . . . purchased in its entirety . . . . fashioned into evening slippers as unique as the fabric.

SOMMERS INC.

27 WEST 50TH STREET, NEW YORK

MARRIED MONEY

(*Concluded from page 185*)

stung his nostrils and made him cough, very precisely, behind his hand.

He ordered poached eggs and sat silently beside the wall waiting for Wee to come in. It was long past midnight when her party arrived; and he had long since given up trying to disguise the smell of the place by drawing cigarette smoke deeply into his nose. The music was piercing, too. It had rhythm, and it had a wild, barbaric vigour that beat into Caleb's brain. It did not inspire him to dance, however. He sat very silently, staring through his glasses at Wee.

She saw him after a long time.

And somehow, in that crowded, shrieking room, she knew that Boston's one clear call had sounded. She knew that Caleb was a messenger from home. And she turned white, for a moment, and clutched the edge of her table; and Jerry thought she was feeling ill and tried to persuade her to go home.

She refused, and sat staring across the room at Caleb just as steadily as he stared at her.

Bostonians are chary of impulsive greetings; they look at each other long and hard before they bow. And Wee, for all her desire to be a New York woman, was a Bostonian again in that moment—a girl in Boston, staring at a Boston man.

THEN Caleb stood up, pushed a dusky dancer out of his way, and came across the smoke-filled room to Wee; and for the first time in many, many years he used her given name.

"Chastity," he said, "come with me."

She stood up like a woman in a daze and gave him her hand.

"Good evening, Mr. Spinney," said Jerry, feebly.

Caleb paid no attention to him. He paid no attention to the rest of Wee's party. Boxy Keck half bowed. Caleb cut him flat. Still holding Wee's hand, he led her out of the room and up the stairs into the cleaner air of 98th Street.

There was silence at the table. Boxy Keck looked frightened. Alice Thorpley's drawling voice broke the silence at last.

"Who is that man, Jerry? He has run away with your wife."

"I know he has," snapped Jerry. "He's my boss; that's who he is."

"Beastly jolly!"

Jerry turned in fury towards the Major.

"Jolly beastly I mean," said Major Steele-Bright, hastily.

Outside, on the sidewalk, Caleb Spinney turned his face towards the east. There was a faint glow of dawn in the sky. A night-hawk taxi stood at the curb. Caleb looked at the taxi and then at his silver watch.

"Time enough to walk," he said in his flat voice.

"Caleb, where are we walking to?"

"Subway."

She took his arm as he walked with swinging strides to the subway, three long blocks. She had been tired in the smoky cabaret; but the cool air revived her, and she forgot how her feet had ached when she danced with Boxy Keck.

"Where are we going in the subway, Caleb?"

"Grand Central. Milk train to Boston."

He said it masterfully. She trotted along beside him, glad that he had mapped out so firm, so precise a plan.

"What about Jerry?" she asked, at last.

"He can come when he's ready," Caleb grunted. "Pay the check, and follow to Boston. You spent the first million, didn't you?"

"All of it," Wee said, timidly. "I think—I think I've got the fare to Boston in my bag, but if not you'll have to lend it to me, Caleb."

"Very well."

He walked briskly down the subway steps. There was a long wait for a train; when one came at last, he preceded her through the door, pushed a reveller out of the way, and found her a seat. The car was quite full of strange early birds going to work and stranger night birds reeling to their beds.

There are no Pullman cars on the milk train. Caleb found a seat for Wee and himself in a day coach. They talked little; Wee put her head against his shoulder and slept peacefully from Stamford to New London. Then she woke, refreshed.

Caleb was asleep. He snored a little in a methodical sort of way. She looked at his horn-rimmed glasses, pushed far up his forehead. She wondered if he always slept in them. His shawl-collar tuxedo looked wonderfully respectable in contrast with her tousled evening frock. She pulled her cloak around her, wishing it was a coat and that she had a hat.

New Haven! Caleb woke up, went out on the platform, and returned with coffee in paper cups and chicken sandwiches.

"Breakfast," he said.

Wee revived more and more.

"Caleb," she said, "I feel just as if I were eloping with you."

"You are," said Caleb grimly. "And with something bigger than me."

"What?"

"With Boston. With your own life, your own people, your own way of doing things."

He said no more. All had been said. Not till the train passed Providence did Wee speak again. And then it was a remark no longer than his own.

"You're right. Women are fools, Caleb. I'm only worrying about Jerry."

"Jerry's all right."

"Will you give him his job back, Caleb?"

"I will."

Wee looked out, bright-eyed, at the scrub oaks along the track, the little New England frame houses, so dingy and so familiar. The very air seemed different. There was mist in it, and a rawness that made her blink. A new brakeman got on at Providence. He spoke with the accent of home, flatting his A's.

All the passengers who got on at Providence flatted their A's.

"How am I going to get to Aunt Carrie's?" she asked at Back Bay station. "I'm not dressed for the trolley."

"Taxicab," said Caleb. "I'll get you a low-rate one from outside."

He accompanied her in the low-rate cab to the corner of Charles and Beacon Streets, then dropped off and set out for his own apartment on foot. They parted as casually as if they had stopped for a chat in the street. They did not even shake hands.

But, "I'll never forget this," said Wee.

And, "Don't mention it," Caleb replied.

WEE walked into Aunt Carrie's bedroom, looking like a bedraggled Cinderella home from the ball. Mrs. Joshua Easeman was sitting by the old lady's bed.

"I've come back, Aunt Carrie," she said.

"High time, too!" was the reply.

"Jerry's got his old job back with Carr & Daland. He'll probably come over today or tomorrow bringing the baby. Can I have my own room?"

"It's ready for you," Aunt Carrie replied. "Norah put all your things back on the shelves the moment you were out of the house."

Mrs. Joshua Easeman sat bolt upright, eyes snapping with excitement behind her glasses.

"Welcome home to Boston, Wee," she said. And then, as soon as she was alone with Carrie Legg, she drew her chair confidentially nearer the bed.

"I'm glad her husband has got over his foolishness and is going to settle down here and be one of us. I can't bear to see a Bostonian marrying out of Boston. Dear papa used to say that foreign marriages *never* turn out happily."

THE END

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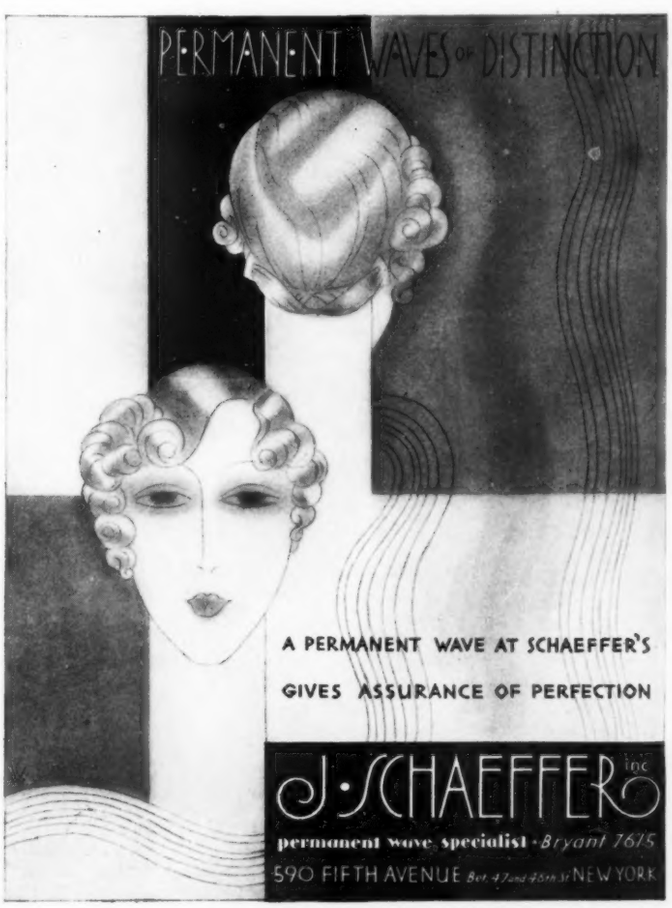
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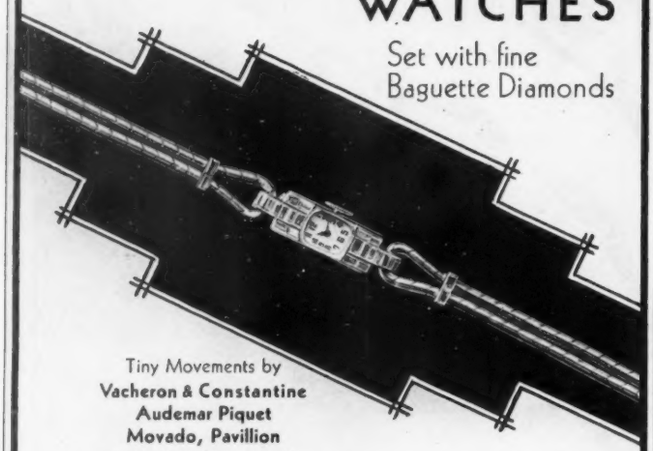

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

(Continued from page 155)

Flower Show under the auspices of the Horticultural Society of New York, American Museum of Natural History, New York City. To continue through November 10.

Ninth annual Victory Ball under the auspices of the American Legion, New York County at Hotel Astor, New York City.

Luncheon by Mrs. James T. Imbrie of No. 1070 Park avenue, New York City at Sherry's, for her débutante daughter, Miss Dorothy Imbrie.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8—First of the Friday Assemblies at the Ritz-Carlton, New York City.

Reception and tea by Mr. and Mrs. Marvyn S. Scudder at their home, No. 160 East Seventy-second street, to present their daughter, Miss Barbara Scudder.

Dinner-dance by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown of Baltimore, Md., at their home, in honour of Miss Margaret Hildt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hildt.

Luncheon at Sherry's, New York City, by Mrs. Philip Hanson Hiss, jr., for her débutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth L. Hiss.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9—Dance by Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hall at the Colony Club, New York City, to introduce their daughter, Miss Susan B. Hall.

Hunt race meet under the auspices of the West Hills Racing Association, Huntington, L. I.

Hunt race meet under the auspices of the Pickering Hunt, Phoenixville, Pa.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Pekingese Association of New England, Boston, Mass.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Naugatuck Valley Kennel Club, Bridgeport, Conn.

Football—Michigan versus Harvard at Ann Arbor, Mich.
Pennsylvania versus Penn State at Philadelphia, Pa.
Princeton versus Lehigh at Princeton, N. J.
Yale versus Maryland at New Haven, Conn.
Williams versus Wesleyan at Middletown, Mass.

Dinner-dance at Sherry's by Mrs. Carl Ehlermann of 113 East Thirty-sixth street, New York City, for her daughter, Miss Jane Leighton.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11—Armistice Ball under the auspices of the British War Veterans, Hotel Plaza, New York City.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Boston Terrier Club of America, Boston, Mass.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Cocker Spaniel Breeders' Club of New England, Boston, Mass. To continue through November 13.

Motor-boat races under the auspices of the Santa Barbara Power Boat Club, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Luncheon at Sherry's by Mrs. Clifford S. Sims of No. 1165 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for her débutante daughter, Miss Martha Lee Sims.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12—Wedding of Miss Margot Bonnyman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bonnyman of Knoxville, Tenn., to Robert Manning McKeon in Knoxville.

Luncheon at Pierre's, New York City, by Miss Elizabeth Plankinton, débutante daughter of Mrs. William Woods Plankinton.

Fashion Show, supper and dance in aid of the League for American Citizenship at Stewart's, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, under direction of Mrs. Vincent Astor.

Musicale at Sherry's by Mrs. Charles M. Seacombe of No. 405 East Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Tenth Annual Mid-South Open Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. To continue through November 13.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13—Luncheon at Sherry's by Mrs. Allen Merill Rogers of New Canaan, Conn., for her débutante daughter, Miss Katherine M. Rogers.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14—Luncheon at Sherry's by Mrs. John W. Butler for her débutante niece, Miss Josephine Frances King.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15—Dance at the Colony Club, New York City, by Charles S. Whitman for his débutante daughter, Miss Olive Whitman.

Luncheon at Pierre's, New York City, by Mrs. Orville B. Carrott of Greenwich, Conn., to present her daughter, Miss Esther Carrott.

Reception at Ritz Carlton, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Parker Stevens to introduce their daughter, Miss Alice Pendleton Stevens.

Dinner-dance at New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., by mothers of the season's débutantes.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16—Dog Show under the auspices of the Kennel Club, Paterson, N. J.

Football—Amherst versus Williams at Williamstown, Mass.
Yale versus Princeton at New Haven, Conn.
Washington versus California, Berkeley, Calif.
Harvard versus Holy Cross at Cambridge, Mass.
Dartmouth versus Cornell at Hanover, Mass.
Notre Dame versus Southern California at Chicago, Ill.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17—Dog Show under the auspices of the Boston Terrier Club of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J. *(Concluded on page 190)*

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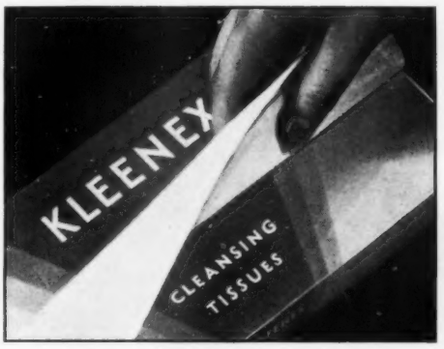

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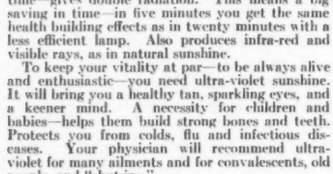

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

(*Concluded from page 188*)

Dog Show under the auspices of the Boston Terrier Club of Detroit, Detroit, Mich.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18—Horse-racing under the auspices of the Southern Maryland Agricultural Association, Bowie, Md. To continue through November 30.

Foxhound Bench Show, Nashville, Tenn. To continue through November 23.

Horse Show, Nashville, Tenn. To continue through November 23.

Fourteenth annual Carolina Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. To November 22.

American Royal Horse Show, Kansas City. To continue through November 23.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19—Bridge Party for the benefit of Union Settlement, Ritz-Carlton, New York City.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20—Dinner at Sherry's by Mrs. Gayer G. Dominick of No. 950 Park Avenue, New York City.

Reception by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Anderson of No. 11 East Seventy-sixth Street, New York City, and West Orange, N. J., at their New Jersey home in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Alice Anderson.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22—Début of Miss Mary L. Swift, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Swift, at Colony Club, New York City.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23—Dog Show under the auspices of the Wire and Smooth Fox-terrier Breeders' Club, Chicago, Ill. To continue through November 24.

Football—Harvard versus Yale at Cambridge, Mass.

Northwestern versus Notre Dame at Evanston, Ill.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24—Dog Show under the auspices of the Bulldog Club, Chicago, Ill.

Dog Show under the auspices of the Collie Club, Chicago, Ill.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26—Dinner-dance at Sherry's by the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Donohugh of White Plains, N. Y., to present their daughter, Miss Carol Donohugh.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27—Dinner-dance by Major and Mrs. Quincy A. Gillmore at the Ritz Carlton, New York City, in honour of Miss Cathleen Fox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyttleton Fox, and Miss Elizabeth B. Kent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Atwater Kent.

Dinner-dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Percy A. Rockefeller, to present their daughter, Miss Gladys Rockefeller.

Début at Ritz-Carlton, New York City, of Miss Elizabeth Plankinton, daughter of Mrs. William Woods Plankinton of No. 1114 Fifth Avenue.

Dance at Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N. J., by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph I. Simmons to introduce their daughter, Miss Katharine Simmons.

Dinner at Pierre's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. Wildmann of Brooklyn in honour of their daughter, Miss Carolyn Wildmann.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28—General Observance of Thanksgiving Day.

Tea-dance at Sherry's, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nay Morris to introduce their daughter, Miss Eugenia Morris.

Football—Columbia versus Syracuse at New York City.

Pennsylvania versus Cornell at Philadelphia, Pa.

Thanksgiving Gymkhana, Pinehurst, N. C.

Dinner-dance at India House by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Anderson of No. 11 East Seventy-sixth street, in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Alice Anderson.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29—Dance by Mr. and Mrs. James B. Clews to introduce the former's daughter, Miss Leta Clews at No. 1 East Sixty-second Street.

Tea-dance by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Crane at the Park Lane, New York City, to introduce their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Crane.

Dinner-dance by Charles S. Whitman at the Colony Club, New York City, in honour of his débutante daughter, Miss Olive Whitman.

Thanksgiving Golf Tournament, Del Monte, Calif. To continue through December 1.

Tea-dance at the Colony Club, New York City, by Dr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Gray of No. 178 East Eightieth Street to present their daughter, Miss Eleanor Gray.

Luncheon by Mrs. John Reilly, jr., at Sherry's, New York City, in honour of her daughter, Miss Alice Reilly.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30—Supper-dance by Dr. and Mrs. Seth M. Milliken at No. 951 Madison Avenue, New York City, to present their daughter, Miss Martha Ellingwood Milliken.

First of the Knickerbocker Assemblies.

Tea-dance at the Colony Club, New York City, by Mr. and Mrs. Claude W. Kress of No. 485 Park Avenue, for their débutante daughter, Miss Rosalind Kress.

Début of Miss Elizabeth Thorpe, daughter of Col. and Mrs. George C. Thorpe, Washington, D. C.

Football—Army versus Notre Dame at New York City.

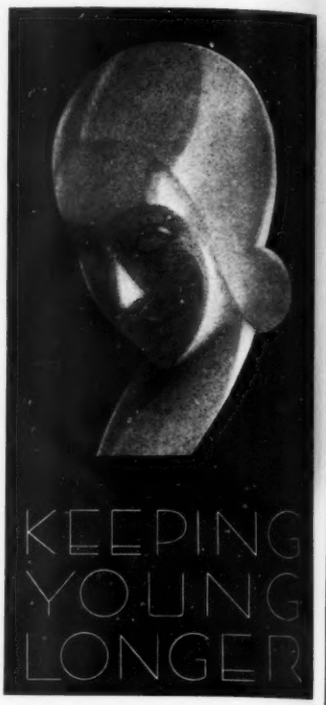
Navy versus Dartmouth at Philadelphia.

International Horse Show, Chicago, Ill. To continue through December 7.

Tea by Mrs. Edgar S. Bloom at Sherry's, New York City, to present Miss Eleanor Wallace Bloom.

Luncheon at Sherry's by Mrs. William Henry Sage of No. 1192 Park Avenue, in honour of Miss Faith Whitney.

Dinner by Mrs. Gayer G. Dominick of No. 950 Park Avenue, New York City, at Sherry's, in honour of her débutante daughter, Miss Cordelia Dominick.



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A view from the terrace of Kroll's, a famous restaurant garden in Berlin.

EATING AROUND THE WORLD

By CURTIS PATTERSON

OR, "Food I remember"—this might be an alternative heading.

Generally speaking, there are two main reasons for travel. The first is to see strange things; the second to have the memory of them. And memory has a strange way of playing unexpected tricks. I can speak only for the corner of the table at which I sit, but some of my most vivid and most pleasant travel memories are connected with food.

On my first trip abroad we anchored for several weeks in the shadow of the Jungfrau. I saw it from my bedroom window as I brushed my teeth in the morning (I had not reached shaving); and I could see the moonlight on it on a clear night. I was solemnly taken out in the midst of one of those over-elaborate Swiss hotel dinners to see the Alpine glow. As the sun is about to sink over the surrounding mountains, the snow on the Jungfrau (perhaps on other mountains—I can only vouch for the Jungfrau), which up to that moment had been a dazzling white, slowly turns the exact colour of strawberry ice-cream. Just as the sun sinks beneath the surrounding mountain rim, it suddenly and most definitely becomes the colour of green pea soup.

I suppose I should have been impressed the first time I saw it; but there was a very elaborate fancy ice-cream melting on my plate at the table, and I was all grief—politely, I hope. I have forgotten what the Alpine glow looked like, but I distinctly remember the ice-cream that I missed. It was the first time I had ever seen hot chocolate sauce. I wonder how many of the recollections of other people of foreign sights and places linger over matters gastronomic rather than esthetic, historic, or romantic.

Breslau in East Prussia is a delightful little provincial city with a town hall (I think it was the town hall) which is a splendid example of German Perpendicular Gothic. I went up to Breslau particularly to see it. I've forgotten what the town hall looks like, or whether after all it was Breslau that had this town hall; but there is no doubt in my mind that the favourite restaurant of the garrison in Breslau (this was in the old *Koenigliche und Kaiserliche* days), Hansen's by name, served the best mushrooms *à la poulette* on the continent of Europe; and, with only one exception, the best asparagus soup in Germany.

That exception is the Vinegar House in Bremen, which I believe also contains some interesting historical and architectural fragments. I do remember, however, that the dining-room in the Vinegar House was so narrow that the waiter spilled some of the soup on me in passing it.

The great god Hermes who was in charge of transportation when I was in Italy last was leaving the conduct of the Italian State Railways to his youngest and most untrained assistant. This was before Mussolini. The Simplon Express which was supposed to connect in Milan with the Genoa Express was four hours late instead of the usual two; so we had five or six hours to waste in Milan. I think I saw Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," or what is left of it. I am absolutely positive that I had that great standby of North Italy, a *fritto misto* (mixed fry, in inelegant English) for the first time, in the vast, dark, and cold dining-room of a huge, gloomy, and deserted hotel, served by one of the most despondent waiters I remember. I was prepared for various kinds of fried meats, but when underneath the batter I ran into pieces of eel and of cuttlefish, and finally of cream cheese—well, now, that honestly was something to remember.

I remember Oxford pleasantly because of some cold duck and hot new peas I had at The Mitre. Saxony to me means Plauen, and Plauen to me means a huge glass of local beer which I snatched on the run from a perambulating rack on the platform. It was a very dark brew, something like Kulmbacher, rather on the sweet side, and wonderfully soft. The train was five miles away before I started to drink and I've never been back to Plauen since. Some day I hope to get there again.

I can distinctly remember three other drinks which I can compare to this. One was spring water taken out of a clam-shell when I had been walking for, it seemed, years, through the dust and heat of an August afternoon. Another was a bottle of local brew which I intermingled with pepper-pot in Bridgetown, Barbados. And the third was a quart of champagne which, incredible as it sounds, was on sale in a shack half-way across the island of Martinique.

There was plenty of local water to drink, guaranteed to contain cholera and typhoid. It was customary for tourists taking the trans-Martinique drive, to stop halfway at the River Alma. We were supposed, I assume, to squat on the banks of the river and admire the view, while tackling our box luncheons. The thrifty natives had trekked out there ahead of us, armed with cases of champagne which they sold for two dollars and a half per quart. Again I must confess I can't remember much of Martinique, but I do remember watching the bubbles rise up in the lily cup out of which I had to drink.

(*Concluded on page 194*)

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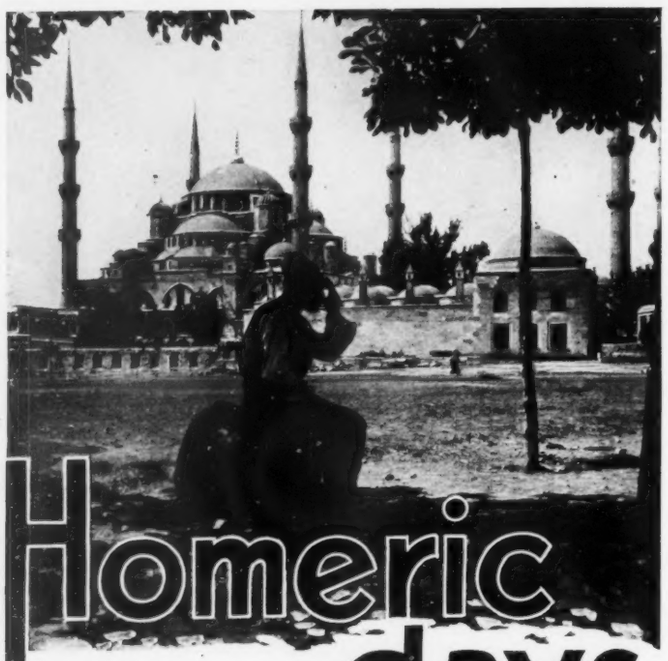

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EATING AROUND THE WORLD

(*Concluded from page 191*)

I also have very definite memories of some entire meals. Of course, the meal which one remembers has a certain element of the bravura in it; it is not the sort of thing one would eat steadily. It must contain some element of dramatic appropriateness, perhaps even of overrichness, to make it memorable.

Of all the breakfasts I have ever had, I remember one at the Grand Hôtel de Paris with the most affection. This was in 1923; but I can still remember how cold the Persian melon was; how absolutely perfect the omelette Gordon Bennett (an omelette interleaved with Bearnaise sauce); and how superbly satisfying were the very small, very sweet wild strawberries (hardly larger than tame peas) which one ate enmeshed in thick double cream, so thick that it wouldn't pour and had to be spooned out. To top it all there was thick French coffee, so thick that the spoon stayed upright as you put it in, so strong that it tried to bite you as you swallowed it.

My most perfect luncheon was in the Hotel Windsor at Bridgetown, Barbados. We started with turtle soup and switched to fried flying-fish. Next to real English sole, which it very strongly resembles, fried flying-fish is my favourite fish. Next came West Indies pepper-pot, which in that latitude and longitude is a stew and not a soup. It is based on chicken and pork, plus onions, chillies, cassava, and all the hot seasonings lying loose around the kitchen, including spoonfuls of Cayenne pepper. It takes three days to cook over a slow charcoal fire, and when it is right it is extremely edible—and extremely hot. The only way I could eat mine was by alternating spoonfuls with large gulps of German beer, which retails in Barbados for the equivalent of thirty cents American money. This was followed by stewed guava and Curacao.

My most perfect dinner—well, here I hesitate; I have had a great many. Was it at the Ecrevisse in Paris, the one that started with bisque écrevisse which looked like axle grease and tasted like a combined masterpiece by Vatel, Brillat-Savarin, and Escoffier? Or was it the one in a private villa overlooking Florence that ended in a soufflé Rothschild, that magnificent combination of eggs, air, sugar, intelligence, and strawberries? Or was it the time we had crêpes suzettes in Paris? I think it was the last.

It was at a little restaurant on a side street in Paris called L'Escargot, named after a small animal which most Americans do not consider edible, but which the British eat under the name of periwinkle. The meal started with onion soup, real full-bodied, full-flavoured onion soup, that had been browned in the oven until the onions were caramelized, followed by Channel sole, followed by frogs' legs, followed by crêpes suzettes. The sauce was made as it was intended to be, with brandy, maraschino, and lemon as the outstanding ingredients. We drank white table-wine with the meal, and nearly broke the owner's heart because we didn't have the *specialité de la maison*, the untranslated escargots.

I can remember fairly well the things I am supposed to. How the Parthenon looks in the moonlight and the pyramids at mid-day, the famous firefly fight over a Japanese river whose name I have forgotten, the pilgrims at Benares, the Oued Nails of North Africa, the Grand Canyon of Arizona (incidentally, Uncle Fred Harvey serves awfully good meals—and, pardon me for digressing, the Southern Pacific's cantaloupes in season are as good as they are anywhere), and the mounted sentries of the Horse Guards in Whitehall. I remember them; I can with a minimum of effort call them from the storehouse of my memory and compare my recollections with anybody else's recollections. But it is no effort at all to me to remember the food I have eaten hither and yon, and at way-station stops in between, all over the civilized world.

HARPER'S BAZAAR is interested, very much interested, in having travel impressions from its readers, impressions of those personal experiences which were unexpected, individual, and enjoyable. We have a distinct feeling that our readers are those to whom would happen the delightful and the unexpected. If you have any recollection of pleasant and unusual meals eaten abroad, we wish you would write them out and send them in to us. Each month we offer a prize of twenty-five dollars for every short sketch accepted. You should be able to write the sort of thing we have in mind in two pages of type script, that is, between six and seven hundred words.

Address contributions to the Editor.